



Cork 1750.

257

257

257













Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2014

<https://archive.org/details/oldmai00broo>















Page 1.

THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER I.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

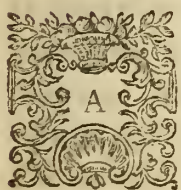
(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, November 15, 1755.

Noted  
Introduction.

*But earthlier happy is the Rose distill'd,  
Than that, which withering on the Virgin Thorn,  
Grows, lives, and dies, in single Blessedness.*

Midsummer Night's Dream.



MIDST the present glut of essay papers, it may seem an odd attempt in a woman, to think of adding to the number; but as most of them, like summer insects, just make their appearance, and are gone; I see no reason why I may not buz amongst them a little; tho' it is possible I may join the short liv'd generation; and this day month be as much forgot as if I had never existed. Be that as it may, in defiance of all criticisms I will write: every body knows an English woman has a natural right to expose herself as much as she pleases; a right some of us seem lately to have made a pretty sufficient use of; and since

*In Account of . . .  
disappointment . . .  
the education of her Niece.*

174092  
22/9/22

since I feel a violent inclination to show my prodigious wisdom to my cotemporaries, I should think it giving up the privileges of the sex to desist from my purpose: at the same time leaving my fellow subjects the same liberty of reading or not, as they shall think meet. Be it then known, that for these ten years past (I'm afraid I am on the verge of fifty) I have had some scruples of conscience in regard to the state I am in, which all my reading cannot satisfy: an old maid is, in my opinion, except an old batchelor, the most useless and insignificant of all God's creatures; and as I am so unhappy as to be one of those very worthless animals, I think it incumbent upon me some way or other to be of service to the community; and hope, by giving to the public the observations my unemploy'd course of life has enabled me to make, to obtain pardon for leading my days in a way so entirely unserviceable to society. However, that I may not appear altogether inexcusable, I beg leave to relate my history. I was born in the north of England, being the eldest daughter of an honest country justice, who having no children but me and a younger sister, proposed leaving his estate, a clear eight hundred a year, betwixt us. My sister married a neighbouring gentleman, and I might perhaps have followed her example, having very good offers (upon my word it's true, I have several love letters by me, which I read once a year, on my birth-day, by the help of spectacles) but unluckily, at the age of twenty three, I was address'd by a gentleman so very agreeable, and so passionately fond of me, that tho' he had not a shilling, I unknown to any body, partly from inclination, partly for fear the poor man should hang himself, which he often threatened, engaged myself to him. As it was impossible to get my father's consent, we agreed to wait till his death; and my lover, who was bred to no employment, went in the mean time to reside with an old relation, in a distant county, who had a good estate, and whose son had a friendship for him. After two years of expectation, during which my faithful admirer,

who

who contrived to see me as often as the distance of the place, and his dependant situation would permit, had frequently pressed me to marry him privately, my father died. Tho' my concern for his death was real, love soon dried up my tears: no one who is not as romantic as I then was, can imagine the joy I felt at being able to give my lover such a proof of the disinterestedness of my passion: I sent a servant post with a letter full of fine sentimental rhapsodies, which I am now convinced were very foolish, and received the following answer,

MADAM,

I AM sorry for your loss: I have also been so unhappy as to lose my uncle and cousin, who both died of the small-pox within this week: the excess of my grief, and the multiplicity of business I am at present engaged in, by being left heir to my uncle's estate, render it impossible for me to wait upon you. I am much obliged to you for the expressions of regard in your's, and am sorry to tell you, my uncle when dying, insisted on my promise to marry Miss Wealthy, who was intended for my cousin. The will of the dead ought to be sacred therefore it is impossible for me to fulfil the engagement, into which we, perhaps imprudently, enter'd. I expect from your known candor that you will do me the justice to believe, no motive but the gratitude and respect I owe to the memory of this dear relation, to whose generosity I am so much obliged, could make me give up the hope of being yours. I doubt not your good sense and religion will enable you to bear with becoming fortitude, a shock, which I have need of all the strength of manly reason to support. I sincerely wish you every happiness, and that you may, whenever you marry, meet with a man more worthy of you, than,

MADAM,

*Your most oblig'd and obedient servant,*

J. C.



To this I reply'd,

SIR,

I HEARTILY wish you joy both of your fortune and your bride. I have always observed that manly reason is of great use to your sex on these occasions; and there is a certain principle, called female pride, which is no less useful to us. Don't be in pain about me, for, believe me, I shall not break my heart. I am only sorry you got the start of me, for I began to be very sick of the engagement, which nothing but a mistaken point of honour could have made me keep so long. I was afraid if I broke off, the world might imagine your beggary the reason of it: your uncle has kindly saved me from this reproach, as you have from the reproaches of my own heart, by shewing me the inside of yours.

I am,

SIR,

*Your very humble servant,*

MARY SINGLETON.

NOTWITHSTANDING this letter, the ill-breeding of which nothing but the usage I had met with could excuse, I was very miserable: my heart was naturally tender, and the ingratitude of this rascal gave me more pain than I was willing to own: 'tis not quite so easy a task as some modern fine ladies may imagine, for a mind full of simplicity and innocence, to wear off the impression of a first fondness, so deeply rooted as mine was. As soon as I had settled my affairs, I left England, and followed my sister, who was then abroad with her husband, and whom I had before refused to accompany, tho' I had my father's leave, from complaisance to this wretch. We past three years in making the tour of Europe, a regimen I would prescribe to all

disap-

*M<sup>rs</sup> Singleton  
has made the  
Tour of Europe.*

disappointed lovers; and I was happy enough at my return to have no sentiments remaining for my swain, but those of contempt. I found he had married soon after I went abroad, and was half ruined by the extravagance of his wife, tho' she brought him thirty thousand pounds, and his own estate was two thousand pounds a year: she was a city fortune, and because she would not be thought to have had a confined education, she gamed, intrigued; and in short, practised all the vices which, she had read in those blessed helps to female virtue modern memoirs, were the requisites of a woman of distinction. I had still offers, but experience how little dependance there was upon professions of love; and the request of my dear sister, who two years after our return, died in childbed, and left her newborn daughter to my care, determined me to remain single. The education of this girl, who lost her father soon after, has been so great a pleasure to me, that I should never have regretted my condition, had I not thought myself wanting in duty to my country: however if any old maid is excusable, I hope I am; for tho, I have not had the honor of being a mother, I have had all the cares of one, and hope I have executed this trust in such a manner as to make some worthy man happy in a wife; for marry she certainly shall: one old maid is quite enough in a family; nay to be plain, I sometimes think too much. The character of my niece I will defer till another time, for two reasons: one is, that it would make this paper too long; the other, that I chuse to raise the curiosity of my readers, and not satisfy it, on purpose to make them take the next: an art practised with great success by those authors whose works are retail'd in sixpenny numbers.



*P. S.*

Mrs. Singleton hopes for the correspondence of all the ingenious of both sexes; and promises to insert all such letters as she shall find proper for her purpose, with the strictest impartiality; only she begs leave to show a little favor to ladies of her own order; and promises all antiquated virgins who shall do her the honor of their correspondence, that their letters, provided they contain no scandal, shall be first taken care of. As she is of opinion old maids are only mischievous, like monkies, for want of employment, she thinks, by setting them to work, she shall do society good service, and save the reputation of many a harmless giddy girl, who might otherwise fall under their observation. Since the prohibition of scandal, the subject they are most conversant in may be thought hard, she gives them free leave to rail at the men with all their might, provided they are silent as to the faults of their own sex.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.



*M<sup>rs</sup> Brooke.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in Pater-noster-Row.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]

*The Person and name of Singleton, in this poem, is  
surnamed by M<sup>rs</sup> Brooke, the wife of the Rev<sup>d</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Brooke  
who has a living near Barnick: and is at present Lecturer  
at ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Somerset House Chapel.*





THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER II.

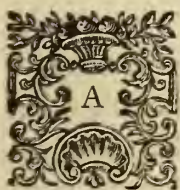
By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, November 22, 1755.

— Her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought  
That one wou'd almost say, her body thought.

Dr. Donne.



S I am a woman of my word, I shall begin this paper with the character of my niece Julia, but as the face is often, indeed I believe generally, the index to the mind; and it is the fashion to describe the persons of all modern heroines, I shall begin there.

JULIA then is of the middle stature, rather inclined to tall, finely proportioned, and has much the look of a woman of distinction, her eyes blue, her hair a very pale brown, and her complexion so extremely fair, that added to an in-  
expres-

*This paper  
begins well  
but falls  
off: it ends  
injudiciously.*

*Description of Julia's person and character.  
Resentment against the Convent: but very  
improperly expressed and conducted.*

expressible sweetness in her countenance, it has often occasioned a doubt of her understanding.

HER mind is the seat of every grace and every virtue: she is so innocent herself, that it is almost impossible to make her believe ill of others; so gentle that I can make her tremble by a look of anger; and so beneficent that it is all she can do to make her money hold out from one quarter day to another, though she is, as to her own expences, a remarkable good œconomist. She sings and plays to great perfection, but such is her reserve, that scarce any body but myself and two or three particular friends ever heard her: her taste for polite literature is admirable, and I am never perfectly satisfied with my own opinion of any work of genius till I have her's, and yet she is so modest that it is with great difficulty I can persuade her to give it.

Two faults she has; a propensity to be silent in company, which is very disagreeable to me, who am remarkably talkative; and an easiness of temper which subjects her to be imposed upon by people of art and experience who have not half her natural discernment.

PERHAPS I may be thought too lavish in my commendation of this dear girl; but as much as I love her, I think I have not gone a hair's breadth beyond the truth.

SHE is just turned eighteen, has fifteen thousand pounds in her own power; and is now addressed by a gentleman I have but two objections to: one is want of fortune, a pretty sufficient objection I think; the other his profession, being a military man: however to his praise be it spoken, he is modest, brave, studious, polite, and is looked upon by the pretty fellows of his regiment as a very humdrum sort of a fellow. She has too much respect for me, to engage without my consent; and too much sincerity to deny she likes him. I am now endeavouring, by all soft methods, for violent ones I abhor, to turn her affections some other way, but am afraid I shall not succeed: she is very  
positive



positive he would prefer her even without a fortune to a rich dutchess dowager, if his own circumstances were affluent, but I think I know the world rather better than she does, and I believe no such thing: however time may change her sentiments, and I think it will be quite soon enough for her to marry ten years hence.

HERE I leave my girl for the present, not thinking it perfectly civil to entertain the town with my private affairs, further than is necessary to give them a right idea of me.

To business then: I shall lay down no regular plan for this work, being too much a freeborn Briton to submit to any thing like rule; but am determined to be governed by the goddess who has long had the dominion of this happy Isle, especially the female part of it; I mean, Caprice, the wayward daughter of liberty and plenty: so in obedience to her dictates, I shall, just as the whim takes me, animadvert upon fashions, plays, masquerades; or whatever else happens to fall within my observation.

THOUGH a little partiality to ones own sex may perhaps be natural, yet let them not fancy I will carry it so far as to spare their follies and vices: I shall be happy to set their virtues in the fairest light; but shall, like a faithful physician, apply corrosives where lenitives are of no service.

*She will not spare the follies of her sex.*

I HAVE thoughts of taking the theatres in an especial manner into consideration, because they have been almost entirely neglected by the best of our late essay writers, and because the few things that have been published on that subject within these two or three years, have been neither wrote with judgment, nor impartiality.

ONE thing I think it necessary to premise, that as I write chiefly for the amusement of my own sex, I will not be judged by the impertinent criticisms of the other; and I hereby forbid all coffee-house wits pretending to find fault with what is not intended for them: the beaux indeed

deed are so like ladies, that I allow such of them as can read, the privilege of giving their opinions; and if I should trip now and then in my spelling, shall run no hazard of detection from them: for their sakes, as I am very good-natured, I shall always have English mottos to my papers, though I am under no necessity of so doing; for to the honor of the age, there are poor scholars enough in town that would be glad to give me a scrap of Latin for a dinner.

I AM prevented finishing this paper in the manner I intended; being called upon to answer an attack I very little expected, and from the extreme brutality of which, I should have imagined the decency and civility due to my sex, would have been a sufficient defence.

As I take in no essay paper but *The World*, I should have remained ignorant of this very dull and scurrilous abuse, which is contained in an obscure paper, called *The Connoisseur*, if a friend had not brought it for my perusal.

2. See the  
Connoisseur  
of Nov. 20.  
1755. N. 95.  
THOUGH Mr. Town may fancy an old maid ready to accept any matrimonial offer, yet I must observe to him, that if well-born, they are seldom void of pride: I acknowledge myself to be rather of a haughty disposition; and if I marry, whatever accomplishments my husband may want, he must be a gentleman: now as the author of this paper, whoever he is, seems by the peculiar elegance of his style, and his so politely attacking a woman unprovoked, to be of humble rank, and accustomed to very low conversation, I must tell him we are not at all suited to one another.

PERHAPS I do wrong to take any notice of the little malice of so contemptible a writer; for as he has so few readers, his being mentioned even by one who is but just attempting to appear in the literary world, may serve to promote the sale of his paper. However, though I am an old maid, as I have intimated before, I am not without good-nature, and can with great tranquillity

*Wish the man a dinner and sit still.*

I AM

I AM neither surprized nor angry that Mr. Town's remarkable ill success as an author, should dispose him to rail at all who seem to have a chance of being better received by the public; on the contrary I am pleased with his excessive ill-humor, thinking it a convincing proof that he is afraid I have some little degree of merit.

BUT that I may not appear impertinently vain, I beg leave to say, that though this ill-bred and unexpected attack from *The Connoisseur*, has obliged me to put on a greater appearance of self-confidence than perhaps becomes me, yet I am in reality, sufficiently diffident of this work; that I am conscious, from my bookseller's account, my first attempt has been received with more indulgence than it deserves; and that it had never gone to the press, but for the generous approbation and favor which some essays of mine in manuscript, met with from some persons whom it is an honor to please.

I AM a little afraid, as writing so very ill against me, is serving me in the most effectual way, that I shall be suspected of having bribed Mr. Town to publish his paper of Thursday; but I declare I am perfectly innocent of any such scheme; and indeed have scarce even heard of the paper, but from his own advertisements: however, I am certainly obliged to him; and give him permission to say whatever he pleases of me, provided he does not attempt to praise me.

FOR the ease of my female readers, I shall give them the most literal poetic translation we have of Mr. Town's motto, with the whole passage from which it is taken:

The monster Cerberus with three-mouth'd bark  
Howls through these realms; within his den adverse  
Outstretch'd enormous. When the priestess saw  
The snakes with horror swelling round his neck,  
"She flings a cake of medicated meal,  
"And soporific honey:" he, with rage  
Of hunger opening wide his triple throat,  
Snatches the morsel; and his spacious chine  
Relaxing, lies extended on the ground,  
And with his vastness covers all the cave.

Dr. Trap. *Æn. B. 6.*

THOSE



THOSE of my readers who are unacquainted with the original, and are desirous to see this passage more poetically rendered, may have recourse to the elegant translations of Pitt and Dryden.

It is very remarkable that this author should chuse a motto, which taking in the whole passage, is so extremely applicable to himself: he is undoubtedly very exactly characterized by the barking, snaky Cerberus; but let him swell and bark as much as he pleases,

*And with his vastness cover all his cave.*

(I believe no body will think me ill-natured for supposing a writer of his delicacy and politeness may inhabit an underground apartment) he shall have no quieting morsel from me. Indeed he has no great occasion for sleepy compositions; his works being altogether of the soporific kind: as I begin at this moment to feel the effects of them, I will take leave of my readers, only desiring if I am dull to day, they will charitably consider I have been reading *The Connoisseur*. B.

P. S.

MRS. Singleton hopes the polite world will excuse her taking notice of this poor abuse of her, and promises it shall be the last time she will condescend to such a subject: Mr. Town has now the field to himself, for so far from designing to answer him again, she gives him her honor she will not read him.

MRS. Singleton thanks the lady who signs D. M. from the country; and will, as soon as she conveniently can, insert the lines she has favoured her with.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in Pater-noster-Row.

[ Price TWO PENCE. ]



13.

T H E

# OLD MAID.

N U M B E R   I I I .

By *MARY SINGLETON*, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

*So much  
alter the style  
and manner,  
or the 27th.  
not succeed.*

*Saturday, November 29, 1755.*

*Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.*

Elegy in a country church-yard.



T is a common, but, I believe, a very unjust, assertion, that this is not the age of genius. I make no doubt but that every age and every country has some portion, though perhaps not an equal one, of the heavenly fire: why this burns brighter at one time, and in one place, than another, is not so much from the difference of genius as of encouragement. I am sorry to say that the whole circle of polite arts are neglected in England, at present, to a degree of barbarism; but shall in this essay confine myself to poetry; the most pleasing, and in the judgment of the wisest

*Complaints of the age. See on Health.*

wifest and beſt ages, the moſt noble and truly inſpired of them all.

THAT the feeds of this divine art are every where, is a truth which cannot be conteſted (the wild Indians have their ſongs of war and love; and even Lapland, if Scheffer is to be credited, has produced odes full of inſpiration) but to make them grow to any great perfection, the warm beams of favor are neceſſary: they may ſprout in an unkindly ſoil, by an extraordinary effort of nature, even without the neceſſary culture; but their growth will be ſlow and languid, and the greateſt part will never put forth at all.

WHY did the courts of *Auguſtus*, of *Leo the Tenth*, our two glorious Queens *Elizabeth* and *Anne*, and of *Lewis the Fourteenth*, abound with Poets whoſe works will be immortal? Why, but becauſe they were ſought for and encouraged. Fame and fortune then attended the Muſes' ſteps; they led their raptured votaries into the cabinets of Princes, who diſtinguiſhed them by honors and rewards, and were by them in return crowned with wreathes of immortality.

THIS is ſo far from being the caſe in our age, that the daring mortal, who, in defiance of poverty, envy, and contempt, will deſerve well of his country as a writer, muſt be content to have his life a perpetual warfare; he muſt bear to be traduced, ridiculed, deſpiſed: and as to profit, he muſt be very ſucceſſful indeed, if after neglecting every other means of raiſing a fortune, and devoting his days to the moſt painful of all labour, that of the mind, he gets a ſupport equal to that which recompenſes the toil of the meaneſt artiſan: nay, what to one of a liberal turn of thinking is ten thouſand times more dreadful than this kind of diſtreſs, he will become contemptible for that very poverty which ought only to reflect on the nation which ſuffers him to be poor.

*Want is the ſcorn of ev'ry wealthy fool,  
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.*

THERE



THERE is nothing which an embroidered beau pronounces with such disdain, as, *a fellow that writes for bread*, when almost all mankind are pursuing the same end, tho' not all of them by means so laudable. Indeed, this particular mode of expression is more applicable to authors than to any other body of men, since the most fortunate of them seldom arrive at more than bread, and few even at that.

IT seems to be the received opinion, that poverty is so truly the sister of poetry that they ought to be inseparable. I have often wondered how such a connexion came to be thought of. Surely, the man who is blest with ease and affluence has more chance to write well, than he whose mind is torn by continual anxiety, and who perhaps, when he should be thinking how to wind up the catastrophe of his poem, is considering how he shall get a dinner. One argument, indeed, there is for continuing to starve poets; that the Muses delight in solitude, and all who know the world, will allow that being poor, is the most infallible means of being left alone.

I doubt not but this Gothic contempt of the most charming of all arts has buried many a noble genius in oblivion; and unless some redress is speedily applied, poetry in Britain will soon be at its last gasp.

I know a very sensible man, who, finding some excellent poetical compositions of his son's, threw them all into the fire, charged him on his blessing to abandon all studies of that kind, and bound him clerk to an attorney; and as a man of the world, he did right: he well knew the greater his merit as a Poet was, the more likely he was, from the modesty inseparable from true genius, to starve; and he is now possessed of a good estate, which in the judgment of the greatest part of mankind, comprehends every thing desirable.

THAT all genius is not extinct might be proved by the mention of some writings of authors now living: but as I will not by praise, however just, bribe the applause of  
any,

any, I will only say, that we have now Poets who in lyric, elegiac, didactic, and dramatic compositions, have shewn that they are capable, if properly encouraged, of rivalling ancient Greece and Rome. When I say dramatic, I would not be understood to mean, that our modern theatrical pieces are really equal to those of the last age; but that it is not from want of fire in some of the writers, that they fall short of them; but from particular circumstances which I may perhaps endeavour to explain in another paper.

It indulges my pride as a woman, to reflect, that the two bright *Æras* of wit and learning in England were female reigns; reigns, which not only in this respect, but in all others, will be the admiration of posterity; when arts, arms, and liberty, were in their heighest perfection. Even in the last years of *Queen Anne*, embarrassed as she was by the fury of contending parties, she gave not up the protection of genius and learning: however she varied in other things, she kept this point steadily in view to the last: and both her ministries, fired by her example, strove as eagerly for the honor of protecting the liberal arts, as for power.

SINCE our present great men are so shamefully, I may add so impolitically, negligent; I recommend it to my own sex to take poetry under their protection. Beauty, even in this age, will give them influence; and they cannot employ it better than in raising the drooping Muses, and restoring them to that esteem which they have been of late so unjustly deprived of. The other sex are, in general, so devoted to the sordid pursuit of interest that I give them up: but I hope the love of well-deserved fame is still the ruling passion in many female breasts; and what a glory will it be to them, that when the fire of genius was, by the carelessness and insensibility of the men, just expiring, it was revived by the favor of the women!

SINCE my country-women are so fond of imitating a neighbouring nation, let it not be said they borrow nothing from them but their follies. A French women of distinction would be more ashamed of wanting a taste for the *Belles Lettres*, than of being ill dressed; and it is owing to the  
neglect



neglect of adorning their minds, that our travelling English ladies are at Paris, the objects of unspeakable contempt, and are honored with the appellation of handsome savages.

I am too sincere a lover of my country to suppose we are at all inferior to our enemies in understanding; and was this laudable ambition once awaked amongst us, am confident, the females of England would soon outstrip the French as much in literary accomplishments, as they do in beauty.

I leave it to the consideration of my fair readers, whether the protection of true genius of our own would not do them more honor, than the ill-judged patronage some of them lavish on Italian singers and dancers, for which we have been deservedly laughed at all over Europe, and which I am sorry to see likely to rise much higher than ever. Farinelli, it is true, was paid extravagantly; but he was paid for singing; but we have now a female at the Opera, who, with a salary near double to what the best theatrical performer ever had, dares to absent herself from the stage, whenever she chuses to be out of humor, and notwithstanding this, is sure to be applauded whenever she condescends to honor us with her appearance. I will suppose the ladies who protect these people imagine they are encouraging arts; and that it is only for want of having had their thoughts early turned to proper subjects, that they give their approbation to trifling accomplishments, to the neglect of real merit. However this may be, I myself know many, who are as good judges of polite literature at least, as most men; and I advise all poets for the future to seek patronesses instead of patrons. After what I have said I cannot finish this paper with more propriety, than by inserting an Ode which I received from a correspondent, and which, I am told, is wrote by one of my own sex. The gentleman who sent it tells me, the author of it never yet appeared in print, and with great reluctance and fear, consented to suffer this to be conveyed to me for that purpose. Whether it ought to have been published or not, the town must determine; for I shall never take upon me to give my opinion, of any thing which may appear in this paper.

ODE

*2. Signora  
Miracchi, not  
handsome, but  
a fair singer  
and one of the  
first performers  
that ever appeared  
on the  
stage. Some  
particulars.*

ODE to *Health*.

THE Lesbian lute no more can charm,  
 Nor my once-panting bosom warm;  
 No more I breathe the tender sigh;  
 Nor, when my beauteous swain appears,  
 With down-cast look, and starting tears,  
 Confess the lustre of his eye.

With freedom blest, at early dawn  
 I wander o'er the verdant lawn,  
 And hail the sweet returning spring:  
 The fragrant breeze, the feather'd choir,  
 To raise my vernal joys conspire,  
 While peace and health their treasures bring.

Come, lovely Health! divinest maid!  
 And lead me through the rural shade.  
 To thee the rural shades belong:  
 'Tis thine to bless the simple swain,  
 And, while he tries the tuneful strain,  
 To raise the raptur'd Poet's song.

Behold the patient village-hind!  
 No cares disturb his tranquil mind;  
 By thee, and sweet contentment, blest:  
 All day he turns the stubborn plain,  
 And meets at eve his infant train,  
 While guiltless pleasure fills his breast.

O! ever good and bounteous! still  
 By fountain fresh, or murmuring rill,  
 Let me thy blissful presence find!  
 Thee, Goddess, thee my steps pursue,  
 When, careless of the morning dew,  
 I leave the less'ning vales behind.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken  
 in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
 S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]

*J. W. Brooke.*









19.

THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER IV.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

*Sanifera.*

Saturday, December 6, 1755.

*Much I endure when writing I would bribe  
The public voice.*

Francis. Hor. B. 2. Ep. 2.



INNUMERABLE are the difficulties which authors have to struggle with at their first appearance in the world: the malice of enemies scarce hurts them more than the diffidence of friends, who feeling for them almost in the same degree they do for themselves, have not courage to give them the applause which they may perhaps think they deserve.

WHATEVER may have been said of the vanity and overbearing nature of criticks, I am inclined to believe that authors suffer more from the modesty than the conceit of their

*Letter from a Sister - Quotation from  
Mr. Galt in favour of Elizabeth. - The  
Old Maid and six other Virgins propose to criticise  
the Theatres.*

their readers : even those who think themselves judges, are often cautious of giving their opinions, lest they should not coincide with the voice of the town, not considering that they themselves make that Town which they are afraid of, and start at their own shadows ; so that the reputation of a work is often fixed by meer accident : the first person, whether friend or enemy, who is hardy enough to applaud or condemn, determines the fate of a new performance ; and therefore I believe the advice given me in the following letter very salutary, though it comes too late to be of service.

M A D A M,

BEING at present a little out of employment, I take the liberty to offer my service, and to beg the honor of being retained by you in the quality of Puffer : I suppose you know that the wits of the present age, from a very laudable modesty, generally chuse to demur as to giving their judgment of any new performance, till they hear how it takes with the Public : to take advantage of this compliant humor, all people who know the world are provided of one or more decent looking fellows, who are to strike the first stroke at coffee-houses ; and who by varying their dress, from a tye to a bob, and from that to a bag and so on, can multiply themselves into a dozen or two, and constitute that formidable body, called the Town. I have myself in one day, been a physician at Child's, a wit at George's and the Bedford, a fine gentleman at White's ; and a smart, a prig, a stockjobber, and fifty other things in the city. That you have neglected this most useful of all arts, I am convinced, by the manner in which your first number was received at two or three coffee-houses that I went into immediately after the publication ; your readers, finding no body there to give them their cue, and tell them whether the paper was good or not ; stared at one another in profound silence, and dropped off without giving their opinions at all. Now though I acknowledge you have had pretty good success,

con-

considering your daring attempt to stand on your own legs, yet if you will take me into pay, I will soon show you that you have been in an error. I was once employed by a divine to puff him into a fine preacher, and was so successful, that though the dullest of mortals, he has preached himself into a good benefice: more than one dramatic poet have I saved from damnation; and a very great actor, notwithstanding his acknowledged merit, owes more to me than he is willing to allow. In one word, madam, make it worth my while, I will silence the voice of censure, and blow you up into fame in an instant.

I am,

MADAM,

*Your most obedient servant,*

STENTOR.

HAD my good friend Stentor made me this offer a month ago, I might perhaps have considered of it: but the Die is thrown, and I must take my fortune, whatever it may happen to be. However I thank him, and am much his humble servant.

THOUGH I have, upon the whole, no reason to be dissatisfied with the reception these essays have met with, yet faults have been found, and objections started, which I would endeavour to obviate, were they not so contradictory, that I find it impossible to please one, without disobliging another: one correspondent blames me, that I have said too little, another that I have said too much, of *Queen Elizabeth*, in my last paper: would my readers divest themselves of their passions and prejudices, they would be much better judges of what is offered to their observation; and I should then have some chance of being candidly received by them all: from these gentlemen's different objections, I am willing to suppose I have said just as much as was proper of this glory of our sex, and of the English nation: in answer  
to



to the first I must observe, that I did not mean a panegyric on this immortal Queen, a task to which I am by no means equal, but took her in my way, as the mention of her had relation to the subject of that paper: and I could wish the second would consider, that though it is not strictly true, that liberty was in its meridian in her days, yet it is sufficiently true for my purpose: we judge of every thing by comparison, and her reign may be justly stiled the reign of liberty, if considered in contradistinction to those which went before and which followed after: this gentleman would do well to reflect that Horace talks of liberty in the reign of *Augustus*: and if to obey from love, not fear, be freedom, the subjects of Queen *Elizabeth*, were free, in the most literal sense of the word. Her protection of arts and sciences, is too notorious to be disputed: Westminster school alone is a lasting memorial of her care of learning; all the authors of that age have left their gratitude to her on record; and Shakespear in particular, frequently goes from his subject to compliment her.

To show I have gone no farther than I am authorized by history, I beg leave to quote two passages from an author of undisputed merit and veracity, and who, though too candid to deny her the praise she deserved, cannot be suspected of partiality to her, because he is of that part of the British nation, which was not under her government.

“ HER good sense led her to see, by the errors of her  
 “ father and sister, that she could expect to reign with  
 “ security, only by deserving and gaining the love of  
 “ the nation: and that, in order thereto, she must pro-  
 “ pose to herself no other end of ruling, but the happiness  
 “ and honor of all her people. This system of policy, so  
 “ simple in itself, so glorious in its consequences, and yet  
 “ by princes so seldom pursued, she adhered to steadily,  
 “ almost uniformly, through a long and triumphant reign;  
 “ for this very reason triumphant.

“ HER's too was the age of heroes both in arts and arms,  
 “ great captains, able statesmen, writers of the highest order  
 “ arose, and under her influence flourished together.

Mallet's life of Lord Bacon.

WHAT



*Mrs Singleton  
of p. a ty.*

WHAT am I to do in this dilemma? I am myself of no party; and would willingly avoid giving offence to any, but am afraid I shall find that too difficult a task for any mortal pen: on the contrary, perhaps my moderation will make me enemies amongst the zealots on all sides. All I can do, is to write from the dictates of my heart, and to the extent of my knowledge, and I shall always think myself obliged to those who convince me with politeness and good-nature that I have been wrong: I will never defend a mistake or absurdity, because it is mine; every human being is liable to error; but that mind is indeed very contemptible, which refuses to listen to the voice of conviction, and sober reproof.

I have just received the following letter.

MADAM,

As I am a zealous admirer of the theatre, and think it, under proper regulations, more likely to mend the world, than a thousand moral treatises; and am also of opinion, it may be better governed by the laws of reason than of force; I think a paper now and then on that subject would not be amiss, and might tend more to put things on a right footing, than either the swords of the beaux or the clubs of the antigallicans. Your second number gave us reason to expect you would sometimes turn your thoughts that way, and I hope you will not forget your promise. I dare say I need not desire you to give no quarter to immorality.

I am,

MADAM,

*Your humble servant,*

T. S.

I agree with my correspondent as to the utility of the stage, and believe whatever may have been wrong in the management, is to be in great measure charged upon the

Town

Town, which often condemns and approves without knowing why. As I think a good critic a friend both to authors and actors, I could with a society of real judges were incorporated, by way of an academy, to take the theatres under their inspection: till that happens I have some thoughts of establishing a little court of female criticism, consisting of myself, and six virgins of my own age, to take into consideration all stage offences against sense and decency. Whether our censures are given with judgment, time and the voice of the public must determine; but I promise they shall be given with impartiality and candor: my readers will be pleased to observe, that whatever is said in this paper on theatrical affairs, will be the united opinion of the whole sisterhood.

*P. S.*

My correspondent at Newcastle, must allow me to consider, before I insert the petition from the Old Maids of that place; for whatever liberties I take with the virgin state myself, I am not certain I shall suffer any body else to do so in this paper.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]

*M<sup>r</sup>. B. 1. 1. 2.*



THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER V.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, December 13, 1755.

*Earth felt the wound, and Nature, from her seat  
Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe.*

MILTON.

——— *The first almighty Cause  
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws.*

POPE.

TO MRS. SINGLETON.

MADAM,



It surprizes me that none of the essay-writers have yet taken notice of the earthquake at Lisbon. An Old Maid upon this subject will, I am apt to believe, be very acceptable to many of your readers, and to no one more than to,

MADAM,

Your very humble servant.

W. T.

*Essay on the late earthquake  
at Lisbon.*



I AM much obliged to my correspondent for this hint, and should sooner have ventured to give my thoughts on this terrible catastrophe, had I not imagined it would have been discussed by others, with whom it does not become me, who am a young author, though an old woman, to enter the lists: however, as it has been overlooked hitherto, I think I may, without being accused of vanity, throw together a few loose thoughts, as they occur to me, on this melancholy occasion.

THERE is yet another consideration which has prevented my attempting the subject, which is, that my sentiments upon it are very different from the popular strain; and I can by no means agree with many of those, perhaps some of them pious, but at the best I think ill-judging, people, who from the pulpit or the news-papers have already given their opinions, on this unhappy affair, to the public.

THERE is, at least it appears so to me, a great degree of cruelty in adding to the miseries of these distressed sufferers, by assigning with such arrogance and rancour, as I find too much the prevailing practice, the fatal overthrow of this late flourishing capital, to the avenging hand of God, for the accumulated crimes of its inhabitants. Who are we, that we thus dare to point the thunder of the Almighty, and determine the counsels of his unsearchable providence? Does not the author of our religion himself reprove the Jews for their presumption in supposing that those, whose blood Pilate mingled with their sacrifices, and on whom the tower of Siloam fell, were more wicked than the rest of the people? Do we not every day see the worst of mankind flourishing in ease and affluence, affluence acquired by every species of villainy; and the virtuous pining in poverty and distress, languishing under the torments of disease, and subject to every evil to which human nature is liable?

Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause,  
 Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?  
 Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,  
 Forget to thunder, and recal her fires?

On

On air and sea new motions be impreſt,  
 O blameleſs Bethel! to relieve thy breſt?  
 When the looſe mountain trembles from on high,  
 Shall gravitation ceaſe as you go by?  
 Or ſome old temple, nodding to its fall,  
 For Chartres' head reſerve the hanging wall?

Pope, *Ethic Epistles*.

THERE is no truth more evident to an unprejudiced obſerver, than that good and evil are here diſpenſed with an undiſtinguiſhing hand to the juſt and the unjuſt; and that this world is not the place where virtue is to meet its reward, and vice its puniſhment.

THAT the inhuman ſuperſtition of the Portugueſe, and other nations of the ſame perſuaſion, is diſpleaſing to the God of mercy, every one who has juſt notions of the Deity muſt be convinced: but I am afraid the ſame vindictive ſpirit and religious pride, of which the *real* inſpiration of our new enthuſiaſtic preachers, and their miſguided followers, appears to be altogether compoſed, and which diſpoſes them ſo readily to pronounce this dreadful calamity a ſpecial judgment from the Supreme Being, would make them, if they had the ſame power, little leſs ſanguinary than the ſavage tribunals of the inquiſition. Is it to be ſuppoſed that theſe men, who boaſt of being the choſen favorites of Heaven, and devote all mankind, but their followers, to eternal torments, would make any ſcruple to deſtroy thoſe whom they ſo magiſterially, and with an air of more than papal infallibility, pronounce to be the enemies of Heaven?

As it is impoſſible for us to fathom the depths of providence, it becomes us to ſubmit in ſilence, without adding to the weight of wretchedneſs by our uncharitable and preſumptuous condemnation of thoſe unhappy creatures, whoſe hearts as we cannot ſee, it is impoſſible for us to judge of. If we will ſet up for reformers, let us begin at home; and when we are ourſelves without fault, we ſhall have a better right, though, I am inclined to believe, leſs will,



will, to censure others. I would not be understood to assert positively, that these dreadful national calamities are not often the scourges of divine Providence for the offences of a sinful people; but that it does not become us, blind as we are to its designs, to determine upon particular facts, and, as if we were admitted into the councils of the Most High, to pretend to say why he has suffered these unhappy people to be destroyed.

OUR Government seems to have acted upon other principles, and the humanity of its proceedings in this case can never be too much applauded; but as greater numbers must be reduced to the very last horrors of want, than it is possible for the sum already granted to relieve, it is to be wished some subscription might be set on foot for private donations on this shocking occasion. Generosity has always been the characteristic virtue of this nation, and as our connexion with this unhappy people is greater than that of any other country, they have a right to expect their principal relief from us. I cannot imagine any, who have the power, will refuse to contribute to lighten the sufferings of these real objects of compassion, whose condition, from the accounts we have received, is more dreadful than imagination can paint.

IF we would convince *them* of the superior purity of *our* faith, let it not be by ill-timed and unchristian reproaches, which can only serve to embitter them still more against our religion; but by acts of charity and humanity worthy our profession as christians, and the universal benevolence of our principles as protestants.

WHETHER a public fast may not at this time be proper, I leave to the heads of our established church, who are the best qualified judges, to determine: but this I will venture to advance, that, however right these stated forms may be, it is not by starts of transitory zeal and devotion, but by a steady uniform course of piety and virtue, we are to hope for the favor of the Supreme Being.

THE new lights of the church, as they are pleased to style themselves, who represent the Most High as delight-  
ing

ing in the miseries of his creatures : and brand as crimes the most innocent pleasures of life, have taken advantage of the depression of spirits, natural on such an occasion, to renew their attacks upon those diversions which are in their own nature lawful, and which can, or at least ought, only to offend by their abuse : that the stage is of this kind, no cool unprejudiced person will deny ; and it is capable of being made a very forcible and effectual school of virtue ; and yet these declaimers, who would make their own blind zeal the rule of action to the rest of mankind, have proposed shutting up the theatres, and think reducing to distress the many hundreds of poor people who in different branches of business, for I do not here speak of the managers and principal performers, depend upon them for their daily bread, an act of piety and religion : if the entertainments of the stage are indeed offensive to virtue, they ought not to be suffered at all ; and if not, I cannot see any reason for suspending them now : nay, perhaps, considering the natural melancholy turn of the people of this Island, an amusement which may a little take off their thoughts from too strict an attention to objects of terror, may be particularly proper at this time.

THE mind of man is so constituted, as to be incapable of retaining its force long, without some kind of relaxation ; a constant succession of the same ideas, especially if they be of an unpleasing cast, frequently terminates in madness : therefore all wise lawgivers have found some kind of public diversion indispensibly necessary : and I believe, if the misguided followers of these false pretenders to superior sanctity, and extraordinary communications from Heaven, had, at proper seasons, partook of these, and other innocent pleasures of life, bedlam had wanted a very considerable part of its inhabitants. It is indeed melancholy to reflect on the multitudes of poor wretches, whose reason has been sacrificed to the unchristian and merciless tenets of these teachers ; whose own gloominess of mind, and want of social affections, have made them represent the benevolent Creator of all things, as a Being not to be thought of without horror :  
their

their doctrines are in all respects so different from the mild and merciful spirit of the Gospel, that I think we need look no further for one great cause of the growth of infidelity; but ascribe it to the terrifying and unamiable pictures, these erroneous guides (who have the impiety to pretend to a particular divine inspiration) have drawn of that benignant power whose delight is in mercy; and of that religion, which one may peculiarly apply what is said in the sacred writings of virtue and piety in general under the character of wisdom. “ Her ways are ways of pleasantness “ and all her paths are peace.”

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.



L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]

*Mrs. Singleton.*





31.

THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER VI.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, December 20, 1755.

Bless me! a Pacquet ——— “ ’Tis a stranger sues  
“ A Virgin.” ——— ———

POPE.

But since the World with writing is possest;  
I'll scribble too in spite, and do my best  
To make as much waste Paper as the rest.

JUVENAL.

Cambridge, Dec. 15. 1755.

MADAM,



AM an old Fellow of a College, who have long had an inclination to read some of my own productions in print; to which purpose I have made several attempts in almost every periodical work, which has appeared in Great Britain for these twenty years. I have

wrote

*Letter from Virginia. Letter and  
a Song from . . . . .*

*A Paper of  
Humour and  
Picaresque*

*Mr. . . . .  
T. . . . .*



wrote to the authors of the *Gentleman's*, the *London*, and the *Universal Magazines*; I have applied to *Mother Midnight* and *Dr. Hill*; nay I have descended so low as to send an *Ænigma* to the compiler of the *Ladies Diary*, and a *Mathematical Problem* to Mr. *Benjamin Martin*; but have always had the mortification to see no other notice taken of my performances, than a *cool Advertisement* at the bottom of some crowded page, in the following, or such like forms.

“ N. B. We are obliged to A. B. for his *Dissertation*,  
 “ (or his *Letter*; or his *Éc. Éc.*) but as we have  
 “ *already* spoken to that subject (See Vol. XXXIX.)  
 “ *or*, as C. D. seems to us more *scientific*, and not  
 “ intermixed with *personal reflections*, we hope that  
 “ A. B. will not take it ill, if we *cannot* insert it.”

SUCH has been the reception, that I have constantly met with, from these and many other writers of the same class. You will not wonder therefore, when I acquaint you, that I have never obtruded any of my *impertinencies* upon the *polite* Mr. Adam Fitz-Adam, or the *ingenious* Mr. Town; my appetite to the title of an author being somewhat abated by the above mentioned difficulties and discouragements; and I am moreover very well convinced, that, from my *recluse* manner of life, I should make but an *awkward figure in the WORLD*; and being a mortal enemy to the *modern Vertù*, it would be ridiculously absurd in me to assume the character of a *CONNOISSEUR*.

UPON the first notice of your present undertaking (for you must know, madam, that I attend constantly after dinner at the coffee-house, to *wait* the arrival of the post, and am allowed to read the papers with a good deal of *accuracy*) I was affected in a very unusual manner: I immediately perceived a great *fullness* in myself, tho' I had eaten nothing but my *bare commons*; and as if I had been under the influence of the *Sybill* herself, I got up, and with a loud voice pronounced,

*Jam redit et VIRGO, redeunt SATURNIA regna.*

The Virgin now and Saturn's Reign return.

TRAPP.

IT

IT happened luckily enough for me, that the circle of the fire was *entirely* filled up, with Fellows of our own College, who were all so intent, some on papers, some on pamphlets, that I returned to my chambers unobserved and unheard by any body.

IT was this accident, if I may call it an accident, which has occasioned the renewal of an attempt, which has so often proved unsuccessful. I cannot help thinking myself, as it were *ordained* to it, by the impulse of my *good Genius*; and upon a *calm view* as well of your situation as my own, there seems to be something extremely *apposite* and *proper* in a correspondence to be settled between us.

FOR, as I said before, I am an old Fellow of a College; or in other words, *an Old Maid of the masculine gender*; from whence I think it reasonable to conclude, that there must be a certain *similarity* of *temper* and of *manners* between us: there being no character so generally *the same*, and concerning which the opinions of mankind do so perfectly agree, as that of an *Old Maid*, be the *gender* what it will.

To prevent any umbrage which you may take on this occasion, I beg leave to assure you, Madam, that, altho' I have assumed your title, I am not endeavouring to put myself upon an *equality* with you; I am very sensible that, notwithstanding we are both *Old Maids*, yet the difference of sex constitutes a difference in degree; for whereas yours is an *absolute character* incapable of any *addition* or *advancement*, mine implies a degree of subordination; not but that I have reason to think, that by my interest with the younger part of the University, I shall soon be put nearer upon a level with you; for I find many of them very well disposed to raise me to the dignity of an *Old Woman*, and to *respect* me accordingly.

'Tis no purpose to dissemble that there are *many* Persons in the University, who might be worthier *objects* of  
your

your notice than myself; but I rest my hopes of success upon the strength of the old Adage, "first come, first serve". Which, if I remember right, Erasmus says, took its rise, from that *obliging willingness*, with which Ladies of your *distinction* have always been observed to admit the addresses of those, who have the appearance of *any thing masculine* about them.

THE world is moreover very attentive to any of the most trifling occurrence which happens in the Universities; and as we Old Maids usually turn the best side of every thing towards ourselves, i. e. *the worst side outwards* I make no doubt, but that an article of intelligence now and then from this place will be *gladly* received by the public.

If this proposal should meet with your approbation you may depend upon hearing again from,

M A D A M,

*Yours, &c.*

VIRGINIUS.

I think myself not a little honored by this early address from one of the seats of the muses; it seems to bode success to my undertaking; and, (to dress the superstition of an Old Maid in the language of her betters, the ancients) I accept the omen.

THAT my good friend, Virginus, has met with so many repulses from the various vehicles of literature he has applied to, I cannot allow to be at all owing to his ill fortune, but to my good genius, which reserved his productions for this paper; and I hereby thank him, and beg we may be better acquainted. I shall expect to hear from him again, with all the impatience of a virgin of fifty, who must not hope for civilities every day: however, to convince



vince him I have more than one string to my bow, I beg leave to introduce the following epistle.

MADAM,

I AM a jovial old Bacchanalian Batchelor and having been an author myself, beg leave to give you a piece of advice. If you have a mind to write any thing worth reading, take your bottle. I enclose you a song of my own composition, inspired by a gallon of Claret.

*m*

Talk not of Pieria's fountain,  
Phœbus, or the tuneful nine;  
Hang the Heliconian fountain,  
Give me rivers running wine.

Fill the bowl; O, fill it higher,  
And the noblest vessel pierce;  
Bacchus only can inspire,  
Bacchus is the God of verse.

INSERT this and you shall be the toast of the honestest set of toppers in England.

I am,

MADAM,

*Your very humble servant.*

TOM. BUMPER.

IT is impossible for one whose days of being toasted have been so long over, to resist the bribe this gentleman offers: but I am afraid I shall lose his good opinion, and that he will scarce keep his promise when he is told I am a water drinker.

P. S.



P. S.

I am obliged to C. D. for his very sensible letter, which shall very soon make its appearance in this paper; but, as he informs me he is married, he cannot be surprized at my giving the preference to a couple of Batchelors.

RURICOLA's favor came too late, but shall be inserted as soon as possible, Mrs. Singleton being herself a very zealous admirer of the lady whose praises Ruricola has celebrated.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.



L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]



37

THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER VII.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, December 27, 1755.

*A Paper  
entertaining.*

*Man is but man, inconstant still and various,  
There's no to-morrow in him like to-day.  
Perhaps the atoms rolling in his brain  
Make him think honestly this present hour ;  
The next, a swarm of base ungrateful thoughts  
May mount aloft.*

Dryden's Cleomenes.



Y niece, Julia, has not only sentiments of her own, with regard to marriage, very different from the generality of the world, and such as I think a little imprudent ; but is encouraged in this way of thinking by a friend she is extremely fond of ; a very good girl, about her own age ; one I approve upon the whole, but, from passing the greatest part of her time in the country, inclined to be romantic ; a circumstance I am by no means pleased with : indeed, though I am an enemy to what is called a town

*A farther account of Julia, and some particulars  
of her friend, Robert, and of her Love Belles.  
The catastrophe of Julia and Amos.*

town education, yet I think young women, whose circumstances will admit of now and then a visit to town, may be too much confined to the country: living there, in simplicity, and a degree of ignorance, unacquainted with life, and the dangers to which our sex are exposed, they fancy the world like the shades of Arcadia; and too often fall a sacrifice to the first military swain who happens to be quartered in the nearest market town: if they have fortunes, they are run away with in an honest way; and if not, the Lord have mercy upon them.

*Correspondence  
between Julia  
and her Friend.*

JULIA and this young lady maintain a correspondence, the subject of which I should be a stranger to, did not my niece sometimes give me a little voluntary information; for I am so far from desiring to see their letters, that I have absolutely prohibited Julia's shewing them to me, lest it should be a restraint upon their pens. I am well convinced every ingenuous mind is to be won by confidence, and am apt to believe the contrary conduct in parents has been the ruin of half the unhappy women in England: were children used like reasonable creatures and friends, I cannot but think it would have a much better effect than the distance and fear in which they are too often educated.

I have said my niece has sentiments with regard to marriage which I think imprudent; by this I mean only, that her fortune not being sufficient to support her with a family, in the manner she has been used to, if she consulted her own happiness properly, she would not fix her choice for that state, but on one who has not only such merit as may secure her affection to him, but such an estate too, as may continue her circumstances in a family connexion, at least as easy, as they are at present: as to any other discretion, I have not the remotest fear of her, and my treatment has so much engaged her confidence, that I believe she has scarce a thought, that she desires I should be a stranger to. Her friend, Rosara, is very unfortunate in this respect; her mother, a widow of a decent, but not affluent fortune, though she is what is generally called a good sort of woman, is severe to a degree of cruelty;

*Character of  
Rosara's Mother  
who has a de-  
cent, not an  
affluent Fortune.*



cruelty; and though she loves her daughter, has brought her up in such a painful awe of her, that she can scarce ever approach her without terror, not that of offending a friend, at once honoured and loved, like what my niece feels for me, but the dread which a scholar has of an ill-natured tyrannical master. Julia tells me she is in love with a gentleman in the neighbourhood, of much superior descent, and heir to a very capital fortune, who is more than equally enamored of her, and means to marry her when his father dies; but as her mother's severity is such that it is impossible to communicate the affair to her without the hazard of very fatal consequences to Rosara; she is obliged to give him meetings that make me tremble for her; I wish the affair may end well, but I very much disapprove it; and will try if I can get her to my house in town, that I may have an opportunity of giving her a little advice, however difficult it may be to do it to any good effect, on so difficult and interesting a point, since the person who has a better right to admonish her, cannot be made acquainted with it.

*Her severity  
to her Daugh:  
= her*

*Rosara pr:  
= rately in love  
with a Gentle-  
man of High  
Birth. See his  
Name N<sup>o</sup> 21.  
Page 121.*

To prevent every improper step in my niece's conduct, though I am not pleased with the addresses of her favored lover, Mr. Bellville, yet my house is always open to him; the consequence of which is, that I am convinced she never saw him out of it, except in public.

*Bellville's ad-  
= mision to m<sup>r</sup>  
Singleton's Street.*

OUR sex, in the affair of love, the most important of female life, and on which our whole happiness in a great measure depends, is by no means upon an equal footing with the other: therefore it is both impolitic, and inhuman, in parents and relations, to give the men still greater advantages, by an ill-judged severity. No man of honor will desire to see the woman he loves any where, but in the protection of her friends, if he has access to her there; and restraint in this case can answer no end, but throwing her more into the power of the man, than prudence and discretion will allow.



THIS poor girl's situation appears to me extremely dangerous : her lover's great superiority of birth and fortune, is a circumstance that gives me the most painful apprehensions for her ; and though he may mean very well at present, yet between this time, and an event perhaps very remote, what change may happen in his sentiments, no body, not even himself, can foresee.

SYLVIA and Amoret were two sisters, of great beauty and accomplishments, but small fortunes ; they were left very young to the care of an aunt, who having herself been very ill treated by a guardian, and confiding in their discretion, by her will left them their own mistresses at eighteen. They were soon after addressed, for marriage, by two gentlemen of great expectations, but whose fathers were alive, whom I shall call Philander and Biron.

PHILANDER's father died in a short time after these attachments began : he immediately married Sylvia, and they were for a few months as happy as sincere mutual love could make them ; but too soon the native inconstancy of his sex prevailed, and the wretched Sylvia experienced all the anguish, and unutterable pangs of slighted tenderness ; which were made doubly poignant by a sense of obligation, which nothing, but the utmost delicacy of affection, in the person who confers it, can make supportable to a generous mind. One affair of gallantry after another engaged him ; and he regarded the once loved Sylvia, only as a restraint upon his pleasures, and an incumbrance on his fortune : he was gay and entertaining abroad ; but at home, silent, reserved, and sometimes even churlish.

AMORET was one day lamenting the unhappiness of her sister to Biron, whose passion by length of time had lost its fervor, and whose mind, by a greater acquaintance with the corrupted part of his own sex, was much less delicate and sincere than when their intimacy commenced : after expressing the highest compassion for her sister, he told her, he was afraid the fault lay rather in the state than in Philander ; that noble souls were impatient of restraint,  
and

and a great deal of common place to the same purpose; and dropt a hint that he knew but one sacrifice, by which a woman of inferior condition, could convince her lover, beyond the possibility of doubt, that her affection was disinterested; and insinuated that he could not answer for his own behaviour in marriage, to one who should refuse him, such a proof of regard.

AMORET, who had never before entertained the most distant suspicion of her lover's honor, was stung to the soul, she upbraided him in the severest terms, that injured love could dictate, and forbade him ever to approach her again: after some faint endeavours to justify himself, he left her, glad of any excuse to break off a connexion, which, as his tenderness was worn out, he began to think an imprudent one. She still loved, though she despised, him: however she had resolution enough to retire to a remote part of England, where she expected to be safe from his pursuit; a precaution, however, which was altogether needless, for he so faithfully obeyed her last command, that he never gave himself the trouble to enquire to what place she had retired, or in what situation of life she was. Her narrow fortune, as he well knew, was near exhausted, to which he had not a little contributed, by desiring her to appear, in a manner becoming one, who would soon be his, wife.

SOON after this misfortune of her sister's, Sylvia died of a broken heart; and Amoret is now in the last stage of a consumption, in which she would want common necessaries, but for the gratitude of an old servant of her mother's who is the widow of a farmer in the country.

FROM this story, to which I could, if necessary, add more to the same purpose in my own knowledge, I would advise my female readers, who may be less obliged to fortune, than to nature, rather to endeavour the making themselves acceptable to men of worth in their own rank of life, than to lay snares for men of superior condition, who from thence are so apt to suspect them of being governed by views meerly mercenary, that they think every art justifiable

liable on their side ; and, if they betray them to want and infamy, will only suppose they have been playing upon the square

LET them consider, that though they may, preserve their innocence, through a connexion of this kind ; yet if it breaks off, from whatever cause, loss of reputation is the inevitable consequence : and, even if they succeed, they are probably as far from happiness as ever, and, instead of an eternity of love, may find in a little time, disquiet, contempt, and reproaches.

MARRIAGE, where the disproportion of rank and fortune is very great, especially if the disadvantage is on the woman's side, seldom turns out happy. There is so much delicacy required on the obliging side, to lessen the pain of receiving a benefit ; and so much circumspection on the part of the obliged, to prevent suspicion of interestedness ; that it is next to impossible that their lives, can be passed agreeably. Equality is necessary to friendship ; and without friendship marriage must be at the best insipid, but oftener a state of perfect misery.

How great then is the hazard, and how inadequate the reward hoped for, to the many cares and anxieties, attending such a state of uncertainty as Rosara's ! If her heart attains it's utmost wishes, she has little reason to expect happiness : but there is much greater cause to fear that she like thousands of her sex, may shipwreck her peace and reputation, if not her virtue, on this rock, so fatal to female honor.

P. S.

THE letters from Oxford, and Greenwich were received, and Amyntor's, and shall in due time, be properly acknowledged.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price Two Pence. ]

1733 3 pages









J. 5.

THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER VIII.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

N<sup>o</sup>.

Saturday, January 3, 1756.

Very faithfully  
printed.

*The gen'rous critic fan'd the poet's fire  
And taught the world with reason to admire,  
Then criticism the muse's hand-maid prov'd;  
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd.*

POPE.



IN Mr. Pitt's very estimable translation of the Æneid, a critical observation upon a passage in the sixth book is extracted from one of the most judicious writers of our times, *the Rambler*. The lucubrations of this admirable genius, ~~of~~ whom however far I fall short, I will upon this occasion venture to call my predecessor, have constantly been perused, and, I may say, studied by me, with very great delight: So much sense, judgment, and morality flow throughout those papers, that I look upon them as a model of writing, which does honor to our nation, and ~~that~~ must be always acceptable to the virtuous

of  
A

which,

*Criticism on Pindar's behavior to Homer  
in the Iliad. &c.*

virtuous and the wife. As I pretend not to rank myself with the latter, I hope the former will give me shelter on account of my sex, and because I publicly, but humbly endeavour to be serviceable, if an old maid can be serviceable, to the age in which I live.

As there are comments upon that immortal poem, as well as translations of it, in more than one language that I understand, I have very attentively considered such as have <sup>\*</sup>came to my hands, recommended for any excellence by those who are learned in the original: upon this foundation I shall offer a conjecture of mine upon the silence of *Dido* at the sight of *Æneas* in the Elysian fields, and to assign for it a very different reason from any that I have yet met with, submitting <sup>it</sup> ~~it~~ to the judgment of my readers.

I agree entirely with all the commentators that have fallen within my observation, who have celebrated the beauty of *Ajax's* silence in the thirteenth book of the *Odyssey*; and will suppose with them that *Virgil* copied the silence of *Dido*, from his great master the *Mæonian* Bard. The silence of the son of *Telamon* was undoubtedly founded in pride, and proceeded from a consciousness of his own defects in the art of eloquence, and therefore I join with *the Rambler* in thinking that the fullen taciturnity of *Ajax*, had a much more contemptuous and piercing effect, 'than any words which so rude an orator could have found.' But the silence of *Dido* appears to me to have arisen from another cause. A cause extremely natural, and particularly beautiful in the manner that *Virgil*, with his usual distant, and insinuating delicacy, has introduced it.

I make no difficulty to pronounce that her silence proceeded from shame: not from the shame of seeing *Æneas*, the sight of whom must have roused her, as *the Rambler* justly observes, into clamour, reproach, and denunciation, but from the sight and presence of the most virtuous of all women



women the *Cumæan Sybil*. Such an unexpected guest, stifled at once every sentiment of fury, and choaked every intended purport of rancour and revenge in the Carthaginian queen. I am now to endeavour to prove my assertion.

THE menaces of *Dido*, were not only that her vengeance, but that her ghost, should follow *Æneas* wherever he went: as evidently appears from what she says to him in their last interview at Carthage.

*When death's cold hand my struggling soul shall free,  
My ghost in every place shall wait on thee.*

PITT.

THE immutable laws of Pluto's kingdom, hindered her from fulfilling her intentions. Her ghost was not permitted to follow the Trojan Hero into the higher regions, but her ghost was not prohibited to speak to him, or to answer him, when she saw him in the regions of the dead. What motive therefore hindered her from venting her passion and giving a loose to the dictates of resentment, fury, and all the violence which we women, when injured by our own misconduct, generally exert too late? What, but the reproaching sight of the *Cumæan Sybil*. Her conscience struck her, by seeing a chaste, and most exemplary virgin, who had withstood the offers of a god. Frailty dare not look up at virtue: accordingly we find *Virgil* has painted the queen of Carthage as looking down upon the ground.

*Illa solum fixos, oculos averſa tenebat.*

I give this line in the original language to oblige my learned readers, by the advice of a friend, to whom I communicated my thoughts upon this subject, and by whom, I am told, the literal translation is, “*She unwilling to look up, kept her eyes fixed upon the ground.*” The Translators I have seen, misled by imagining *Virgil* so exact a copier of *Homer* that he makes *Dido* as proud and sullen as *Ajax*, have constantly given the turn of haughtiness and contempt to the whole behaviour of the Tyrian queen. In this they are in all probability mistaken, the passage is a delicate



cate and tacit implication of conscious guilt ; which, upon all occasions, is observed to be remarkably apparent by down-cast eyes, and by the silence of a distracted and uneasy mind, whose horrible sensations dread to give themselves utterance.

THE modern Annotators have run into the same error, and doctor *Trapp* in pointing out the several imitations of Homer throughout the sixth *Æneid*, particularly mentions *the sullen silence of Ajax transferred to that of Dido*. Give me leave to differ from him, and to observe that the chief beauty consists, in turning the proud and sullen silence of *Ajax*, into the confusion and speechless horror of *Dido*. Guilt stopt her tongue. She stood self-condemned before the chaste priestess of Apollo. She was convinced that no subterfuges, no pretences of marriage (arts which she had practised in her life time,) could be prevalent, or could deceive the Cumæan prophetess.

*ÆNEAS* supplicates, and with great eloquence, addresses the unhappy queen : who, incapable of hearing one word he says, becomes, for some time motionless and inanimate; not from rage; that must have had another effect; but from the misery she feels in being in the front and personal view of a woman, whose conduct was a constant reproach to frailty, and therefore to me *Virgil* seems evidently to imply that *Dido's* guiltiness had in a manner turned her into stone; and rendered her as deaf as flint or marble. Doctor *Trapp's* translation takes in the whole passage sufficiently to let the English reader see the foundation, upon which I have chosen to build this new superstructure,

With tears and blandishments *Æneas* sooth'd;  
She bends her eyes averse upon the ground.  
And by his speech begun, is mov'd no more,  
Than a hard flint, or fix'd Marpesian rock.

BUT I have still a farther discovery to propose, which, I believe, has hitherto escaped all the annotators. Flight  
was

was the immediate resource of *Dido*, as soon as she was recovered from the tumultuous impulse of shame and surprize.

Then, where the woods their thickest shades display,  
From his detested sight she shoots away,  
There from her dear *Sichæus*, in the grove,  
Found all her cares repaid, and love returned for love.

PITT.

HER flight into the most recluse part of the Elysian woods, seems to be a confirmation of what I have already advanced: guilt always seeking gloom and solitude, and being particularly desirous to hide itself from the sight of eminent merit, or unspotted virtue. But this is not my point. I imagine that I see the particular drift of *Virgil*, in hastening her away to *Sichæus*. The affrighted queen dreaded that the Trojan prince, and the Phœnician monarch might meet: the sight of *Æneas* the successor to his nuptial bed, must have been more irksome to *Sichæus*, than the sight of *Pygmalion* the successor to his throne. He might possibly forgive the injuries done to himself, but he never could have forgiven the injurious treatment of his consort. Had the two princes met, their altercations must have run high, and the *Cumæan Sybil*, the dreaded object of *Dido's* sight, must have interposed. The cunning queen therefore shews great presence of mind. She prevents *Sichæus* from coming towards her, by hastening to find him, and then detains him at a distance from *Æneas*, by all the enticing blandishments of connubial love.

I must look upon this hint which *Virgil* has given us, as a particular beauty and as one of the many instances of delicacy and address, in the Mantuan Poet, who, although perspicuous and noble in the great and important parts of his *Æneid*, never fails to glance obscurely, and to touch lightly upon such natural minute passages, as by too full an explanation, might lose their dignity, be improper, or give offence.

As

As I look upon myself to be a kind of *Sybil*, I hope these observations may not be thought out of character, or be unacceptable to the public: especially as an author who does not shew some turn towards criticism, is esteemed little better than an ignorant gamester, who knows not how to shuffle his cards

P. S.

*Mrs. Singleton.*

I AM particularly obliged to my young Westminster champion, Brigantius, and thank him for his knight errantry, which he will do me honor by continuing: his letter shall be inserted as soon as is consistent with what I owe to many earlier correspondents, whose letters I have not yet had it in my power to take proper notice of.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

## ERRATA

*In the two last numbers.*

No. 6. Page 33 line 16. for thing, read think:

to page 35 line 8 for fountain, read mountain

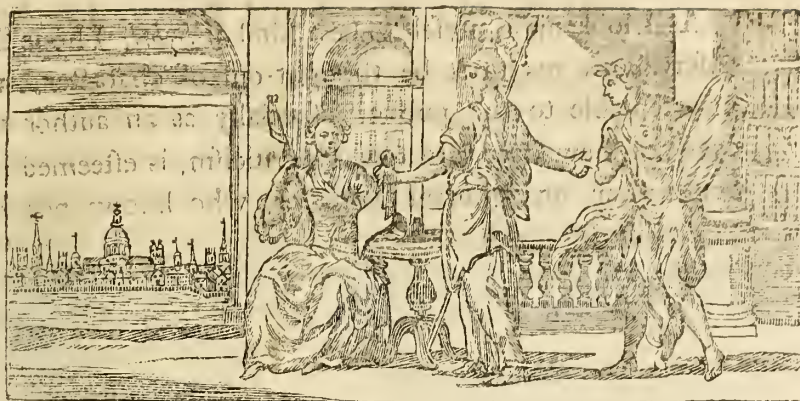
No. 7. page 38 line 31. for discretion, read indiscretion.

LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price TWO PENCE. ]





49.

THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER IX.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

*Indifferent.*

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, January 10, 1756.

*See Lyce! see that hoary hair  
Yet you a toast wou'd shine.*

HOR. B. 4. Od. 13. Francis.

*Our youth regardless of thy frown,  
Their heads with fresher wreaths shall crown,  
And throw thy wither'd Garlands down  
The river.*

B. 1. Od. 25.



A M so much in arrear to my correspondents, that I shall be suspected of never intending to clear with them, I shall therefore dispatch as many as I can in *this* paper, only premising, that those whose letters I defer, are not to charge me with incivility: priority of date carries some claim with it, but a particular suitableness to my own scheme in these essays, of which I must be allowed the best judge, is what all other claims must give place to, and which those whose epistolary favors are postponed cannot be disobliged at my compliance with; but if this be not thought sufficient apology, they may comfort themselves with the reflection,

*Letters from. Virgins. — to the.*



tion, that as Old Maids are at best but whimsical, therefore some fantastical or capricious motive may have influenced the preference I have given to others. I shall however make no excuse for giving the first place to the following; the seat of learning from whence it comes, without other considerations, gives it an indisputable right to all the respect I can shew to it.

To Mrs. SINGLETON.

MADAM,

*Oxford, Dec. 21st 1755.*

To the works of a deceased author, it is a usual practice to prefix a short view of his life and character: the reason which editors assign for it, is, that the reader by this method, being introduced to a kind of personal acquaintance with the writer, is led insensibly in the perusal of him, to mix the partiality of friendship with the severity of criticism.

FROM this motive, before I tell you my business, I shall give you a short account of myself, to procure a more favourable reception to my letter.

You must know then that I am a maiden lady, who have resided at Oxford the greatest part of my time: my vanity forbids me to make you acquainted with my age, especially as it may be an obstruction, to the design I have of changing my condition upon the first offer; and if I may trust my glass, the wrinkles in my face are not yet so deep, as to give me any occasion to despair of one.

CONSIDERING where I have passed my life, you will not be surprized, that I have contracted an affection for books, and have applied myself to the study of the polite arts: and indeed I thought myself so much a proficient, as to have formed a design to entertain the public with periodical lucubrations upon some plan like your's: but as your maidenship has opened a channel, through which my thoughts may flow, I embrace the opportunity, and desist from my former intention.

HAVING told you thus much of myself it is time to proceed to business, for I believe as it is, the introductory part of my letter, will prove something longer than the matter I had principally in view in writing it.

You must know then my good sister virginity, that notwithstanding I am confessedly an adept in the Belles Lettres,

tres, yet even in this place I have the mortification to see myself the frequent object of contempt and ridicule, and a pack of ignorant, idle, giddy, girls, perpetually escorted and gallanted by the fons of *Alma*; and all this merely because my hair is turned grey, and their's not: whereas my dear Singleton that very circumstance should rather endear me to these men of learning and philosophy, as it is the symbol of sense and wisdom.

DID not Minerva their patroness, and who should be their guide, chuse the owl, the grizzled wrinkled owl for her favourite bird, and chuse her too for that very venerable colour and countenance, despising the gaudy pride and plumage of the peacock? Even so wisdom, a well furnished head, not a youthful face, should be the mistress of the fons of *Alma*. This usage therefore has driven me out of all patience. I beg Mrs. Singleton that you will take proper cognisance of such neglect and indignity, offered by this degenerate tribe of students and philosophers to *a head so old and white as mine*. By so doing you will greatly oblige,

*Your's*

CANA GREYPATE.

P. S. The terror I have been in from vehemency of passion, has occasioned the blots in my letter.

I have just recollected the fate of your correspondent *Virginus*, but am under no apprehension of the same treatment from you, as good manners and a willingness to oblige are characteristics of the more sensible part of our sex; so I remain assured of seeing this acknowledged, and the subject pursued by your maidenship, who perhaps are my sister in the contempt I complain of.

I beg you will think of an apposite motto, for the merit of a paper is greatly enhanced by that.

A D I E U.

As women they say never know how to make an end of talking, so the pen, I think, is not easily wrested out of their hands, I must add one thing more: do you desire to hear any more from me? I wish you a merry Christmas.

MA-

*Greenwich, Dec. 18th 1755.*

MADAM,

THE design of your appearance in print being, I suppose, not only to entertain the age, but to correct the errors and follies of it, I shall beg leave to add one to the number of your correspondents; and as you profess yourself good-natur'd, and willing to attend to advice, shall mention what I think a fault in you, without the fear of being accounted an enemy.

I don't pretend, madam, to judge what may be fit for the perusal of the publick, or to know the world equally with you, but must tell you I was sorry to see by your first paper so little encouragement given in it to your own sex to live single: it was what I did not expect from you, and my disappointment was the greater, because I am afraid 'tis very likely to be my case, whether I chuse it or not: in this Island we are laid under no vows of virginity, but yet to the scandal of the men, it abounds with Old Maids, and I am upon the very point, of contributing one to the list: nay I am not certain but that the young flirts of my acquaintance, have enrol'd me in that despised class, already. I have reason therefore to be the more concerned, to find you so determined upon marrying your darling Julia; and am apt to think you would oblige your readers of both sexes, by freely delivering your sentiments upon the question, whether the least chance for unhappiness to a woman, be not rather in the solitary state than the social, where the motive for entering into the latter, is not the preference of the man, but considerations merely of interest or convenience? you must not suspect me from this for an enemy to matrimony: on the contrary, I have ever thought, that to be placed in so tenderly interesting a connexion, with a man of sense and honor, whose sentiments and taste of life is suited to our own, and to be the object of his protection, is the highest earthly felicity any woman can arrive at: I would only have you recommend it to your female readers, not to be altogether in so great a hurry, as is sometimes the case, in a matter, which as of all others it is of the greatest importance, requires of course the greatest consideration.

FOR my own part, I cannot but think a single life must be much less disagreeable, than a state of perpetual union, with one, who is perhaps so far from being the object



ject of love and esteem, that he can excite no emotions but those of loathing and contempt. However as I have a very great regard for your judgment, I shall wait with some impatience till I am favored with it, and shall be very happy to find you agreed, with,

MADAM,

*Your most obedient humble servant.*

MARIAN DOUBTFUL.

AFTER saying how fortunate I think myself, by having obtained already a correspondent in each university, I beg leave to assure my friend Cana, that I really have a fellow feeling, in the indignities of which, she complains: the men of this time are either altogether less polite, than they were five and thirty-years ago, or which is the same thing to her and me, they are less polite to us; for this reason I converse but with few of them, and of those my greatest favorite is an old beau of seventy, who flatters me, by declaiming upon the insolence and pertness of the girls, of these degenerate days, as I do him, by lamenting the ill-breeding and ignorance of the young fellows. I would recommend this conduct to my reverend correspondent, and advise her to return the unjust contempt she meets with, from the younger part of the university, by aiming her venerable attractions only at the elder. By this means she may come to be the chosen help-mate of some learned professor, or ruling head, and improve the public lectures by her science, or influence the resolutions of *Golgotha* by her counsels. She will at least by this means stand a chance to be the favorite of the ancients amongst the sons of the Muses', and be toasted in the pure waters of Helicon. In return for her merry Christmas, I wish her a happy New Year, and shall be glad to hear from her again.

My Greenwich correspondent has proposed a question, which is of too much importance to be discussed, in the small remaining part of this paper, I may therefore possibly make it the subject of an entire one: and shall conclude this with an Ode, from the same hand, with that to Health in my third number.

O D E.



## O D E.

*W<sup>m</sup> Brooks.*

O far remov'd from my retreat  
 Be av'rice and ambition's feet!  
 Give me, unconscious of their power,  
 To taste the peaceful, social, hour:  
 Give me beneath the branching vine,  
 The woodbine sweet, or eglantine,  
 While evening shed's it's balmy dews,  
 To court the chaste inspiring Muse!  
 Or, with the partner of my soul,  
 To mix the heart expanding bowl!  
 Yes, dear Sabina, when with thee,  
 I hail the goddess, liberty;  
 When, joyous, through the leafy grove,  
 Or o'er the flow'ry mead, we rove;  
 When thy dear, tender, bosom shares,  
 Thy faithful Delia's joys and cares;  
 Nor pomp, nor wealth, my wishes move,  
 Nor the more soft deceiver, love.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken  
 in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.



L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
 S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]



55.

THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER X.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

*A good Paper.*

Saturday, January 17, 1756.

O Liberty! thou Goddess heavenly bright!  
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!  
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,  
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;  
Eas'd of her load, subjection grows more light,  
And poverty looks chearful in thy sight:  
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,  
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

ADDISON.



ULIA'S lover, Mr. Bellville, dined with me yesterday, and as I am always endeavouring to divert the young people's imaginations as much from their love affair as I can, I engaged him in a conversation on public spirit, and the invaluable benefits, that owe their being to liberty, and which are so justly, as well as poetically painted, in the lines I have chosen for my motto. He express'd himself on this interesting subject, with the warmth becoming a Briton, and which gave me more pleasure than I desired he should be sensible of: I must own I love to see  
a little

*The Character of Simoleon, of Corinth.*



a little heat and enthusiasm, in the sentiments of people at his period of life, especially when those sentiments have their foundation, in reason and moral truth; and detest the coolness of fifty at twenty five. Time and experience will certainly moderate an over-heat of temper, but I know no medicine of sufficient force, to cure that chilly state of mind, which may not improperly be call'd, the ague of the soul.

SUCH a subject must naturally lead us to mention the Romans, and to admire the amazing instances of their zeal for this Goddess, which appear to us almost incredible. I was haranguing on the well-known story of Lucius Junius Brutus, with all the loquacity of an old woman, and affecting to be superlatively wise and learned, when my young man told me with an air of great modesty, though I suppose he laugh'd at my wisdom in his heart, that he thought there was a patriot amongst the Greeks, not so much talked of in modern times as Brutus, who was in reality infinitely more illustrious; the no less amiable, than heroic, Timoleon of Corinth.

I will throw together as much as I can remember of our conversation for the subject of this day's paper; but as the story may have been less attended to by my fair readers, than that of Brutus, I beg leave to relate it, in as few words as are consistent with order and perspicuity.

TIMOLEON was of noble rank in the city of Corinth, but was more distinguished by his ardent love of liberty, than by his birth: he was naturally mild, and gentle; the sweetness of his disposition would not suffer him to hate any but tyrants, and the domestic enemies of his country: he possessed the most unshaken courage to the decline of a very long life; which was temper'd even in his earliest youth, by the most extraordinary and admirable prudence.

HE had an elder brother called Timophanes, in every respect the reverse of him; imprudent, rash, ambitious, and ever aiming at illegal power: affecting an appearance of uncommon valor, and a certain ardor in all military exploits, which procured him the admiration of the populace, and in consequence of that, the highest posts in the common-wealth. Timoleon loved him with the most tender affection; and assisted him in obtaining such offices as were not inconsistent with the freedom of his country, by lessening his errors, and setting such good qualities as he possessed, in the strongest light they would bear.

In



IN a battle in which Timophanes commanded the Corinthian cavalry, his horse being wounded, threw him into the midst of the enemy; his troops, except a very considerable number, dispersed; and the few remaining, overpowered by multitudes, were unable to make further resistance; when Timoleon, who served in the infantry, hearing of his brother's danger, flew to his rescue, and covering him with his buckler, as he lay wounded on the field; after receiving innumerable wounds himself, with much difficulty oblig'd the enemies to retire, and at the extremest hazard of his own life, preserved that of Timophanes.

SOON after this action, the Corinthians, for the security of their city, took into their pay a band of four hundred strangers, and gave the command of them to Timophanes; who, without regard to the ties of honour, justice, or gratitude, corrupted them to serve his own ambitious purposes, and render him master of those, who had entrusted him with power he was unworthy of: and having cut off many of the best and principal citizens, who were the most likely to oppose his designs, uncondemned, and without trial, declared himself king of Corinth.

THIS conduct threw the virtuous Timoleon into desperation; he begged, he entreated, he remonstrated; he conjured his brother by every tie most sacred, to repair the injuries he had done his unhappy country, and renounce a power, to which he had no claim but from the most detestable usurpation, and which he could not keep but by the destruction of Corinth. But when he found his admonitions received with contempt, and not heard without impatience and anger; he resolved on a second and more powerful attempt, and taking with him Eschylus, brother to the wife of Timophanes, and Orthagoras, who was their common friend, he returned to his brother, and all three surrounding him, besought him by the piety he owed to the Gods, and by the genius of his native country, before it was too late, to listen to the voice, of reason, and of virtue. But when Timophanes at first ridiculed their simplicity, and afterwards being more vehemently pressed, began to give way to fury and indignation; Timoleon, yielding to necessity, turned aside; and casting up his eyes, streaming with tears, to Heaven, covered his face, with his robe; whilst the other two with their swords, instantly dispatched Timophanes.

WHO-

WHOEVER compares this action with that of Brutus, will not I think be at a loss to which they should give the preference. The virtue of Brutus, if I may give it that name, had something in it shocking to human nature. His children deserved to die: but that he should himself chuse to be present at their execution, and bear to see their bodies torn and mangled by the rods of the Lictors, without so much as turning away his eyes, is a proof of a temper naturally savage, and unsusceptible of the soft sensations of humanity: it was sufficient they died for their offence; that rigor perhaps could not have been remitted, consistently with the publick safety, but nothing required their father's presence at their execution; and this circumstance in his conduct, as it carries with it an air of great extravagance, so it appears rather dictated by vain glory, than the principles of justice and patriotism.

AMBITION also seems to claim a share in this so much celebrated action of Brutus; the death of his sons perhaps was necessary to establish the freedom of Rome, but the virtue of the father in devoting them to it, would have shone with more unclouded lustre, and have been transmitted to posterity with much brighter eclat, if it had not at the same time, secured the possession to him, of his new acquired power and honors: had he confirmed the entail of liberty to his country, by cutting off Posterity from himself, and retired to a private station, he had been indeed a Hero.

THERE are yet other considerations, that take from the merit, of this so much, and notwithstanding all the intermixture of imperfection attending it, so justly celebrated action of Brutus, which make it doubtful whether the love of his country was in reality the governing passion of his soul. Anger and resentment, of an attempt, to restore that tyranny of the Tarquins, which had compelled him for his own safety, to the abject dissembling stupidity and madness, in the former part of his life, might inflame him to such a pitch of indignation, as unconcernedly to doom his sons, to fall by the hands of the executioner: he had also besides this, and the possession of power, the prospect of fame and immortality before him, and how mightily this principle wrought with the ancients, let their most celebrated exploits witness, which were professedly undertaken upon this view only; and if to all this we add the reflection, that history represents him, as of a stubborn unfeeling nature, the action will appear much less heroic,



roic, and the glory of Brutus's patriotism will stand on much weaker foundations, than it has hitherto, *done*.

TIMOLEON, on the contrary, could be actuated by no passion, but a virtuous and ardent zeal for liberty: he was of a most sweet and tender disposition, and loved his brother with the fondest affection. Necessary to the freedom of his country, and the rights of his fellow citizens, as was the death of an irreclaimable tyrant, he could not behold it in the person of Timophanes, but covered his face, and turned from him in all the agony of grief: he lamented the brother, (that brother for whose safety, whilst ignorant of his designs on the liberty of his country, he had despised danger) though he not only suffered, but consented to the fall of the Tyrant, when Corinth could be made free by no other expedient.

HE was so far too from serving any ambitious views of his own by the fall of his brother, that besides giving up all the power, and distinction, which attended that nearness of relation to him who possessed absolute sovereignty, he from the moment it was effected, secluded himself from the world, and passed near twenty years in the most perfect privacy; avoiding instead of courting, the regard, of that people, to the restoration of whose liberty, he had sacrificed one that was most dear to himself, by the double bond of nature, and of friendship.

BUT he appears in no instance more amiable to me, than in that very sorrow for the lost degenerate Timophanes, for which Plutarch condemns him, because he esteemed his giving him to death, an instance of true virtue and exalted heroism: and for which, on the contrary, our translators commend him, but upon a very false principle, as if his grief, was not meerly regret for the loss of a beloved brother, but remorse for consenting in his death, to an unjustifiable and wicked action. The notes to our translation are taken from Dacier, who being the slave of despotick power, would naturally condemn the just slaughter of a tyrant: he dared not do otherwise: but I am ashamed to find my own countrymen, who enjoy the blessings of freedom, adopting such servile sentiments, and joining them to their translation without the remotest hint of disapprobation. Timoleon's behaviour, though this whole transaction, appears to me perfectly consistent with those virtues, which so strongly characterize him: the hero and the patriot, gloriously gave up to justice,  
the



the criminal and the tyrant ; the good man yielded to nature, the tears due to blood and friendship. The usurper dead, and liberty restored, it was natural to mourn for the brother, whose ambition was forgot, when it was no longer to be feared ; and the excess of his grief, as it demonstrated the warmth of his fraternal affection, and the tenderness of his heart, greatly enhanced the merit of Timoleon, in the sacrifice he made to his country.

THE unconcern of Brutus, on the contrary, even when his sons had paid the forfeit of their treason, lessens the obligation Rome had to his virtue ; since he only gave up to her, those for whom notwithstanding the ties of nature, he appears to have had very little regard.

THESE violent and uncommon efforts of virtue, as they are contrary to the natural bent of human affections, must, in a man of tender sensations, be attended with sorrow and remorse, when the impulse which caused them is over, and the end aimed at, attained ; therefore Timoleon's excess of sorrow was agreeable to nature, without supposing, with Dacier, that he thought the action criminal : and if Brutus's dooming his sons to the axe was an act of heroic patriotism, his inflexible unconcern after their death, is, I think, the mark of a cruel and unrelenting temper, which greatly depreciates the merit of it.

P. S. The letters from Cana and C—n are received.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

#### E R R A T A

In No. VIII. page 44, line 9, for *came* read *come*.

The same page, line 8, for, *to assign*, read, *shall venture to assign*.

In No. IX. page 51, line 23, for, *terror*, read *tremor*.

#### L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price TWO PENCE. ]

*1790*



61.

THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XI.

N. 2.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, January 24, 1756.

Ravis'd by the whifling of a Name.

POPE.

TO MRS. SINGLETON.

MADAM,

THE preference in point of affection, which too many fathers are apt to bestow upon their sons in prejudice of their daughters, has often been to me a matter of great astonishment: I am fully convinced that so unjustifiable a partiality can proceed only from pride. The sons transmit the family name to posterity; but with the daughters it sinks into oblivion, unless buoyed up by an act of parliament. What an ill-judged difference is pursued in the education of our children, only because the blockheadly son, is to continue the letter A, to the nineteenth century; while the modest, agreeable, and beautiful daughter, is obliged to change it for some other letter in the Alphabet! This unnatural bias might in some measure perhaps be justified, had we any reason to be convinced, that future gene-

The way occurs  
The father  
Margaret  
is well written  
and properly  
timed.

The unjust preference of sons to daughters.  
The disappointment of Singleton's opinion in the daughters.



generations must inevitably pay a peculiar and extraordinary regard to a person, whose surname consisted of such and such letters, placed exactly in such a manner, as to form a certain word. But this piece of magic, I fear, will never have the desired effect. Names are but sounds, meant only to distinguish one human being from another: time villifies even the greatest, and *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, sounds that once awed the world, are now often turnspits in the kitchen. Most nations indeed have generally concurred, in paying an implicit, and I think a ridiculous respect, to names. Several years ago, I remember our landlady at Paris, was very much enraged at my mother, for having given the name of *Louis*, to a little French lap-dog; but upon being assured the dog was honored with this appellation, from his perfections, and because he was a *Nonpareille*, our hostess immediately altered her strain, and putting on a smile of conviction, said, *Ab, Madame, ç'a suffit. J'en suis très contente.* "Ah, Madam, the reason's good. I am very much pleased with it." The French, I am told, have of late wisely retrenched their monarchical idolatry; so that I believe in these days, one might venture to call a tame Bear at Paris, by the name of *Louis*, without giving the least offence.

IF by conveying a name, we were able to convey the great and noble qualities, by which we ourselves or some of our ancestors have become illustrious and distinguishable; in that case there can be no doubt, but that we might plausibly sue for acts of parliament, to give an eldest daughter the right of bestowing courage, benevolence, integrity, or any other eminent virtue, that was to adorn and dignify the happy man, destined to be her future husband: but, to entertain an unnecessary solicitude, in transferring an empty sound, from one house to another, appears to me one of the many convincing instances, that pride fixes her appetite upon bubbles and shadows; and can seldom satisfy her hunger, because she scarce ever attempts to taste, any substantial food.

FOR my own part, I am arrived at that time of life, when not only the more violent, but the visionary passions have entirely subsided, and when the calmer and more reasonable sensations have taken place. The evening of my day is come on, and I am descending steadily and chearfully towards the boundless plains of an eternal world. At my  
period



period of existence, the faculties of the mind are entirely devoted to reason: fancies and dreams can please no more; and therefore tho' I am convinced that by my death, the surname of my family, ancient as it is, must be at an end, yet the thought gives me no uneasiness. Such amongst us of either sex, who have had merit, will be remembered with honour: such of us, who have had none, ought to be forgotten and despised.

My neighbour *Sir Formal Fireface*, has imbibed sentiments, very different from those which I have mentioned. He is of the same age with myself, and some years ago married a brisk, healthy, gay gentlewoman, with a kind of certainty of having a son to perpetuate his family: but the knight is unluckily disappointed, and hitherto has only been the father of four females: a misfortune which occasioned his lady, at the birth of her last daughter, to desire that *Sir Formal* might not know she was brought to bed, for he would certainly drown the child.

PRINCES indeed have sufficient reasons to wish for sons. An emperor of Germany, and a king of France, may tremble and grow pale, at the sight of a daughter. Bloodshed and anarchy must follow in default of male issue, to wear the gallick, or the imperial crown. An archduke, and a dauphin, are the best and the strongest securities, to preserve and defend their royal fathers, in the throne. But I can by no means allow any subject whatever, to repine at the want of a son, when he is blessed by being the parent of a daughter. Women communicate joy and happiness, from the time they come into the world, to the time they leave it. Their innocence and beauty give us happiness in their youth: their decency and prudence delight us in their more advanced years. The dissolute and the gay, cannot endure an old woman: let them speak plain; they cannot endure a modest woman: it is not the age, it is the virtue that offends. In all I have advanced, which I am conscious must appear paradoxical to the fashionable world, I would be understood to speak of women of sense. Women like you, Madam, who have passed their early time in improving themselves, and their latter days in improving others.

I HAVE ever been of this singular opinion, and of this depraved, I had almost said, virtuous, taste. As a proof of it;

it, give me leave to send you a short copy of verses, which were written by me many years ago, and which, if my mistress had not been a dowager, I should venture to pronounce applicable, to you, Madam, and your niece Julia.

When youthful S\*\*\*\* came forth with air divine,  
I sung, *O nymph that dost all nymphs outshine!*  
But when ALLINDA, in the noon of life,  
As fair a relict, as she was a wife,  
Her graceful mien, and riper charms displayed;  
I lov'd the widow, and forgot the maid:  
Thus have I seen the star that leads the day,  
Glitt'ring a while, shoot forth a vivid ray,  
But when the sun in orient pride ascends,  
And o'er the globe his radiant pow'r extends,  
The Phosphorus appears no longer bright,  
Drown'd in the glories of superiour light.

I am, MADAM,

*Your most obedient humble servant.*

E. F.

TO MRS. SINGLETON.

*Mount-Street, Jan. 21st 1756.*

MY dear Mrs. Singleton

I AM the most unfortunate young creature in the world. I came to town on purpose to go to a masquerade, and now they say there is to be none all the winter. I wish you would write something about it, and tell the people how charming it is, and what a pity to forbid it. My dress is made and every thing, and I shall almost go distracted if I am disappointed. I do not believe it is so bad a thing as some people represent it: do you think it is Madam? Pray say something for it; sure they would not be so cruel to drop so genteel a diversion for the whole season. I am as much as my present anxiety will let me be.

Dear MADAM,

*Your very humble servant,*

HEBE.

I AM far from supposing, as this young lady seems to do, that any thing I can say will have influence in this case; but if it could, I should certainly employ it against her. I think there are few even of the advocates for masquerades



querades in general, but will allow, that one at this time would be at least an offence against decorum; most persons looked upon the intention of one as a kind of impiety, because of the present terrible alarms, and the near approach of the fast, appointed on that account; and many think them altogether immoral. However, if she will take my word in this affair, she loses nothing by the prohibition, even supposing it should last for the winter, but five or six of the most disagreeable hours she ever spent in her life. If masquerades were really such charming entertainments, as this lady fancies them, though they were ever so confidently reported to be attended with danger, or exclaimed against as offensive, one would not wonder at a little female curiosity; but they have a fault she seems not aware of, which is, that they are most insufferably dull: and it is twenty to one she might return home without even the pleasure of a little flattery, which is all the design, a woman of honor can have, in frequenting these nocturnal assemblies.

I HAVE indeed often wondered at the appearance of fondness, amongst people of fashion, for a diversion which is of all others the most insipid, and particularly to *them*; and believe that next to its being more expensive than any other, it is greatly owing to the severity of the cry against it: there is so much of Eve in all her offspring, especially the females, that in the affairs of entertainment and recreation, whatever is forbidden most, is pursued with greatest eagerness; as if the more they are restrained from any thing, the greater is their hope of pleasure in the fruition of it. Would careful mothers, and maiden aunts permit the young people under their protection, to go properly attended to a masquerade, with the same facility they send them to pay a sober visit, I am apt to think they would be just as indifferent about one, as the other.

THE late Mr. Fielding, who was an exquisite judge of nature, seems to concur with me in my opinion of this absurd amusement, and has put the following sentiments upon it into the mouth of his lady Bellafton, who from the licentiousness of her character, must be supposed to be perfectly initiated into the mysteries of it.

‘ You cannot, says she to Jones, conceive any thing  
‘ more insipid and childish than a masquerade to the people  
‘ of fashion, who, in general, know one another as well  
‘ here,



‘ here, as when they meet in an assembly, or a drawing  
 ‘ room; nor will any woman of condition converse with  
 ‘ a person with whom she is not acquainted. In short,  
 ‘ the generality of persons whom you see here, may more  
 ‘ properly be said to kill time in this place, than in any  
 ‘ other, and generally retire from hence more tired than  
 ‘ from the longest sermon.’

THUS far this judicious, as well as humorous, author ; to which may be added, that it is possible the confused mixture of different ranks and conditions, which is unavoidable at a masquerade may well be agreeable to the dregs of the people ; who are fond even at any price, of gaining admittance into a place, where they may insult their superiors with impunity. I myself remember a quarrel between a man of rank, and an unknown person, which running such a length as to oblige them to unmask, my lord discovered his antagonist to be his tailor : I have more than once heard the indiscretions of a woman of quality echoed in her ears by her mantua-maker’s journey woman ; and remember a stale virgin of my acquaintance (it was not myself I protest) who was very near making a trip to May-Fair, to enter into the holy estate of wedlock with a french haircutter, who had the address to put himself off to her for *Monsieur le Baron*.

There is another objection to this diversion, (if such a name may with propriety be given to what is in reality no diversion at all) which I dare say will have more weight with many of my fair readers, than any other argument I can make use of, that it is absolutely the worst thing in nature for the complexion. I can always, the morning after a masquerade plainly distinguish such of my Acquaintance as were there, by their pale cheeks, sunk eyes, and haggard countenances : the late hours to which those revels are protracted, are alone sufficient to nip the roses in the most blooming face, but the venetian masks are also very prejudicial : I would therefore advise my own sex, if they have no regard for their time, their money, or their reputations, to consider their beauty at least, and stay quietly at home.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank’d or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar’s in the Strand.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
 S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price TWO PENCE. ]

*3700.82.*



67.

# THE OLD MAID.

NUMBER XII.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, January 31, 1756.

*Not bad,  
but wants  
strength and  
conduct.*

*But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,  
Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,  
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws  
A death-like silence, and a dread repose;  
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,  
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,  
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,  
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.*

TO MRS. SINGLETON.

MADAM,



As the incomparable authors of the *Spectators*, did not think it beneath them to criticise *Cherry Chase*, and the *Children in the Wood*; and condescended to the labour of drawing forth the natural and beautiful thoughts in those antiquated pieces, which had long lain buried under the rubbish of rustic and unmusical language; I hope it will not  
be

*A Criticism on a Song written by  
Beaumont and Fletcher.*



be unacceptable either to you, or your readers, that I offer to your observation, the following song, from a play of Beaumont and Fletcher, in which the images are not only fancied with the greatest beauty, strength, and propriety, but are heightened with all the colouring, and ornament of the most exquisite poetry; and the versification, allowing for the distance of time, surprizingly smooth and harmonious, even to modern ears; though accustomed to the studied correctness of these latter days.

Hence all ye vain delights,  
 As short as are the nights,  
 Wherein you spend your folly;  
 There's nought in this life sweet,  
 If men were wise to see't,  
 But only melancholy;  
 O sweetest melancholy!  
 Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,  
 A sigh that piercing mortifies,  
 A look that's fasten'd to the ground,  
 A tongue chain'd up without a sound.

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,  
 Places which pale passion loves;  
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
 Are safely hous'd, save bats and owls.  
 A midnight bell, a parting groan,  
 These are the sounds we feed upon;  
 Then stretch our bones in some still gloomy valley,  
 Nothing's so dainty sweet, as lovely melancholy.

It is, I think, almost impossible, for the strongest, and most lively imagination, to draw a design more truly picturesque than is contained in the four last lines of the first stanza; and I could wish to see it executed by that admirable paintress Miss *Read*, the British *Rosalba*, who has an uncommonly happy turn for this characteristic style of painting. As I am writing to a lady, and am a constant advocate for, and zealous admirer of, the softer

fex,

*Miss Read.*



fex, I shall make no apology for stepping a little out of my path, to mention one who is so excellent in an art which has hitherto in England, and almost every where else, been confined entirely to ourselves; or at least has been only practised by a few ladies for their private amusement.

BUT to return to my subject: the last stanza is also beautifully imagined: I think I can discover that Rowe in the despairing speech of *Calista*, had this description in his eye, though he varied from it in many circumstances: but I shall produce an imitator, who does our author much greater honor, and who by catching the divine fire from this truly inspired Ode, has paid it the highest compliment it could have received from meer mortality: the imitator I mean is Milton, who is supposed, by the late editor of Beaumont and Fletcher, and with great appearance of reason, to have taken the first hint of his *Il Penseroso* from this song: it must be allowed he has improved the plan, and carried it on to such a degree of perfection, as to make his poem one of the most finish'd in our language; but the first groundwork appears to be taken from this little lyric performance of our authors.

IT may be no disagreeable task to compare them together; and I believe it will be found that the editor of Beaumont and Fletcher, was not mistaken in his conjecture; since if the resemblance in the sentiment appears on examination strongly striking, and the very expression sometimes almost the same, it is more reasonable to suppose an author of Milton's universal reading, who must have seen this beautiful song, took the first hint of his *Il Penseroso* from it, than that two poets should exactly, from meer accident, hit upon the same thoughts, and almost clothe them in the same language. I beg leave to give from Milton the passages most apparently similar, that the resemblance may be seen in the strongest point of view.

*Il Penseroso* begins thus:

Hence vain deluding joys  
 The brood of folly without father bred,  
 How little you bested,  
 Or fill the fixed mind will all your toys!  
 Dwell in some idle brain  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the sun beams,  
 Or likest hovering dreams  
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train:  
 But hail thou goddesses sage and holy,  
 Hail divinest Melancholy!

THE imitation of Beaumont and Fletcher in these lines, is too obvious to be overlooked, if we compare them with the seven first lines of the song; and I think we may safely conclude Milton had them here in his eye; but he immediately starts away, and his divine genius hurries him into the unbounded fields of fancy, where he makes such noble excursions as convince us, he wanted no hints; though he had modesty enough to take them, from authors, who with all their merit, were much his inferiors.

THERE is another passage in which the likeness is too strong, at least in my judgment, to be accidental, though not so very striking as in that before quoted. I submit it to your readers.

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,  
 A sigh that piercing mortifies,  
 A look that's fasten'd to the ground,  
 A tongue chain'd up without a sound.

THE passage in Milton is so beautiful, that I will venture to give it whole, as I can plead Mr. Addison's example for the liberty, though only a part of it has any relation to my comparison.

Come,

Come, penfive Nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,  
 All in a robe of darkeſt grain,  
 Flowing with majeſtic train,  
 And ſable ſtole of Cyprus lawn,  
 Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn :  
*Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,*  
*With even ſtep, and muſing gait,*  
*And looks commercing with the ſkies,*  
*Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thy eyes :*  
*There in holy paſſion ſtill*  
*Forget thyſelf to marble, 'till*  
*With a ſad leaden downward caſt,*  
*Thou fix them on the earth as faſt.*

I AM far from intending in this compariſon, any diſ-  
 reſpect to the memory of Milton, whoſe genius was above  
 all praiſe ; and who in this very poem and its companion,  
 L'Allegro, if he had wrote nothing elſe, has diſplayed ſuch  
 extenſive powers of imagination, as would have given him  
 a place amongſt the foremoſt of the ſons of Phœbus : but  
 great as my reverence for Milton is, it muſt not take place  
 of my regard for truth.

IT is, I think, no vulgar praiſe to this *ſmall well poliſhed*  
*gem*, that it will bear being viewed in the ſame light with  
*Il Penſeroſo*, without loſing its radiance : and that ſuch a  
 writer as Milton ſhould think it worthy imitation, is a  
 proof of merit infinitely beyond any thing I can ſay in its  
 praiſe.

IT is impoſſible, I think, to point out all the beauties  
 of this little Ode, unleſs we were to examine every  
 line ſeparately ; for there appears to me ſcarce a ſen-  
 tence that is not conceived in the real ſublime ſpirit of  
 poetry : truth, nature, and ſimplicity, the moſt animated  
 fire, and the moſt ſtudied correctneſs, are conſpicuous  
 through the whole ; and all your readers who have at any  
 time in their lives, felt the influence of this ſober goddeſs,  
 will I am ſure acknowledge, that nothing can be more  
 juſtly imagined, or executed in a more maſterly manner.

FOR



FOR my own part, Madam, I will own to you that I have long been a votary to this penfive power, which may possibly be the reason why this Ode strikes my imagination so forcibly; I lost seven years since a wife I adored, in all the bloom of youth and beauty: whose dear remembrance even at this distance of time, calls the sacred drops of sorrow into my eyes. The world has now no joys for me; and since I have been thus unhappily deprived of the soft companion of my hours, I have preferred

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,  
Places which pale passion loves,

To all the hurry of cities, and pomp of courts. I can say with the strictest truth, that to me,

Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely Melancholy.

I am, MADAM,

*With the sincerest wishes for the  
continuance of your success,*

*Your very humble servant,*

T. W.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price TWO PENCE. ]









THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XIII.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, February 7, 1756.

— Poor Babes!

Some powerful Spirit instruct the Kites and Ravens  
To be your Nurses! Wolves and Bears, they say,  
Casting their savageness aside, have done  
Like offices of Pity.

Winter's Tale.

*A part of  
this: well  
written and  
conducted.*



ULIA and I made a visit the other day to the Foundling Hospital, where I often indulge her and myself with a sight, which must give pleasure to every mind, which has any tincture of humanity, that of a number of unfortunate innocents saved from an untimely death; or what is worse, from being trained up in abandoned principles, and under profligate examples, to lead a wretched and pernicious life, proceeding in pain and misery, and ending in infamy and horror; but are here educated in a manner the most proper to their condition and birth, and put into the way to be happy themselves, and useful to society. My niece, from a mistaken generosity, was very desirous of giving something to the little

*The foundling Hospital.*

little creatures, who, as usual, came round us, but as I think the prohibition of this, a very wise regulation, I prevented her, and directed her bounty to the box, appointed to receive the charities of such, whose hearts are touched with benevolence, at a sight, which, I should think, would melt the soul of a savage.

It is surprizing to me, that so useful, so politic, and as long as there are vices, or extreme poverty, in the world, so necessary a foundation, should be left to the chance of private and uncertain donations, the consequence of which is, that three parts in four, of those who are brought there to be provided for, are rejected; when, to answer the very end of its institution, it requires that all should be taken in. I will charitably suppose, that no motive but the fear of shame, or the extremity of want, can operate so powerfully upon a mother, as to counterwork the force of nature, and the instinctive fondness every creature has for its offspring, to such a degree, as to instigate her to destroy the babe who is a dearer part of herself, and the object, as I have been told, of the most pleasing of the human affections: and I am afraid this hospital will have very little effect towards preventing such dreadful crimes, when the parents of these unhappy infants know, it is more than three to one, that they are returned to them again: nay perhaps the despair and rage of disappointment in such whose application has been unsuccessful, may more effectually condemn their unhappy infants to the grave, than if no such foundation was in being.

THE strange unfeeling carelessness of the gay part of the world, and the ill-judged severity of the more regular, have hitherto prevented such a provision from being made as is necessary to render this hospital of general use; nor can it ever answer the noble purposes for which it is intended, 'till some certain revenue is settled on it, sufficient to enable the governors, to raise and support a building, extensive enough to receive all who are offered, in the same manner as at Paris and Madrid.

It has been said by people, who though perhaps well-meaning, appear totally ignorant of human nature, that this provision is an encouragement to vice: but it is not, I think, to be supposed, that any person who gives way to a criminal passion, thinks at all of the consequences of so destructive a folly; if they did, they would certainly avoid

a con-



a conduct, of which shame, remorse, and sorrow, are the unavoidable effects. I am inclined to believe the parting with a child, is a very severe punishment to the mother, however abandoned; and if there be any so savage as to want the soft sensations of tenderness for their offspring, and without reluctance, and the strongest necessity, to give them up for ever to the care of others, their own consciences will be their tormentors, and we may

*Leave them to Heaven,  
And to the thorns that in their bosom lodge  
To goad and sting them.*

BUT if this be not sufficient to obviate the objection, let those who think it of importance, but turn their thoughts to the infinite variety of sudden and unforeseen distresses, in this vast metropolis, by which the parents of a legitimate offspring, at least the more tender and helpless Parent, by the death or unavoidable absence of the other, may be reduced to an incapacity of supporting a new-born infant, and they will perceive at once the extreme charity and usefulness of such a Foundation as this, without supposing it intended besides, for the reception of such unhappy babes as owe their birth, to their parents guilt and folly.

As there is no nation in the world more justly renowned for generosity and humanity than this, I hope a British senate will not think this affair of too little moment, to be taken into consideration; and at this time, especially since it seems necessary to chastise the insolence and perfidiousness of our aspiring neighbours the French, it cannot sure be ill policy, to endeavour at so obvious a means of providing some supply, for the loss of such numbers of our countrymen, as a war must inevitably take off.

IT is extremely melancholy to reflect upon the many unhappy infants who are daily found, exposed in the streets and the greater number who are destroyed almost before they see the light: one cannot think without the extremest horror, on those whose bodies, were found putrified in the river about a year since, and who I am afraid were not all destroyed by parish nurses, though that is too often the fate, of such as escape the hands of their mothers.

I HOPE every gentleman, who has the honor of being entrusted by his country with a seat in parliament, what-  
ever



H2  
^
 ever may be his political principles, will heartily concur in endeavouring to prevent such shocking accidents for the future, by encreasing some way or other a fund, which is at present so very insufficient, to answer the purpose of this foundation, and only serves to show what good it might do, if the revenue was plentiful and certain. He that has not humanity enough to exert himself in behalf of deserted innocence, scarcely deserves the name of a man: and whose patriotism will not rouse him to endeavour to raise and encrease this hospital to a sufficiency, to receive all who are brought to it, much less deserves the name of a Briton: as under the plan laid down, and pursued by the governors, it must prove an excellent seminary for seamen and soldiers, and supply our fleets and armies with much stronger bodies and braver spirits, than are to be met with amongst the lazy, drunken, debauched vagabonds in the streets.

I AM a woman, and politics are not my province, nor does it become me to dictate to my superiors, but I hope wiser heads will think further on so interesting a subject; and pardon a hint which comes from a heart warm with the love of that country, which of all others, deserves best to be loved; and melting with pity for these abandoned helpless objects of our compassion. Our senators are now deliberating where to lay the taxes, to provide for a war, which appears to be unavoidable: a tax upon maids and batchelors has been often talked of; there can never be a better time to put the project in execution than the present; nor can the produce of such a tax be better applied, than to the support of an hospital, to recruit those naval and land armaments which other taxes are to support; nor can they reasonably object to this, as the house is obliged to them, for a considerable part of it's inhabitants. I therefore humbly propose that one shilling in the pound be assessed on the real and personal estate, salary, &c. of every batchelor above the age of thirty, and six-pence on every unmarried woman of the same age: I lay it in this proportion, both because the incomes of men, are in general much better than ours, and because their Celibacy must be voluntary, which it must be allowed is not always the case with us.

I AM

I AM so true a lover of my native country, and have so sincere a compassion for such harmless sufferers as this charity is intended for, that I shall with the greatest pleasure pay my quota, though I declare I have no sinister end in it, being under no sort of obligation to the hospital; which is perhaps more than all the sisterhood, of nominal virgins, can say for themselves.

I CANNOT help fancying that this expedient, will please every body but the persons concerned, and as they are the least useful part of the community, they have the least right to be considered. Whether their continuing in a single state, be from justifiable motives or the contrary; the very circumstance of having no burthen upon their fortunes, but what meerly concerns themselves, makes them of all others, the fittest to be assessed extraordinarily, to the support of a scheme, of such apparent publick utility. But I doubt the celibacy of the Men, when it much exceeds the term I have mentioned, is owing, for the most part, to their having set out in an irregular way of life, and still persisting in it: and I know few of the sisterhood, who are women of condition, but owe the solitary state, they now heartily repent of, to fickleness, coquetry, to mercenary exactions with regard to settlement, or something equally blameable and perverse.

THOSE of either sex whose celibacy is not their fault, I am satisfied will contribute in this way to the good of the publick, without reluctance; and as to the rest, if the levy should come from them a little grudgingly, it will be only the just punishment of their sins. However at the worst, it can be no hardship to be charged with a Burthen, they may at any time quit themselves of by marrying.

THERE is one part of the unmarried, who I am sure will be with me in wishing for the tax: those who are so from the curse of avaricious parents, who love their money so much better than their children, that they will not part with a reasonable proportion of it, to settle them happily in the world; as in this case I would have the parents



rents rated for the children, to the extent of their estates, it would probably put them upon laying out their money for them in a much better way. Besides this, I think it will furnish all such as have still an inclination to enter into the holy state, but are afraid of being laughed at, with a very decent excuse: an ancient virgin may plead, that really she had no thoughts of changing her condition; but the tax is heavy, and it is very hard, that a virtuous woman must be forced to contribute out of her fortune, to maintain the illegitimate brats of other people: A surly old Batchelor too, may pretend disaffection to the ministry, and to show that he will not be brought into their measures, may take his maid Betty to church, without fearing the jokes of his club.

BUT to be serious: till a more affluent provision is made for this charity in a publick way, I cannot help begging leave, to recommend the promotion of it to my readers: I hope there is no occasion to say much on such a subject; all I ask is that they will go to the hospital, and see those who are there provided for, and if they return uninspired by pity and benevolence, for such as equally want ~~the assistance, and~~ their hearts are of a very different texture from mine, and I may without breach of charity venture to pronounce of them, that *they are not made of penetrable stuff.*

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in Pater-noster-Row.

[ Price TWO PENCE. ]

*Mr. Brooke.*

*assistance, and  
are from the  
smallness of  
the structure,  
leave it. - See  
N° 34. Page 83.*





79.

THE  
OLD MAID.

N<sup>o</sup>. 3.

NUMBER XIV.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, February 14, 1756.

*Sudden she storms! she raves! you tip the wink,  
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.*

POPE.

TO MRS. SINGLETON.

MADAM,



N one of your former papers you were pleased to point out to us some latent beauties in Virgil, which I confess never occurred to me, till I saw them illuminated by your pen. You have given us a noble example, in searching into the hidden treasures of a classic Author, who never can be admired too much, or read too often: If the Roman Poet has been blamed, for the improper sullen conduct of *Dido*, he has also undergone very severe censures for his treatment of queen *Amata*, the wife of the good *Latinus*, and mother of the fair *Lavinia*. "What an ignominious

*Designed to  
show how far  
criticisms on  
particular pas-  
sages in the  
classics may  
be carried.*

*A character of Amata Queen of Latium,  
and a criticism on her Catastrophes.*

“ nominious death, exclaim the critics, has *Virgil* assigned  
 “ the queen of *Latium*? She hangs herself: where was  
 “ the bowl of poison, or the golden hilted dagger? either  
 “ of which might have sustained her royal character, and  
 “ sent her with dignity to the lower world. Master *Cotton*  
 “ of the *Peake* has humorously ridiculed the catastrophe of  
 “ *Amata*, by, sending the celebrated queen of Carthage in  
 “ the same manner to the mansions of the dead.”

————— She mounts the table  
 Because though tall, she was not able  
 To reach the halter, that must tie  
 Her fast to doleful Destiny:  
 And having, like too apt a scholar  
 Thrust her plump neck into the collar,

- - - - - &c.

Thus, thus (quoth she to shades of night)  
 I go, and thus I take my flight.  
 With that she from the table swung  
 And happy 'twas the rope was strong.

I should never be forgiven by the admirers of this  
 species of wit, if I here omitted to give the lines which  
 describe the release of Dido from the fatal noose, by  
 the many-colour'd maid.

O *Dido*! thus I let thee loose  
 From twitch of suffocating noose;  
 Which said, and tossing high her blade  
 With great dexterity, the maid,  
 O wonderful! even at one side-blow  
 Spoil'd a good rope and down drop'd *Dido*.

x these

BUT to ~~all~~ outcries of the critics, and to all such poor at-  
 tempts as these of *Cotton*, *Scarron*, and all the buffoon-  
 writers, that have already appeared, or ever shall exist, give  
 me leave to answer by asserting, that their whole force uni-  
 ted, can never in the least degree wound the fame, or sully  
 the brightness, of *Virgil*. But their fate will be the same as  
 that rash fool's, who by shooting his arrows frequently at  
 the sun, soon became so blind that he could not distinguish  
 day light.

The low, inconsiderate, hasty manner in which *Amata*  
 puts an end to her own life, seems to carry in it as fine a  
 moral,



moral, and as delicate satyr, as ever was conceived in poetry. Let us consider the character of that queen, and we must then allow, that the meanest catastrophe suited her, and was almost the inevitable consequence of her ill conduct. Let me not offend your delicacy, Mrs. *Singleton*, nor the delicacy of your fair readers, if I affirm that the chief characteristic of *Amata*, and the only particular very distinguishable in her, is her devotion to the jolly God; her Majesty seldom appears but under the full influence of his inspiration, and is generally, to use the language of inferior mortals, *half seas over*. The imperceptible progress of this detestable failing (I wish to give it the mildest appellation) is described distantly, but most exactly, by the Swan of Mantua, in the picture which he gives us of *Alecto*; an immortal being; whom I really suppose to be the true and genuine goddess of drams.

Unfelt the monster glides thro' every vest  
And breaths the *secret poison* in her breast,  
Now like a fillet round her temples roll'd.

PITT.

CAN there be a more exact, or a more pointed description of the effects of liquor? It slides down her throat into her bosom, and from thence rises into her head. You will permit me, Madam, to quote *Pitt* or *Dryden*, as I deem either of them most answerable to the original, or clearest in conveying what I suppose to have been *Virgil's* original intent.

WHEN *Amata* has swallowed down enough of the poison to give her courage, and not a sufficient quantity to take away her speech, she attacks her easy husband, and, if I may make use of a very low, but very expressive phrase, *she gives him his own*.

At first *the silent venom* slid with ease  
And seiz'd her cooler senses by degrees,  
Then e're *th' infected* mafs was fir'd too far  
In plaintive accents she began the war:  
And thus bespoke her husband.

DRYDEN.

TALKING gave, as indeed it never fails to give, new force and vigour to the liquor. I have known several of my friends, by the help only of two glasses of wine, talk themselves into a state of ebriety. Liquids have the same consequences, I presume, madam, in your sex, as in ours. Effects



fects never deviate from their causes: and the intoxicated *Amata*, who began in a maudlin manner, soon rose into a more furious strain; but I will not trouble you with too many quotations. The Latian queen, finding that what she said, rather moved the grief, than roused the anger of *Latinus*, quitted him, and rushed frantically into the street, having in all probability stopped a moment at the favorite royal cabinet, to which, for the sake of dignity, I dare not give the appellation of a corner-cupboard.

But now *the spreading poison fir'd the whole,*  
 Ee'n to the *last* recesses of her soul.  
 In her *wild thoughts* a thousand horrors rise,  
 And *ferce* and *madding* through the streets she flies.

PITT.

THEN follows a simile, which if it were not a most apt allusion to *Amata's* wild state of mind, might not indeed appear sufficiently exalted for an epick poem.

So the gay striplings lash in eager sport  
 A top, in *giddy* circles round a court,  
 In *rapid* rings it whirls, and *spins* aloud,  
 Admir'd with rapture by the blooming croud,  
 From *ev'ry stroke*, flies *humming* o'er the ground,  
 And gains *new spirit* as the blows go round.

PITT.

MY thoughts were so attentive to the aptness of this simile, that I had almost transcribed the last line, *as the glass goes round*. Let us examine the justness of the image. A drunken person kept up by the strength and repeated assistance of spirituous liquors, can scarce be more minutely described than by a top, sustained entirely from the lashes of constant whipping. The top, if the lashes cease, *reels*, and is in the utmost danger of *falling*. But what are the highest effects of those lashes? The same as the effects of strong liquors. The top having jumped about, not from a proper agility of its own, but by the force impelled upon it, falls asleep, and snores most lethargically loud. The moment the sleep is at an end, the wooden body requires more lashes; otherwise, with an aukward kind of rumbling noise, it waddles, reels, and tumbles headlong to the ground. By such a similitude, Virgil's strokes of Satyr, which are always hid with the utmost caution and bashfulness, appear most emphatically adapted, to the mark at which they aim. But the Poet in so conspicuous a character as *Amata's*, thinking it necessary to become less mysterious, unfolds the hints that

that he has already given us, by shewing the queen openly and indecently devoted to Bacchus,

She flies the town, and mixing with a throng  
Of madding matrons, bears the bride along,  
Wandering thro' woods and wilds, and devious ways,  
And with these arts the Trojan match delays.  
She feign'd the rites of Bacchus, cried aloud,  
And to the buxom God the Virgin vow'd.  
*Evæ*, O *Bacchus*, thus began the song,  
And *Evæ*, answer'd all the female throng.  
O Virgin worthy thee alone! she cried,  
O worthy thee alone! the crew replied.

DRYDEN.

THE meaning of these lines, and of some other immediately subsequent, seems very obvious. The queen after having exposed herself to an amazing degree in town, resolved to pursue her Bacchanalian revels more at leisure, and less publicly, in the country. She withdrew to some distance from the city, and carried with her the princess her daughter. As soon as the place of her retirement was known, she was followed by a numerous set of courtiers of her own sex: and then the Poet proceeds to tell us, that her majesty, and her Latian ladies, were guilty of excesses, which from his description, must evidently have been inspired, by the strength, and potency, of wine. They sung, they shouted, they danced, and practised every frantic wildness, that suggested itself to their thought, and intention. But what rendered the indecency still greater, was, their pranks being executed under the mask of religion, and the affectation of rites due to a God. After such a scene of immorality, it was highly proper in the Poet, to bring the chief actress, to a shameful, and uncommon exit. The catastrophe is described by Dryden in a very masterly and pathetic manner.

Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear  
The mighty grief, she loaths the vital air,  
She calls *herself*, the cause of all this ill,  
And owns the dire effects, of *her ungovern'd will*:  
*She raves against the Gods*, she beats her breast,  
She tears with both her hands her purple vest:  
Then round a beam a running noose she tied,  
And fasten'd by the neck, obscenely died.

HERE we see the horrors, and the effects of a guilty conscience, blasphemy, despair, and an untimely death. But the



the objection still lies against the Poet, in having delineated the character of a lady, and more especially of a queen, in the odious light of ebriety. The objection might have weight, if, in the opposite scale, we did not consider, that *Amata* had in the most violent manner, declared herself against *Lavinia's* marriage with *Æneas*, the supposed and acknowledged ancestor of *Julius*, and *Augustus Cæsar*. What higher compliment could Virgil pay to his imperial patron, then to represent the Latian queen, and all those of her friends and followers who were determined against the Trojan alliance, as a set of frantic, mad, intoxicated creatures; averse to every wholesome counsel, regardless of sacred prophecies, and even disobedient to the dictates of oracles, and the venerable declarations of the Gods.

*courtiers*

BUT I suspect that the Poet had still a farther view. He wrote his *Æneid* at a time, when luxury and its companion intemperance, were at their meridian height in the court of Augustus. I cannot help being tempted to infer, that Virgil aimed, not only at describing the general bad effects, of bacchanalian mysteries, in the female sex, but at exposing the madness and follies, which the Roman ladies were guilty of in particular, by too violent a devotion to the Son of Semele. It may be difficult positively to determine, whether or not the Mantuan Poet intended such a particular piece of tacit satyr, but it is certain that ebriety must ever draw upon itself, the severest and most shocking catastrophe: ill health, ill humour, a painful death or suicide.

I could wish, madam, in the pursuit of your paper, that you, who are a water drinker, would give us some animadversions upon an evil, from which the present age is not totally exempt.

Permit me to subscribe myself with most perfect devotion, Mrs. Singleton's,

constant reader, servant, and admirer,

JOHANNES AMATISSIMUS.

#### ERRATA in N° XIII.

Page 76. lin. 9. read, and be whose. lin. 21. for *counry*, r. *Country*.  
 pag. 77. l. 22. for *sickleness*, r. *sickleness*. same lin. for *coquetry*, r. *coquetry*.  
 pag. 78. l. 21. for *equally*, r. *equally*. lin. 22. for *it, and are not*, read *assistance, and are, from the smallness of the structure, deny'd it*.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand, and sold by  
 S. BLADON, in Pater-nesser-Row.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]

*Lord Corke.*





THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XV.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, February 21, 1756.

*Marriage at best is but a vow,  
Which all men either break or bow.*

HUD.

*Good breeding is the blossom of good sense.*

~~POPE.~~

*Young.*



A M in the greatest distress what to make the subject of this day's paper: but let me not be misunderstood, my distress is not from want, but superfluity; I have about five hundred subjects crowding upon me at once, and know not which to chuse: I dare say every one of my readers will know how to pity me, when they reflect upon the difficulty they have found at a splendid table, of determining what dish to eat of; a difficulty which has more than once made me rise fasting; in which I suppose I have not been singular. However to indulge my own laziness and irresolution, and at the same time to give my readers a fashionable meal, I will present them with a ragout, and

to

*An entertaining Paper.*

*C*

*A Lady married to an honest Fellow. — A project proposed by Thalestris — Improper behaviour of a woman of Distinction. — Mrs. Singleton's remarks on it.*

to give it the higher relish, will compose it of such various kinds of mental provision, as I first meet with in my larder of correspondence, without considering at all how the different tastes may mix and agree; a method, which I am inclined to believe, is much in use amongst the French cooks in this metropolis.

TO MRS. SINGLETON.

*Cheapside, Jan. 30.*

MADAM,

THOUGH you are a stranger to the disquiets of a married life; yet I hope you will so far compassionate distress you cannot feel, as to give this a place in your paper; in which you will not only oblige me, but half the wives on this side Temple-Bar. You must know, Mrs. Singleton, I have the misfortune to be married to one of the honestest fellows in the world; that is, to a man who spends his life in a regular course of irregularity, and makes no conscience of disturbing me every night at the most unseasonable hours; he is always the last man in the club-room, and when not a toper can be found so honest as to stay t'other bottle, he comes home, reels into the room, like Sullen in the Stratagem, talks loud a quarter of an hour, and then very quietly resigns himself to the sweets of that repose, which he has so effectually banished from his wife. I seldom see him from noon 'till after midnight, but am left to pass my evenings, unless relieved by an accidental visiter, in the entertaining conversation of his maiden aunt, who lives with us. I have proposed seperate beds, but that he will not hear of, so I have no hopes of ever sleeping again, unless you will charitably take him to task.

WHAT makes this worse to me, is, that I have been used to a very regular life, and am of a social conversable humor: I married for a companion, and I assure you, my spouse and I do not exchange ten words in a month, except I take to the account, the conversation he forces me to hold with him at midnight, which I could very readily excuse.

I remember to have heard my father, who was a man of learning, say, that amongst the Romans, disagreement  
of



of temper was a sufficient reason for divorce ; but as our laws are not so good natur'd, I beg to know of you, madam, whether I may not consider myself as unmarried in conscience, and endeavour to lighten the conjugal load, as I see most of my neighbours in the same situation, do ; and as I am deprived of my husband's company, admit that of some body else, for positively I can bear this treatment no longer?

I am,

MADAM,

*Your distressed humble servant*

M. C.

P. S. There is a very pretty gentleman at your end of the town, who wants much to come and chat a few evenings with me. What would you advise me to, dear Mrs. Singleton? I don't think he means any harm : but what shall I do with my aunt?

BEFORE I advise this lady, I must beg leave to say a word to her husband, and to desire him to consider, that if a centinel will leave his post, he cannot wonder at finding it occupied by another. I sincerely pity her, and if she could punish her husband without hurting herself, should not so much blame her : in the mean time, I think the maiden aunt's being with her, a happy circumstance, and am glad to find *we* are sometimes of use. I can only recommend to her a certain quality, which I have observed to be of great service in conjugal life, I mean patience ; for she will certainly find the remedy she proposes, much worse than the disease.

TO MRS. SINGLETON.

MADAM,

As you seem very zealous for the welfare and honor of your native country, I beg leave to communicate to the world, by your means, a project which I verily believe, if put in execution, would make us the terror of our enemies, and prevent all fears of an invasion.

You cannot but have observed, that the manners of the sexes are totally changed, and that the pretty fellows of these days,



days, are as remarkable for a certain inexpressible softness in mien and behaviour, as the ladies for more masculine accomplishments. Who that sees Florus, tripping along with those pretty mincing steps, and Sempronia strutting up the Mall with the most heroic air of defiance, at once the terror and admiration of the beaux around her, but would imagine they had changed clothes for their diversion?

WHAT I would propose, is this, that the men, or rather the creatures who wear manly habiliments, be left at home, to their knotting and embroidery; and that the ladies be formed into a body of troops, for the defence of the nation, and commanded by the valiant Sempronia, and those other great souls amongst us, who disdaining the narrow circle of female occupations, have distinguished themselves by shewing that they dare do any thing. Only I would have it enacted, that a sufficient number of beaux be allowed to follow the army, to mend and get up the fine linnen of our brave adventureesses.

I think it particularly happy, that as the men are grown unable to defend us, we have acquired the courage to defend ourselves; and that as we have left off all arts of housewifery the other sex are endeavouring to supply our places. I am told by an officer in the guards, who is my relation, that his serjeant has the honor to teach several women of quality, the manual exercise; and a lady of my acquaintance, never has her laces washed by any body but her husband, who has improved the science of clear-starching, to a surprizing degree of perfection.

NOR are the fair sex qualified above the pretty fellows for martial expeditions, by superior strength and courage only, but by their greater patience of hardships. I have myself seen a young fellow lolling in a chair, preceded by a footman, in May; and a woman of rank, walking the streets alone, and bravely defying the inclemency of the weather, and the rudeness of the mob, in December.

If what I have said, meets with the public approbation, I may explain myself further, being as desirous to promote the good of this nation, as the laborious Mr. Jacob Hen-  
riques himself, though I may perhaps meet with no better success.

I am,

MADAM,

Your very humble servant,

THALESTRIS.

*A Jew: a Loh. &  
very Projector.*

*who has spent his  
whole Life in*

*contriving schemes, none of which,  
tho' seemingly approved by the Ministry, have been  
executed.*

I HAVE just received the following letter, and if what my correspondent here tells me is true, which I am unwilling to believe, the lady, whoever she is, so much deserves reprehension, that I cannot with justice refuse it a place in this paper.

Gray's-Inn, Feb. 17, 1756.

MADAM,

You have professed yourself a lover of the theatre; if you are really so, you will take proper notice of an enormity, which I am very sorry to say, was committed by one of your own sex. \* A woman of distinction the other night at Covent-Garden play-house, when an actress was in a very interesting scene of a favorite tragick character, marked her out with her eyes, and burst into such an indecent laugh of contempt, as made her incapable for some time of going on with her part; and I have heard shocked her so much, as, after the play was over, to occasion her falling into fits. The softness, and female delicacy, so distinguishable in the appearance of this actress, I must own so far prejudiced me in her favour, that I should have thought it impossible for any person to insult her, if I had not been an eye-witness of the contrary. If the lady who was guilty of this indecency, had no regard to humanity, or the civility due to an audience; yet one would imagine pride might have guarded her against a behaviour so very unbecoming her rank. Pray tell her, madam, that she not only condescended to the utmost meanness in thus attacking one of her sex, who in that place was not allowed to return the insult, but that she put herself upon a level with the lowest of the audience, by such an imitation of their manners.

I am,

MADAM,

*Your very humble servant,*

A SPECTATOR.

I hope this correspondent so far mistakes the case, as to suppose this insult designed, when it was really accidental, and only the effect of that levity, which, however ungraceful, is too common amongst people from whom one would rather expect examples of politeness. However, I could  
with

*\* The Countess  
of Coventry.  
+ Miss Bellamy.*



wish, for the honor of the sex, that my fair readers would have a stricter guard on their behaviour in public places, since they see the ill consequence of an unmeaning gaiety so improperly tim'd ; I say unmeaning, for I cannot suppose any woman of distinction, or even any gentlewoman, would designedly be guilty of such an indecent outrage. The performers may on this occasion, say with the frogs in the fable, consider, though this is sport to you, 'tis death to us. I may perhaps in some future paper, observe further on the behaviour of our audiences in general, which is such, as makes us appear to foreigners, a nation of Goths: had such an affair happened at Paris, the lady, whatever had been her rank, would have been called upon for an explanation ; but this is supposing an impossibility, for actors there are heard as they ought to be, with *attention still as night*. I could wish our travelling ladies would be prevailed upon to import, with the follies and fopperies they bring from France, a little of their *politesse*; refinement in good-breeding is the most valuable acquisition I know of, that we can make from that gay, but civil nation ; and yet it seems the only one we neglect to make : I shall be as gentle with my own sex as I can ; but shall give no quarter to the rambling squires, who, after making their native country contemptible all over Europe, return home improved in nothing but vice, and bring from Versailles and Turin the manners of the bear-garden.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]





THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XVI.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, February 28, 1756.

Westward again, the ——— fair,  
Is nicely smear'd, with fat of bear:  
Before you see, you smell your toast,  
And sweetest she who stinks the most.

PRIOR.

TO MRS. SINGLETON.

May it please your Decency,



RELIVING on the protection of those celebrated Old Maids, the nine Muses, of whom I have the honour to be an unworthy admirer, and for whose chastity I dare answer with my life, tho' few ladies characters have been treated with less ceremony, I take the liberty of addressing this petitionary epistle to you. Permit me then, in the name of those immortal virgins, who have ever been friends to cleanliness and sweet smells, to lay before you a grievance, which I make no doubt of your inclination, whatever I may do of your power, to redress.

As

*Upon the new fashion of curling Hair.*

*An attempt  
at wit, reach-  
ing only  
to portraits  
and affecta-  
tion. - This  
Paper wants  
lopping. - It  
is scarce de-  
cent.*

As I have already professed my passion for the Muses, it may seem superfluous to inform you of my contempt for money: this contempt, which always proceeds from a greatness of soul, and is sometimes attended with a lowness of cash, does but too frequently lay its possessor under great inconveniences. Last summer, perceiving that some mechanics, fellows of shallow intellects and low education, did not seem to relish my manner of answering their impertinent letters, I was easily prevailed on by the importunity of my friends in the country, to whom I owed a visit, and I hate being in debt, to make a small excursion into *Hampshire*.

ACCORDINGLY on Sunday morning, as the roads are less embarrassed on that day, I set out from London accompanied with *Horace, Ovid, Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius*, and the image of my dear *Fanny*, in the language of poetry, *Asterie*. You know, Madam, that a mistress is as necessary to a bard, as to a knight-errant, and I believe in my conscience of as much service to him as his muse. With these attendants, who put me to no great expence in board-wages, I arrived at the seat of an old uncle; who having been a *Westminster* scholar, and a student of *Christ Church*, was an absolute idolater of all poetical performances, from *Virgil* down to the *Carmina Quadragesimalia*.

I shall not trouble you with a tedious detail of what happened during my three months residence in the country, but shall beg leave to hurry you back to town, only premising that by the assistance of some *extempore epigrams*, composed perhaps a month before, I prevailed on my uncle to enable me to answer those clamorous mechanics, in a manner agreeable to their vulgar capacities.

My first care you may naturally imagine was to see the divine *Asterie*, and accordingly the day after my arrival, I went to the countess of ———s Squeezer \*, where I was sure of meeting her, impatient to intreat her gracious acceptance of an Ode, written in honour of her lovely tresses: and surely when I left town, she had the finest hair that ever floated on a female neck. I had just entered the room, when a servant announced (*c'est le bon ton*) Miss *Fanny* and her mother: in walks Madam, and after her, Miss *Fanny* you suppose; no such person, I assure you, but old mother *Cybele*, the *Berecynthian* goddess, with all her turrets on her head. Have you not seen Doctor *Faustus* on the metamorphosis of *Helen* into an infernal hag? Have you not seen *Hogarth's* idle 'prentice, in his state of terror and amazement? Such were the look and attitude of your petrified correspondent: after some time I recovered, and ventured to make a formal bow to this new acquaintance, when Miss *Sprightly*, having paid her some com-

\*\* A modern word, signifying a crowded Drum.



compliments on the crispness of her curls, beg'd to know how long her hair had been dressed? The question seemed odd, but the answer astonishing: three weeks last *Tuesday*, replies Miss *Fanny*? Three weeks, Madam, said I, ha'n't you been a bed since that? regularly every *day*. Pray, Madam, don't that lay you under the necessity of dressing your hair every *evening* when you rise? Oh Lord, Sir, says Miss, smiling at my ignorance, a head properly *made up*, with pins, paste and pomatum, will *keep* a month very well. As she talked of her head in the style of pickled pork, I ventured to ask her whether the paste and pomatum would *keep* as long: certainly, said she, if prepared with the *veritable eau de fleur des arbres*. I suppose Miss, said I, this fashion is peculiar to the young ladies, as the married are more liable to have their locks discomposed. Not at all, says she, Lady *Lazy* dresses her hair but once a quarter; 'tis true, we are enjoined to lie in one posture, which to be sure is an inconvenience; last night I went to bed somewhat earlier than usual, and was consequently restless, so happening to turn on one side, *deranged* the right wing a little, but *Betty* has *racommoded* it *passablement bien*. I perceive, Madam, said I, that a comb is a very unnecessary ornament on a modern toilette; and so retired full of indignation, with my poem in my pocket; which, tho' it would have conveyed a tolerable image of Miss *Fanny* three months ago, has not at present the most distant resemblance of her, as you will easily see by the arguments of some of the Stanzas, which I beg leave to lay before you, relying on your candour, not to judge of the whole piece by the sample, as no species of poetry suffers so much by being stript of its ornaments, as a *Modern Ode*.

IN one stanza, I had painted the soft radiance of her snowy neck and bosom, breaking, like the streaks of day, thro' the dark covering of her lovely hair, which lay dispersed with a happy negligence, shedding roses and ambrosia. Alas! how unlike is this picture, to the chizzel'd bust, of the disfigured *Asterie*! The snow which adorned her bosom, has shifted place, and converted into sleet, deforms her head; instead of roses she sheds thorns; and if the odours she diffuses are in the least akin to ambrosia, I would rather dine at a three-halfpenny ordinary, than board with *Jupiter*.

IN another stanza I had engaged a band of Cupids in her service, some of whom innocently sported with her silken tresses, whilst others, more mischievously inclined, employed their arrows in weaving them into curious and delicate net-work. This admirable piece of poetical machinery, is totally destroyed; for, alas! the Cupids, who are plump chubby boys, could never penetrate her paste-works, and should they escape dashing out their brains against her perpetual curls, they must infallibly be  
trans-



transfixed, as you have seen flies by school-boys, on those enormous pins, which rival her hairs in number. In my last stanza, in imitation of that immortal flatterer, *Virgil*, who made the *Scorpion* contract his claws, to leave *Augustus* more room in the *Zodiac* than came to his share; I also took the same liberty with the hair of *Berenice*, which *Conon* the Mathematician, for even Mathematicians will flatter, had converted into the Constellation of the Seven-stars. But no force of poetical genius can whirl Miss *Fanny's* incumbered *Tête*, half-way to the fixed stars; it might indeed, considering the combustible materials of which it is compounded, with an easy transition, be metamorphosed into a comet.

IN short, if this fashion continues, we bards must either throw aside our pens, or provide ourselves with a new set of epithets, and where to look for them, is the question. I have already with the utmost attention perused the classical authors above-named, (who were as fine gentlemen, and fond lovers, as they were elegant poets) especially those parts of them, in which *Coma*, *Crinis*, or *Capillus*, are to be found, and I do aver, there is not the least mention of either paste, powder, or pomatum. Can any person without indignation think of one of these *French* architects, with his trowel, lime, and nails, tacking up a beautiful length of hair, and incrusting it with a composition of villainous smells? Then, dear Mrs. *Singleton*, as you love your country, as you are a lover of nature, I conjure you to rescue the finest ornament, of the fairest part of the creation, out of the hands of these *Bizarres*, who cloathing putrefaction under the modish phrases of *haut goût*, and *bien mortifié*, have already corrupted the tastes and smells of one half of our Nobility: inform the young ladies, that *Horace's* description of *Pyrrha* has been always reckoned a compleat pattern of female elegance:

*Cui flavam religas comam  
Simplex Munditiis!*

HOR.

For whom bind'st thou  
In wreaths thy golden hair,  
Plain in thy neatness?

MILT.

WHEREAS a modern lady's hair, dressed in *alto relievo*, is the direct contrast of this:

*Cui duram ædificas comam  
Triplex spurcitiis?*

For whom, with triple filth defiled,  
Dost thou thy stony tresses build?

*Triple*, alluding to paste, powder, and pomatum.

GIVE

GIVE me leave to parody another stanza of the inimitable *Horace*, which I really think will make no bad *caricatura*, of those very fashionable ladies, who dress their hair once a quarter.

*Tundit me Glyceræ, coma  
Horrentis, Pario marmore durior,  
Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.*

Bruis'd by her Adamantine locks,  
Harder by far than Parian rocks,  
Scar'd by the grimness of her mien,  
And visage too much painted to be seen.

Anon.

AND seriously, Madam, a gentleman, who should happen to whisper one of those ladies incautiously, would be apt to break his nose, or bruise his cheek; as their ears are, without a figure, two holes, in a wall of coarse finishing.

IF lady *Lazy*'s vipers dangled a little more, she would give us a complete idea of *Medusa*; at present, I conceive she has a strong resemblance of her more immediate ancestress *Canidia*.

*Brevibus implicata viperis  
Crines & incompertum caput.*

Canidia crown'd with writhing snakes  
Dishevel'd —————

FRANCIS.

IN short, she is exactly dress'd in character, to represent the High-priestess of *Juno Mephitis*, who had formerly a temple among the *Herpines*, and was worshiped as the goddess of stinking exhalations, and is at this day the Deity, that presides over *French Cooks, Friseurs* and *Perfumers*. Lord *Lazy*, who is as great an œconomist of his time as his lady, and has the same well-bred contempt for cleanliness, copies her exactly, both in the times, and manner, of dressing his hair. Conceive then this amiable couple, swathed, fillited, and embalmed, and stretched by each other's side, like *Harry* the VIIth and his good queen *Elizabeth*; lives there a man with a nose who would not rather pass a night with the royal Pair, in Westminster abby, than with the noble couple in Grosvenor-square? I shall conclude this tedious epistle, with once more commending to your patronage, the common cause, of combs and cleanliness, and beg leave to conjure the young ladies, as they hope for husbands, who will turn to them, that in order to restore their hair to its sweet natural state, they will condescend to sacrifice one tenth part of the time, which they so willingly bestow in disguising it.

I am, Madam, with the most sincere respect,

Your real Admirer.

P. S.



P. S.

One apprehension terrifies me, and - - - - -  
 - - - - - I would have Miss *Fanny* consider whether - -  
 - - - - - the injunction of lying in one posture  
 may not expose her to the attempt of some enterprizing  
*Lothario*, and should her fear of *deranging* her favourite  
 curls contribute to his success, I am in great doubt, whe-  
 ther that excuse would be thought sufficient by the gene-  
 rality of the world.

Second P. S.

Tho' I admit, that Miss *Fanny* fitted out in her present  
 hostile manner, & *armée du fer jusqu'aux dents*, may, in  
 the literal sense of the word, wound her lovers very se-  
 verely; yet as her weapons were fabricated in a mortal  
 shop, their effects will be very different from those pro-  
 duced by the celestial fire-tipped arrows, which the Cupids  
 purloin from the eyes of their mother Venus.

Third and last P. S.

I intend to satyrize these female warriors, and for that  
 purpose have reduced them to two classes. Those, who  
 carry black Corkins, I call *Hedge-hogs*: those, who are  
 armed with white, *Porcupines*. How do you like the  
 Conceit?

The letter from *Cambridge*, with the proposals, was received,  
 and shall be taken proper notice of.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken  
 in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

## ERRATA.

In N° XIV. page 83. lin. 26. for *intention*, read *invention*. page 84. lin. 9. for  
*then*, read *than*.

In N° XV: page 85. under Motto for POPE, read YOUNG. lin. 8. for *splendid*, read  
*splendid*. page 86. lin. 33. for *to*, read *into*. page 88. lin. 37. for *promote*,  
 read *promote*.

## LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand, and sold by  
 S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]









97.

THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XVII.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, March 6, 1756.

*Agentes  
Proper Paper.*

*The bloom of opening flowers, unsully'd beauty,  
Softness, and sweetest innocence she wears,  
And looks like nature in the world's first spring.*

ROWE.

*Is ought so fair,  
In all the dewy landscapes, of the spring,  
In the bright eye of Hesper, or the morn,  
In nature's fairest forms, is ought so fair,  
As virtuous Friendship?*

AKENSIDE.



Y Niece's friend, *Rosara*, came to town on Tuesday morning, to pass a few months with us: she is really a fine creature, and has all that vivid bloom of youth and health, which might be expected, at eighteen, from a year's uninterrupted residence amongst the *Dryads*, that people the embowering shades of *Rutland*: the purity of the air, and the cheerfulness arising from the sight of nature in all her genuine charms, which even winter cannot entirely destroy

in

*Rosara's arrival in London. - Female Dress.  
Friendship. - An Ode. - A Letter in consequence  
of N. 56.<sup>th</sup>*



in that garden of *England*, have given a life to her complexion, which *Rouge* can never come up to, and which even *Julia*, in some degree, wants. As she has, by being so long in the country, happily escaped the barbarous hands of those mortal enemies to beauty, French hair-dressers, the adorning of her head, is just what my correspondent of last week recommends, and has a great similitude to the Egyptian Maid in *Prior's Solomon*,

————— Her hair,

Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,

Adown her shoulders loosely lay display'd,

And in the jetty curls ten thousand Cupids play'd. }

If we will credit history and tradition, both the King, and the Poet, were men of gallantry, and no ill judges of female charms; and if my fair country-women will not listen to such heathenish fellows as *Horace* and *Tibullus*, I hope the celebrated Jewish Monarch and the Christian Poet, may deserve some credit with them; and persuade them, that to depart from nature, and simplicity, in the embellishment of their persons, is to lose more than half their power of pleasing.

ROSARA's whole dress is perfectly genteel, but so elegantly plain and simple, and so void of all fantastically modish ornaments, that she will appear an angel to the *Men*, and a meer country creature to the Ladies, and the *Beaux*. She is most unfashionably neat and delicate, and strikes more senses than one with the ideas of roses and lillies: in a word, she is, in every respect, the reverse of those ladies, whom my correspondent of last week very judiciously distinguishes by the appellation of *Hedge-hogs*, which animal they not only resemble in their quills, but in their love of dirt: by the way, I think *Rosara*, and those who imitate her, in her external, as well as internal purity, may not improperly be called *Ermines*. I am so pleased with *Rosara's* drapery, that I intend to persuade my niece, who is, in the dressing of her hair, a little inclined to the *Porcupine*, tho' still a superstitious votary to the goddess of cleanliness, to copy her; and if I can prevail on these two girls to be handsome in spite of the fashion, and shew the ladies how much their native charms are superior to art, I think we shall stand some chance to turn the tide, and drive the

the *Friseurs* back to Paris : I am speaking here against my own interest, for by the assistance of these operators, the grizzled locks of an old woman of fifty, look just as well as the polished jett, or shining auburn tresses, of a young one of eighteen.

ROSARA was received by me with the regard due to her merit; and, by *Julia*, with all the open, undissembled warmth of genuine friendship: it was with some surprize, I saw tears of joy in the eyes of both at their meeting: and after dinner, having sent them with a married lady, to *King Lear*, I retired to my closet, and from contemplating, with unspeakable satisfaction, the amiable and virtuous regard of these young women for each other, could not avoid reflecting with equal concern upon the present too great neglect of this, and all other social affections. By all writers in times of simplicity and virtue, as are generally the beginning of all states, we find this virtue celebrated almost equally with public spirit: whether we are upon the decline, as to the last, I shall not take upon me to determine, the enquiry being more proper for a writer of the other sex; but in regard to friendship, tho' no subject is, by the ancients, treated with more warmth and enthusiasm, yet amongst us, who are so much wiser than these whimsical philosophers, a man would be looked upon as a madman who should pretend to it.

THE name of friend, held sacred by the best ages; in our days, stands for little more, than a favorite companion in midnight riots, or a confederate in debauchery and vice: or at best, one connected with us in schemes of interest or ambition; for one whom chance, not choice, has made our associate in business, or in pleasure.

I would be understood here to mean the friendships of the men only, for I by no means intend to include the ladies in this charge; their gentle souls, especially in this town, the nursery of sincerity and truth, are so open to every virtuous affection, that it is impossible to pass a day in good company without being sensible of the generous warmth of female amity, and their pious zeal even for their absent friends. Did you observe, says *Miss Fickle*, how shockingly *Lady Truman* was dressed the other night at the Opera? I protest it grieved me, for she is my friend. Have you heard, says another, that

*Bell*



*Bell Fashion* went to *Windsor* in a post-chaise with *Jack Wildair*, and was out three nights? I am sure its true, or I would not mention it, for you know *I have a friendship for her*.

I could bring many instances of this kind, to prove the astonishing force of *female friendship*, but the observation of my polite readers, will furnish them with examples enough to prove the truth of my assertion, and to convince them, that this amiable goddess, who, we are told by ignorant moralists, is fled with *Astrea* to Heaven, in reality has fixed her residence in the bosoms of the British fair. Our inimitable *English Homer*, says,

A gen'rous friendship no cold medium knows,  
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows,  
One should our interests, and our passions be.

POPE.

Who that is acquainted with that inseparable pair, *Lady Lovemore*, and *Mrs. Modish*, but will allow they have lived up to the very letter of this description? They scorn a cold medium in any thing; and whether the inspiring *Burgundy*, or more inspiring *Citron-Water*, invite to bacchanalian revels: whether the smart ensign, or wealthy heir, warm their souls to gallantry: whether the dear cards, or enchanting dice, call to the joys of play; they are equally in earnest in all. Have they not both, for these seven years past, burned with one love, that is, with one kind of love, and not unfrequently for the same object? And for the same space of time have they not glow'd with one constant and equal resentment, against every woman younger, and handsomer, than themselves? Their interests are so much one, that they always cheat at cards for each other, being of *Montaigne's* opinion, that justice itself should give place to friendship: as for their passions, I have already said enough to show you how much they are the same.

BUT to be serious: perhaps our frozen clime is unfavorable to those virtues, which require warmth of heart, and enthusiasm of sentiment; and as it preserves us from the crimes of those regions where burning suns fire the blood to jealousy and revenge, it denies us, in a great measure, the transport of animated vivacious affections; and confines us, in general, to a mediocrity in virtue, as well as in vice.

I shall



I shall conclude these rambling unconnected thoughts on friendship, with an *Ode*, wrote by the author of the two already published in this paper.

*O D E to Friendship,*

**N**O more fond love shall wound my breast;  
In all his smiles deceitful drest,  
I scorn his coward fway;  
And now with pleasure can explore  
The galling chains I felt before;  
Since I am free to day.

To day with friendship I'll rejoice,  
Whilst dear Lucinda's gentle voice,  
Shall soften every care:  
O, Goddess of the joy sincere!  
The social sigh! the pleasing tear!  
Thy nobler bonds I'll wear.

When first, ill-fated, hapless hour!  
My soul confest Amintor's power,  
Lucinda shar'd my grief;  
And leaning on her faithful breast,  
The fatal passion I confest,  
And found a soft relief.

My steps she oft was wont to lead  
Along the fair enamel'd mead,  
To soothe my raging pain;  
And oft with tender converse, strove  
To draw the sting of hopeless love,  
And make me smile again.

O, much lov'd maid! whilst life remains,  
To thee I'll consecrate my strains,  
For thee I'll tune my lyre;  
And, echoing with my sweetest lays,  
The vocal hills shall speak the praise  
Of Friendship's sacred fire.

MADAM,

TO MRS. SINGLETON.

*Bond-Street, March 2.*

MADAM,

As in the beginning of your present undertaking, you gave us reason to expect that your principal aim in the progress of it, would be the entertainment of your own sex; so I believe you are never so pleasing to the generality of your readers, as when the subject of your essays is directed chiefly to the females: your last paper was read with inexpressible pleasure by me, and many of my acquaintance, and I doubt not is as well received by all, but the *Hedge-hogs* and *Porcupines*; but, Madam, it gave me, and others, no little perplexity to meet with so many Latin words in it, unexplained; as you give us English mottos, pray don't puzzle us with Latin text: I should have sent you a very angry letter, if my curiosity had not been unexpectedly gratify'd by a visit from a relation, a student of *Christ-Church, Oxford*; who informed me, that the words *Coma*, *Crinis*, and *Capillus*, are so many different names for the hair: and that the *Carmina Quadragesimalia*, are exercises in Latin verse, peculiar to their college, upon the subjects disputed in the public schools of the university, the beginning of Lent. By printing this, your other female readers will be possessed of the same satisfaction in the present case with,

*Your very humble servant,*

MARTHA ENGLISH.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]

*M<sup>rs</sup> Brooke.*





THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XVIII.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, March 13, 1756.

————— This player here  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
That from her working, all his visage warm'd;  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his conceit. —————

SHAKESPEAR.



Was prevailed upon by Rosara and my niece, to go, the other night, to *King Lear*; and I own myself obliged to them for the very great pleasure the representation gave me: I went with three of my six critical virgins, into a part of the house, where we enjoyed the double advantage of seeing the play, and observing upon the audience; and I had the satisfaction of finding we were accompanied in our tears, by almost the whole house: the young people especially showed such a becoming sensibility; as gives me hopes virtue has a stronger party in the rising generation, than those of my age, in general, are inclined to allow.

I think it a great mark of judgment in Mr. Barry, that he has thrown so strong and affecting a cast of tenderness into the

*Applause of  
Mr Barn. Some  
Shakespear  
Mr. Garnick.*

*Criticism on K. Lear - Observation on a Letter  
which mentions the Cora.*



the character : he never loses sight of the Father, but in all his rage, even in the midst of his severest curses, you see that his heart, heavily injured as he is, and provoked to the last excess of fury, still owns the offenders for his children : without this circumstance, his concessions, when he meets with them at *Gloster's* Castle, and his offering to return with *Goneril*, with only fifty of his knights, would appear a degree of meanness ; but, we see in his whole manner, that paternal fondness is combating his resentments ; and that he endeavours, in spite of all appearances, to think them innocent. That this is the sense of the poet, seems to me plain from the following passage, when on *Cornwall's* and *Regan's* refusal to see him, he flies out into such a very just, though strong passion of anger,

The king wou'd speak with *Cornwall*, the dear father  
 Wou'd with his daughter speak, commands her service:  
 Are they informed of this ? My breath and blood !  
 Fiery ? The fiery duke ? Tell the hot duke that ———

THIS rage is no more than they merited, but the father's love checks him in all the heat of it :

No, but not yet, may be they are not well.

WE see in this line that his fondness is forming an excuse for them, tho' their ill usage of his servant, and almost every circumstance of their behaviour, might have convinced him they were altogether fallen off from duty, and therefore this performer's manner of playing *Lear*, appears perfectly consistent with the whole meaning of the poet.

HIS figure is so happily disguised, that you lose *Mr. Barry*, and have no other idea on his first appearance, than that of a very graceful, venerable, kingly, old man : but it is not in his person alone he supports the character ; his whole action is of a piece ; and the breaks in his voice, which are uncommonly beautiful, seem the effect of real, not personated, sorrow.

I am inclined to imagine, from his masterly performance of *Lear*, that this actor is capable of playing a much greater variety of characters than he has yet attempted ; and that he is yet far from knowing half his dramatic powers.

THO' I am naturally much more inclined to praise than censure, yet I cannot help taking notice of what I think a very extraordinary absurdity, which is the manner of playing the Gentleman Usher, that all the actors who have performed it, that I know of, seem to have fallen into : whoever reads the play, will, if I am not greatly mistaken, see in that character, no more than a faucy, surly, impu-

impudent servant, vain of his lady's favour: but in the representation, he is metamorphosed into a singing, dancing Fribble; and a comic character created, contrary, as I apprehend, to the apparent meaning of the author: I allow, that taking it is in that light, *Mr. Skuter* is extremely well in it, but I think it treating the poet a little too cavalierly, to new mould in this manner one of his characters, especially as it answers no purpose, but taking off our attention from the tender and noble sensations which are excited by the distresses of the principal personage, and disturbing the best emotions of the human heart, by impertinent, and ill-timed mirth.

I cannot conclude without taking notice of the applause *Mr. Ryan* meets with in the counterfeited madness of *Edgar*; applause which I heard with more pleasure, because I am told, he has played his part in the great drama of life, in such a manner, as not only to deserve, but what is more uncommon, to acquire, universal approbation; and that he has been excelled by nobody in the real character of a worthy, deserving, and truly honest man.

It has always been matter of great astonishment to me, that both the houses have given *Tate's* wretched alteration of *King Lear*, the preference to *Shakespeare's* excellent original; which *Mr. Addison*, the most candid, as well as judicious of critics, thinks so infinitely preferable, as to bear no degree of comparison; and one cannot help remarking particularly, and with some surprize, that *Mr. Garrick*, who professes himself so warm an idolater of this inimitable poet, and who is determined, if I may use his own words, in the prologue to the *Winter's Tale*,

To lose no drop of this immortal man.

Should yet prefer the vile adulterated cup of *Tate*, to the pure genuine draught, offered him by the master he avow's to serve with such, fervency of devotion.

As to *Mr. Barry*, I think he was perfectly right to take the *Lear* which is commonly play'd, that the competition between him and *Mr. Garrick* in this trying part, may be exhibited to the public upon a fair footing; I have not yet been so fortunate as to see the latter in it, whose performance, I doubt not, is no less justly, than generally, celebrated and admired; but the advantage *Mr. Barry* has from his person the variety of his voice, and its particular aptitude to express the differing tones which sorrow, pity, or rage, naturally produce, are of such service to him in this character, that he could not fail of pleasing,

tho'

X The Preference  
of Barry to  
Garrick will  
give the latter  
great offence.



tho' he did not play it with all the judgment, which in my opinion he does.

I am diverted from the farther pursuit of this subject, by a letter, the author of which expresses so generous a zeal for my service, that I think myself obliged to make every thing of my own give way to him.

MADAM,

OBSERVATION and experience must have convinced you, long before your commencing author, that to attempt by any laudable undertaking, to gain the applause of the public, was infallibly to expose yourself to the censure of every malignant, invidious detractor, who in proportion to his own want of spirit, capacity, or application, to rise to any reputable distinction in the world; is therefore so much the more assiduous to obscure the worth, and obstruct the endeavours, of all who possess, and are exerting any distinguishing talents, and labouring to keep them down as much as possible to his own level.

To this species, belongs that tribe of mischievous animals, the little critics, by whom it can be no surprize to you, Madam, to be informed, that your paper, guarded as it is by your sex, pursuit, and character, should be most virulently pelted and hissed at. As I am your constant reader, and a zealous well-wisher to your undertaking, I must acquaint you, that I was the other day in a coffee-house, where a knot of them was assembled about a file of your papers, and like witches round a conjuring cauldron, every one throwing in his invidious ingredient, as the malice of his heart, or the phrenzy of his head, suggested: 'till *Tom Noisy* the attorney's clerk, silencing the rest with the loudness of his vociferation, and the pert importance of his looks, expatiated upon the errors of the press, very wisely taking them for your's, and which by the way, Madam, are so very slight, that if your delicacy had not led you to take notice of them, I believe they would have been overlook'd by almost every body else. " This old woman, says *Tom*, pretends to write, but can't spell: every succeeding paper has a long list of corrections, of the mistakes of the past, and tells us that such and such words should have been so and so, if *Mrs. Singleton* had but known it: for the detection of the errors is evidently not her's, but from some idle people of her acquaintance, who are so good to throw away their time in correcting her nonsense: but besides all her other blunders, the poor old soul's memory fails her, 'tis but the other day at the end of her motto she gave us *Young for Pope*, and in time I shall expect to see *Pope for Tibbald*."

HERE

N. J.

On former  
Errata.

This letter is  
so altered, con-  
-tailed, and  
mangled that  
except the  
story of  
prior it  
may be said  
to be the old  
tail.



HERE *Tom's* criticism was crown'd with a loud laughter of applause, and finding it would be to no purpose to attempt your defence any longer, against such an army of licentious ~~blockheads~~ *praters*, for I had now and then interposed, I prudently slipped out of the coffee-room, remembering the wise maxim of *Hudibras*:

He who lives to run away  
May fight again another day.

I chuse therefore, Madam, to appear your champion in your own paper, and by throwing down my gantlet in that field to defy *Tom Noisy* and all his gang.

THE errors of the press are equally vexatious to author and reader; the former indeed has this only consolation that the evil is without remedy, and beyond the power of the most sagacious judgment, or the nicest observation. Something will escape in spite of the greatest vigilance: we all know that the word *not*, was once left out of the seventh Commandment, and consequently a very fashionable crime, commanded instead of being prohibited: quere, whether the fine gentlemen of this age, have not their bibles of this edition?

I could mention besides many works published at a very great expence, and by authors of the first class, with a pre-fatory page filled with errata; those therefore in a weekly paper, may surely meet with indulgence from the public, tho' *intention* should happen to be printed for *invention*, and to instead of *into*.

BUT not to be too grave upon a subject that so little deserves it, I shall conclude with a story which I know to be fact; first desiring *Mrs. Singleton* to excuse one word, which may appear a little indelicate in the works of a lady. But by filling up the place of a letter with an asterism, which is such an incitement to curiosity, as may render a paper the more vendible, you may preserve your own character and decorum: I shall therefore venture to proceed.

*Mr. Prior* whose rhimes in his humorous pieces are frequently half words, sent a performance to the press, with a line that ended with the syllable *Del*; the printer, who was afterwards lord mayor<sup>at</sup> of London, and consequently we must suppose him a man of some learning, thinking it stood for the Latin word *Dele*, leave out, omitted the syllable and put a stop to the rhyme. *Prior* sent back the proof sheet, and restored *Del*: the printer, who was well acquainted with *Dele*, but knew not what to make of *Del*, completed the line

*2. John Barber.*

line by printing *Dele*. This blunder entirely spoilt the rhyme, and made nonsense of the passage. *Prior* out of all patience, again blotted out *Dele*, and writ in its place *Del with a P \* x*; and the printer returned the sheet, ending the line by *Del with a P \* x*. I am, Madam, once more asking pardon for the indecency of that last word,

*Stork.*

Your very humble servant,

S. P.

I am particularly obliged to my correspondent for this defence, since as I supposed every body acquainted with the impossibility of avoiding errors of the press, I did not know I had any occasion for an apology on that head, and consequently should never have thought of making one. From what I have observed, I am upon a footing with other writers as to this inconveniency, and my great mistake I believe, has been as my correspondent observes, in correcting them; since if I had not thus assisted in detecting myself, I might like others, have passed undetected. The very correct *Mr. Fitz Adam* is not always able to prevent the disagreeable circumstance of having his paper misprinted; in the last *World* but one, which now lies before me, you will find, *Tiberias*, instead of *Tiberius*, a mistake which the most captious critic will allow, it was impossible for him to fall into. And the painstaking author of *Athelstan*, has three times in the first act, *fiery* for *fiery*; and as often in other parts of it, *faulcion* for *faulekion*. To give one more example, in the *Public Advertiser* of last Saturday, at the end of the opera advertisement, is this remarkable line, *Signor Perellino* will sing *to-morrow evening*: at first I imagined we were grown so polite as to have operas on Sundays, and that even the dear cards were insufficient to make that horrid day supportable to the gay world; but upon enquiry I found it a mistake of the press, and that *to-morrow*, should have been *to-night*.

'Till this hint from my correspondent, I thought to have given some corrections of a past paper or two at the bottom of this; but thank him for making me wiser: I shall therefore say for the future upon this point to the *Criticlings*, who are disposed to be so minute in their animadversions upon me, with the hero or heroine, I forget which, in *Tom Thumb*, "No, find it out."

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in Pater-noster-Row.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]

*M<sup>rs</sup>. Brack.*





109.

THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XIX.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, March 20, 1756.

————— A warrior dame,  
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,  
She chose the nobler Pallas of the field;  
Mix'd with the first, the fierce Virago fought,  
Sustain'd the toils of arms, the danger sought.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

*Agitated  
conscience,  
proper paper.*



Present the following letter to my readers  
as it came to my hands: I should have given  
it a place in the paper immediately follow-  
ing the date of it, had I been then in pos-  
session of the book mentioned in it.

TO MRS. SINGLETON.

Cambridge, Feb. 18, 1756.

MADAM,

As you are an Old Maid, are you not the natural patro-  
ness of distressed virginity? If you think you are, I am per-  
swaded

*Recommendation of a subscription for a trans-  
lation of the Greek History - a story from it*



swaded you will, in some future essay, endeavor to forward a subscription to two volumes of the Saracen History, that were wrote by an Arabic professor of this university, and are now going to be reprinted by his daughter : she is a proper object of generosity, having lately lost a great part of what she was worth. She is an ingenious woman, and on that account, as well as several others, worthy the particular notice of, the Old Maid.

I am,

MADAM,

*Your constant reader,*

*and well-wisher.*

THO' I am a stranger to the person who does me the honor of supposing it in my power to forward this subscription, and to the lady for whose benefit it is intended, I am not so to the book, which I read many years since with pleasure. It has been long out of print, and is so extremely scarce, that wanting upon this occasion to take a fresh view of it, and having lost the only one of them I ever could call my own, by lending, which is pretty often the case, it was some time before I could meet with another : I have succeeded at last, and find that time has not altered my opinion of this work, which I think so valuable a one, that it is with great pleasure I hear it is to be reprinted : that pleasure cannot fail of receiving considerable addition, from my knowing it is to be published for the advantage of one of my own sex, and situation, a maiden in the autumn of life, whose undeserved misfortunes, and amiable character, concerning which I have made particular enquiry, with the real merit of the book, give her a right to all the service I can possibly do her ; and indeed to the protection of all who either love genius and learning, or are friends to virtue, less happy than it ought to be.

I flat-

I flatter myself I shall not plead her cause in vain, especially with my fair readers; and am convinced they will not, at least those of affluent fortunes, be against doing a friendly action to a deserving woman, when it may be done at so easy a rate, as that of purchasing, at a reasonable price, a book which no lover of literature would chuse to be without. It contains a most active and entertaining period of oriental history, the reigns of *Abubeker*, *Omar*, *Othman*, and the other immediate successors of *Mahomet*; and is wrote with all the spirit the subject deserves: the men tell me it is a treasure of eastern learning; of that I am no judge, but I think it uncommonly amusing: the ladies will there find, with some little variations, the story from which Mr. *Hughes* took his *Siege of Damascus*.

THE subscription, as I find from a printed proposal enclosed in my correspondent's letter, is half a guinea, five shillings at the time of subscribing, and the rest on delivery of the book, which will be sent to the press in a few days, and be published with all convenient speed: the names of the subscribers to be printed. I hope I need not recommend this in a particular manner to the maiden sisterhood, since I am sure all virgins, who are so from choice, will readily contribute to the relief of chastity in distress.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are taken in by Mrs. *Ann Ockley*, the worthy daughter of the author, at *Chesterton* near *Cambridge*; and, for her benefit, by Mr. *Whiston*, in *Fleet-Street*; Mr. *Thurlbourn*, in *Cambridge*; Mr. *Fletcher*, in *Oxford*, Mr. *Creighton*, in *Ipswich*; and Mr. *Hildyard*, in *York*.

To give my female readers at once a specimen of the work, and an idea of the *Saracen* ladies, I beg leave to relate a story which I find there, in as short a manner as is consistent with perspicuity.

IN a battle fought near *Damascus*, tho' the *Saracens* were, upon the whole, victorious, yet one part of their army was defeated, and the women taken prisoners: amongst them

them was *Caulab*, the sister of *Derar*, an *Arabian* commander, a woman of infinite spirit, and uncommonly beautiful: her brother was extremely concerned for the captivity of his sister, and made his complaint to *Caled*, their commander, who bid him be comforted, “For we have their general prisoner, and some others of consequence, whom we may exchange for our own, and there is no doubt but we shall find them all at *Damascus*.” However at *Derar*’s perswasion, he resolved to try to recover them, before they got to the city: *Caled* therefore, with *Derar*, and some other leaders, went in search of the captives, and ordered *Abu Obeidah* to march on slowly with the army.

THERE were amongst the women who were prisoners, some of the *Hamyarites*, a tribe so called by the *Arabs*, which they suppose to be descended from the ancient *Amalekites*. These women are used to ride on horseback, and fight as the *Amazons* did of old.

THE Christian commander, when he had marched with the prisoners and plunder to some convenient distance, made no haste to *Damascus*, but halted by the way, being desirous, if possible, to hear of his brother’s success, who had commanded the other part of the army, and, unknown to him, was taken prisoner by the *Saracens*: while they rested, he ordered the women captives to be brought before him, and selected the lovely *Caulab*, *Derar*’s sister, for himself: the rest chose each of them, according to their rank, a mistress from amongst them.

THE *Greeks* after this retiring into their tents, to refresh themselves, *Caulab* assembled the fair captives round her, and spoke to them in the following manner: “Will you then, my friends, tamely suffer yourselves to be abused by these Barbarians, and become handmaids to idolaters? Where is your native courage? For my part, I’ll sooner die, than suffer these slaves to approach me.” *Opbeirah*, who was one of them, told her, “that their patience was not the effect of cowardice, but necessity; for, says she,

“we



“ we have neither sword, nor spear, nor bow, wherewith  
“ to defend ourselves,” “ But cannot we, says *Caulab*,  
“ take each a tent-pole, and stand upon our defence? Who  
“ knows but it may please God to give us the victory, or  
“ deliver us by some other means? If not, we shall die,  
“ and be at rest, and preserve the honor of our country.”  
*Opheirab* applauded her resolution, they all instantly provided themselves with staves, and *Caulab* commanded in chief: “ come, said she, stand round in a circle, and leave  
“ no space for these infidels to break in upon us; strike  
“ down their spears with your staves, and break their swords  
“ in pieces.” As she spoke, she stepped forward, and struck a man who happened to be within her reach, with such force, that he fell, and expired. The alarm was immediately given, and the Christians came out of their tents, to enquire the occasion; the general called out to *Caulab*, whom he had designed for his mistress, to know the meaning of what he saw: “ Woe be to thee, says she, thou  
“ Christian dog, and all these thy companions: our meaning is to preserve our honor, and with these staves to  
“ beat out your brains: come forward, approach your  
“ destined mistress, you may now receive at her hands a  
“ present worthy her to give:” The commander laughing at such an attack, ordered his men to surround them, and again take them prisoners, but without injuring them, and to take especial care of *Caulab*: they endeavoured to execute his orders, but without success, for the women received them in such a manner as baffled all their efforts: he then ordered the soldiers to fall on them with their scymetars, but they undismay’d called to each other, rather to die with honor than live with infamy. He then, looking on *Caulab*, and admiring her singular beauty, attempted by persuasions to draw her from this enterprize; he recounted his vast riches, his fine seats and gardens, and offered her all if she would pity herself, and not be accessory to the death which must unavoidably follow her refusal: but she rejected all with scorn; and he drawing his sword, and ordering his men to attack them, they had infallibly  
fallen

fallen a sacrifice to his fury, but that at the moment when they were engaged, *Caled* and his party came up: *Derar* spurred on his horse, and flew to the assistance of his sister, who, seeing him approach, cried out: "Behold, my friends, God hath sent us help."

WHEN the *Greeks* saw the *Saracens*, their countenances changed, and their general, desirous to save himself, called to the women, and told them they were free, and begged their intercession with their friends who were coming up: "*Caulab*, said he, I give thee to thy brother:" and hurrying, attempted to escape; but she called after him, "This fickleness of thine is not after the manner of the *Arabians*; wilt thou leave thy mistress, of whom thou wert just now so enamoured? But she will not thus part with thee." The noble *Virago* then struck his horse, which falling, left him at the mercy of *Derar*, who just then came up with him, and at a stroke sever'd his head from his body: both armies then instantly engaged; and the *Saracens* gained an entire victory, which they owed altogether to the courage and chastity of their women.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in Pater-noster-Row.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]

*M<sup>rs</sup> Brooke.*





115.

THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XX.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, March 27, 1756.

No more the thirsty entrance of this soil  
Shall dawb her lips with her own children's blood;  
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed hoofs  
Of hostile paces.

SHAKESPEAR.



HE conversation of this town at present turns much upon one particular topic, our spirited behaviour against the insults, depredations, and perfidy of France. This inexhaustible theme entertained a select number of my friends a few nights since at my lodgings, till a later hour than I chuse to dedicate to any companions except my niece. Amongst the gentlemen who favoured me that evening with a visit, was Mr. Billville, who, under some pretence or other, seldom fails a day of paying me, what he calls, his devotions. Although, as I have already hinted, I cannot hitherto perfectly approve of his attachment to my niece, yet I am far from being displeased to see him, because he has such a share of politeness, knowledge, and good sense, that he never fails to render himself agreeable to all

*Printed by  
Gally from  
the MS.*

*An extract from the Memoirs of the  
Count de Rochefort: one of the Agents  
of Cardinal Richieu.  
See Rochefort Page 38. 39. 40. & 41. & 37.*



all my friends, and lovely, I am afraid, to one of the chief of them. In discussing the variety of accounts with which our news papers so constantly, and so incongruously abound, we frequently hit upon subjects of great mirth and ridicule: but in examining the most rational and authentic of those accounts, we never found any room for suspicious fears, or even distant apprehensions.

*D. Hartingley*  
*& his Lady.*  
AMONGST us was doctor *Hartingley*, a near relation, uncle by the mother's side, to captain *Bellville*. He is a clergyman of an excellent, and I may add, of a distinguished character, and is married to one of the best and most exemplary women of the age. They have had the misfortune to bury all their children,

but their mutual unaffected submission to the will of providence, has expelled every gloomy thought from the cheerful but solid learning of the husband, and every melancholy reflexion from the decent and becoming vivacity of the wife. When the doctor, who is often enticed to our tea-table, finds himself encompassed, as he expresses it, by a formidable circle of ladies, without a colleague of his own sex to protect him, he seldom chuses to display his sentiments upon any higher branches of learning, than such as seem within our reach, and most suitable to our sex and education; but happening to be seated the other

*S. H. Hyacinth.*

night between his nephew *Bellville*, and his friend and pupil *Sir Harry Hyacinth*, I overheard him, in his usual modest manner, break out a little into the politician. "It may not be

"amiss," said he, "at this time to recollect that the first

"invasion of our territories came from *France*: and yet really

"at that early period, there seems to have been no political

"temptation to invade a country filled only with rough hardy

"barbarians, as *Cæsar* calls them, and neither enriched by traffic,

"nor improved by arts and sciences. *Tully* had no great opinion

"of the attempt, in a letter to *Atticus*, he says, *The event of the*

"*British war is waited for with impatience; it is certain that all*

"*the approaches to that Island are fortified by amazing outworks,*

"*and it is universally known that not a scruple of silver is to be*

"*found throughout the whole Island: nor are there hopes of any*

"*other acquisitions but slaves, amongst whom we must not expect*

"*to find either musicians, or men of learning. Cæsar was spurred*

"*on by ambition; he had conquered the Continent: he was*

"*resolved to lead his troops beyond the limits of the earth. The*

"*Gauls by soothing and encouraging the boundless ambition of*

"*Cæsar, indulged their own envy and revenge. They envied*

"*and detested us as the fortunate inhabitants of the largest and*

"*best situated Island in the known world. These are circum-*

"*stances for which they will envy us to the end of time, and*

"they

*Tully's remark*  
*to Atticus on the*  
*Island's expedients*  
*Engl.!*

“they are the happiest circumstances that a people can enjoy. Nature has taken sufficient care of us without; our own unanimity and wisdom must fortify us within.” “Were that same tyrant *Cæsar* alive again,” replied *Sir Harry*, “and at the head of his *Romans* and his *Gauls*, and were it possible for him to land, amidst the determined opposition of an unanimous people, he would find a strange alteration in *England*: great quantities of gold and silver, no slaves, but an immense number of musicians, and scarce a less congregation of men of learning. As to the gold and silver, we would defend it to the last drop of our blood, but for the musicians, and the men of learning, *Julia* excepted out of the first class for the sake of honest *Bellville*, and yourself my dear doctor, out of the second, for the benefit of your humble servant, the rest should be entirely at his service.” “Our friend *Sir Harry*, will never be serious,” said *Bellville*, “I own it gives me great exultation when I reflect upon the glorious opposition which our ancestors exerted against *Cæsar* and his legions. Even by his own account the *Romans* scarce ever met with so fierce or so obstinate a resistance. The *Britons* were repulsed, but they were repulsed rather by stratagem than by force. That *Æra* however is at much too great a distance, let us recall times more adapted to our present situation, and nearer to our present day: let us consider the conduct of *France* under her great and famous minister Cardinal *Richlieu*, who improved the *French* maxims and politics in the most destructive manner that *England* ever felt. The truth of that fact is universally known, and mentioned by all our historians, but is no where so fully related, or with such remarkable anecdotes as by the *Count de Rochefort*, who was one of the Cardinal’s spies.” “You have awakened my curiosity Mr. *Bellville*,” said I, “by naming memoirs and anecdotes that have never fallen into my hands. Pray tell us some particulars.” “Not to night, Madam,” replied politely the young officer, “we have already trespassed too far upon your time, but as soon as I go home, I will look for the book, and take care to send you such extracts from it as relate to the troubles fomented by *France* in the last century.” Soon afterwards, our agreeable set of visitors left us, and yesterday morning I found the following letter upon my tea-table.

MADAM,

I hasten to fulfil my promise, by transmitting to you a liberal, not a formal translation of certain passages, out of the memoirs  
of

*Bellville's Letter.*



of *Monsieur de Rochefort*, one of *Richlieu's* chief engines of wickedness. The author writes to this purpose.

ABOUT three months after my return from *England*, into which kingdom, and into that of *Scotland* I had been sent, with letters written in cypher from the Cardinal *de Richlieu*, as I was one morning, according to my usual custom, at the Cardinal's *levée*, he called me aside and ordered me to go to a particular lodging, which he described very minutely, where I should find a certain man (up two pair of stairs in a bed with yellow curtains) whom he required to attend him that night at eleven o'clock, in the house of *Madam d'Eguillon*, his eminence's niece. I lost no time in executing my commission, and taking a full view of the stranger to whom I was sent, I easily recollected that I had seen him in *Scotland*. I observed too, that he fixed his eyes upon me in a manner which shewed that he wished to call to mind my person and countenance; however, neither of us opened our thoughts to each other, all he said, was, "that he would not fail to be punctual to the Cardinal's appointment." When the hour of assignation drew near, I was ordered to wait at the gate and expect his approach. He had put on the dress and appearance of one of those cryers [*Les Oublieux*] who sell wafers at night through the streets of *Paris*: I had even heard him crying that kind of pastry-ware as he came along the street, so that being disguised in such an unsuspected manner, I did not even look at him till he accosted me. The moment he discovered to me who he was, I carried him to the Cardinal, with whom he remained in close conference till four o'clock in the morning. The conference over, the wafer merchant came out of the closet, and I was ordered by the Cardinal to reconduct him two streets from the house, and to lend him my cloak, the hour of crying wafers being long since past.

Two days afterwards his eminence called me to him in private, and directed me to find out *Monsieur de Bullion*, superintendant of the finances, who was to deliver to me a certain parcel of Goods, which his eminence had ordered him to make up: this parcel [*Balot*] I was to carry to the person whom I before mentioned, and whose new lodging was described to me as minutely as the former: I found the bale (which was money) ready made up, but so heavy as to require a small cart to carry it: *Monsieur de Bullion* had provided the vehicle, and as soon as we had loaded it with our merchandize, he gave me a note, specifying the Sum, and the several species of money of which it consisted, desiring me to deliver the note at the same time with the money. I did so, and my new acquaintance had



no sooner looked upon the Note than he returned it to me, telling me "that I was mistaken, and that certainly that sum of money was not for him." I assured him to the contrary, and attempted to give him very ample reasons why it was impossible that I could be mistaken, but all my endeavours were to no purpose, he continued walking about the room in a furious manner, and with a very angry countenance, said, "sir, I must again tell you positively that what you have brought cannot be for me, and therefore you have nothing to do but to return with it back."

WHEN I was convinced that all my arguments were to no manner of purpose, I followed his advice and returned. But upon giving the Cardinal an account of my fruitless negotiation, he demanded to see the bill of parcels, and no sooner examined it, than he grew into a violent rage against Monsieur *de Bullion*, declaring, that he would teach him another time to do what he was ordered. I was then immediately dispatched to bring the Superintendant to the Cardinal, who, as soon as he saw Monsieur *de Bullion*, required from him the reason, why he had acted contrary to his orders, in sending five instead of six hundred thousand Livres. *Bullion* by way of excuse told the Cardinal that, "in the last conversation he had had the honour to hold with his eminence upon this subject, his eminence was inclined to think that *the Man* might be induced to be contented with the sum which I had carried, and therefore with an intention of frugality and from no other motive, he had endeavoured to save one hundred thousand livres to the state." The excuse, however lame and suspicious, was accepted, but the hundred thousand livres were instantaneously ordered to be added. Whilst that was doing, I was once more expedited to the same man, to assure him that he should be immediately paid the whole sum: I found him making up his port-manteau and just ready to go away. He put on the appearance of great surprise at seeing me again, and advancing towards me, asked, "if I had any commands for him," I delivered my message of pacification, which in some measure seemed to have it's effect, however, not without visible remains of anger he expressed himself to me in the following manner, "unless faith is kept up in this world, business cannot go forward, and therefore I could not possibly suppose, that a solemn promise made to me two days ago should be so soon, and so palpably broken." I returned without loss of time to Monsieur *de Bullion*, from whom I fetched the full sum required, and having delivered it into the hands of the stranger, I hastened back to Cardinal *Richlieu*, who had waited with the utmost degree

degree of impatience till so important a business was effectually transacted.

Thus ends the anecdote of the wafer-cryer: but give me leave to add another passage, as an annotation, to it. I am not certain, says the Count, whether my voyage [to *England*] was the cause; or whether it was the genius of the *English* nation, which occasioned their taking up arms so inconsiderately, but the three kingdoms which now began to be disturbed, were soon filled with such confusion, that the King of *England*, who, upon many occasions had given proofs of his ill will towards us, had so much business upon his hands within his own territories, that he could not possibly exert himself in any other place.

THE flames of rebellion, as you know, Madam, first broke out in *Scotland*. The *French* we see expended thirty thousand pounds in part to kindle those flames. What sums of money were applied in *England* seems a secret not divulged to Monsieur *de Rochefort*, but as he carried letters in cypher to several choice spirits in both kingdoms, it is probable, there were more wafer-cryers than one.

How happy, I think, I may say how glorious is our present situation, in which we can deduce, from the errors, fury, and avaritious ambition of our ancestors, such advantages, and such profitable experience, as may preserve us united among ourselves, rever'd by foreign nations, and incorruptible to any ridiculous visions, or fallacious offers, with which *France* can attempt to dazzle us!

I am ever happy in any occasion of professing myself, Mrs. SINGLETON'S,

*Most devoted, and faithfull,  
humble servant,*

CHARLES BELLVILLE.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

L O N D O N :

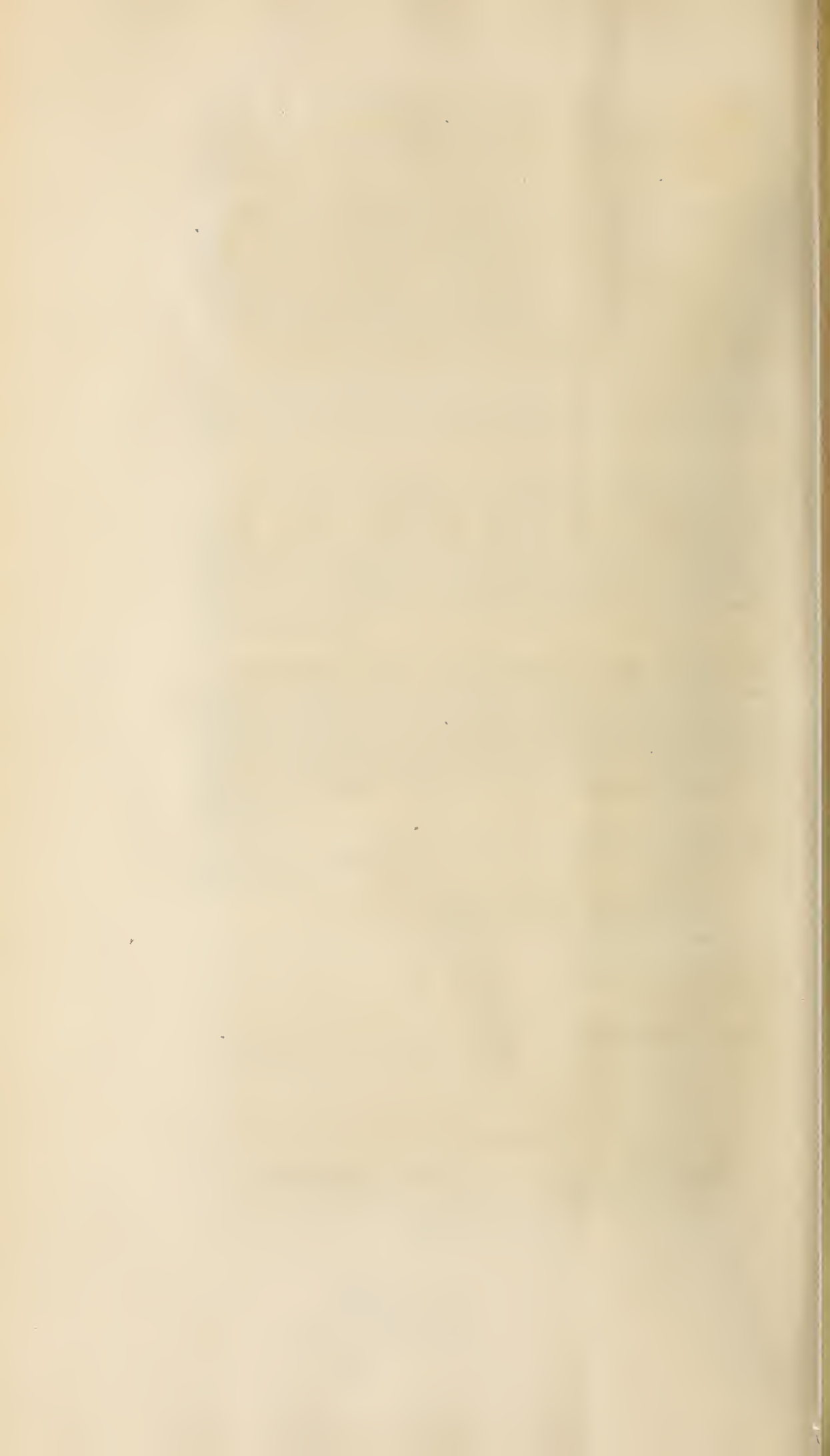
Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price TWO PENCE. ]

*Ld Conkz.*









THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XXI.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, April 3, 1756.

*Approp  
will condu:  
ed Papr.*

*A dream o'ertook me at my waking hour  
This morn, and dreams, they say, are then divine.*

DRYDEN.



Received a card the other day from Mr. Wilmot, Rosara's lover, desiring permission to visit me, with a particular friend of mine, who happens to be of his acquaintance; but I absolutely declined seeing him; for as she is entrusted to my care, however well I might think of him, tho', by the way, he is an intire stranger to me, I should esteem

*A Vision.  
The Temples of Marriage and Celibacy.*

esteem it an unpardonable breach of the confidence reposed in me, to admit his visits; conscious as I am of his pretensions to *Rosara*, and that their attachment is without her mother's knowledge, or approbation.

ROSARA acquiesced in my refusal to see him, and owned I was perfectly right; but a sigh which escaped her, makes me fear her heart is far engaged: however she assured me she had not seen him since she had been in town; that if she had, she should have forbid him, on pain of her displeasure, attempting to be introduced to me, and that she would not give him any clandestine meeting, or even receive a letter from him whilst in town, without my knowledge.

THE further conversation I had with this amiable young woman on the subject of her attachment, threw me, when I went to rest, into a train of reflections on the different advantages, and disadvantages, generally attending the married, and single states of life, which dwelt so strongly on my imagination, as to keep me awake half the night, and produce a very odd kind of a vision towards the morning; which, as all Old Maids are pretty much inclined to tell their dreams, however insignificant, my readers will not be surprized to find in this paper.

I was indeed a little staggered in my design of making it public, by the critic in a late *WORLD*, who in his complimenting Mr. *Fitz Adam*, on his being less disposed to dream than other people, seems to condemn all visionary instruction: however, I was encouraged by reflecting, that the *Spectator*, who, to use an expression of his own, was a pretty fellow in his time, was much given to these nocturnal



nal excursions; and yet every reader of taste will be ready to say, in the words of the late charming author of, *The Castle of Indolence*, where he describes his friend, *the Æsopus of the age*, as a temporary inhabitant of that bewitching region, which to the infinite regret of all lovers of the theatre he seems now to have chosen for his fixed abode,

Even from his slumbers we advantage reap.

BUT to return to my subject. Methought I was, by the bounty of the Gods, restored to all the bloom of eighteen; and commanded to make my immediate choice for life, of *Marriage* or *Celibacy*, which choice was to be irrevocable; and that I might not determine blindly in an affair of such consequence, *Prudence* was ordered to conduct me to the temples of the two deities, which were situated in groves nearly adjoining. I cannot forbear digressing a little to tell you the joy I felt at looking in the glass, and seeing there a form so very different from that which my too faithful mirror presents to my waking eyes. Not the charming *Countess of \**, nor *Mrs. \*\**, nor *Miss \*\*\**, ever gazed at themselves with more transport, in the happy moment of high dress for a drawing room, or ridotto,

When awful beauty puts on all its arms,

POPE.

Nor even the reverend *Countess of Grizzle*, fresh from the hands of her *French* tire-woman, loaded with grey powder, pomatum, and paint, than did *Mary Singleton* at her recovered self.

My guide first conducted me to the fane of *Marriage*, which was embosomed in a shade of myrtles and oranges; the linnets in pairs warbled in the branches, the doves cooed to their mates; the flowers exhaled unspeakable odours; and my heart danced with pleasure as I approached the temple; the avenues to it were open, and only guarded,

ded, by way of state, on one side by *Cupid* with a train of *Loves*; and on the other, by *Plutus*, the God of Riches; I chose to enter by the walk which was under the care of *Cupid*, and the little archer smiled upon me with such complacency as quite put *Celibacy* out of my head.

ON our entrance we saw the God, seated on a throne of myrtle inlaid with gold; his countenance was gay and florid; his air inspired joy and festivity; and his whole form was uncommonly agreeable and inviting: he was habited in a close robe of flame-coloured fatten; his head was crowned with *Roses*; in his left hand he bore a branch of *Olive* bending with fruit; and in his right a regal sceptre, which thro' the gilding, which in some places was worn off, I could plainly perceive was in reality of *Iron*. *Love*, *Honor*, *Respect*, and *Wealth*, stood on each side of him; and *Posterity*, at a little distance with a group of boys and girls lovely as the son of *Venus*, seemed anxious to engage my attention: my whole soul was overcome, and I was just going to give my hand to *Marriage* when happening to turn my head, I saw behind the throne *Care* with wrinkled brow and haggard eyes; *Discord* crowned with scorpions, *Jealousie* stung by the *Furies*; and *Slavery*, bearing a yoke and loaded with chains, most of which were of gold, and the rest of flowers in the form of festoons, which he, by a motion of his hand, invited me to put on.

x *entrained* I startled with horror at the dangers before me, and begged of my guide to retire: she assured me these fantoms were not the constant, but accidental attendants on *Marriage*; and that by her assistance which she promised me, I might almost always avoid their influence, and ~~begged~~ <sup>x</sup> me to advance: however, as I could not get the better of my fright I refused to listen to *Prudence*, and hurrying



hurrying out of the temple, entered with her the grove consecrated to *Celibacy*.

IF my heart beat with rapture at entering the avenues leading to the temple of *Marriage*, those which led to the abode of this solitary Goddess, produced a very contrary effect; the grove was composed of evergreens, which cast a gloomy and melancholy shade; the way was rough and thorny, and covered with plants of the most unpleasing aspect; no flowers perfumed the air; no feathered warblers strained their little throats; the bird of *Pallas* hooted from the boughs, and breaking the solemn silence, cast a damp upon my heart which almost tempted me to return to the Deity I had just rejected: shame however urged me to persevere, and with infinite labor, I at length reached the summit of the hill on which stood the temple. I entered with reluctance, which was not lessened by the appearance of the Goddess: she was seated on a throne of Ebony, her countenance was severe, her complexion pale and unanimated; she wore a loose robe of the purest white, a garland of willow on her head, and held in her hand a branch of barren yew: *Chastity*, and *Pride* supported her train; before her stood *Neglect*, *Contempt*, and *Derision*, but as her port was majestic and haughty, she overlooked them, and kept her eyes fixed upon a very beautiful personage at her right hand, who, from her easy composed mien, I rightly guessed to be *Tranquility*.

a. yew is  
not barren:  
it bears an  
immally out-  
Bernes.

As I drew nearer, the cloud on the brow of *Celibacy* seemed to disperse, and I could observe in her an air of serenity which had escaped my observation at a greater distance; her whole form seemed more pleasing as I advanced, and I was already inclining to enlist under her banners, when on waving her hand, a youth approached, lovely as the blush of morning, and breathing the odours of the spring; his air was noble and disengaged; his countenance was flushed with health,



health, and sparkled with vivacity and spirit: his flowing garments, which fluttered in the breeze; his careless locks, floating in wanton ringlets on his shoulders; and the rod of manumission in his hand; discovered him to be *Liberty*.

I gave him my hand in a transport of pleasure and he with a smile of approbation, delivered me to *Peace* and *Contentment*, the constant companions of his steps; commanding them to lead me to the temple of *Happiness* which stood at an equal distance from the rival Fanes of *Celibacy* and *Marriage*, and received indiscriminately from both, such as were introduced by the amiable pair who were now my conductors: my joy at this command was so great as to break the fetters of sleep, and restore me to old age and wrinkles: however, though my beauty vanished with my dream, I have the satisfaction to find myself *really* accompanied by *Peace* and *Contentment*; as a proof of which I need only remind my readers, that I am at this time of life, and in a state generally attended with spleen and illnature, one of the best humored creatures breathing; and instead of gadding about to vent my spleen upon my innocent neighbours, and make other people uneasy, like most of my sisterhood; am, as you see, very inoffensively blotting paper, and wearing out my small remains of spirits and eyesight, in the service, and for the amusement of my fellow citizens: I heartily wish, for the peace of society, every Old-Maid in the bills of mortality was as harmlessly employed.

P. S. THE letters from Sir *Credulous Comet*, from E. L. and from &c. &c. were received.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in Pater-noster-Row.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]

*Mr. Brooks.*



127

THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XXII.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, April 10, 1756.

*It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him: for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity.*

BACON. Essay 17.



As the approaching week is consecrated altogether to religious purposes, I should offend the more serious part of my readers, and act against my own inclination, if I pitched upon a subject for this day's paper which had not some relation to it. Notwithstanding, I hope I may be excused the mention of my being not a little diverted, at the extreme mortification with which a *French* gentleman, and a protestant too, whom I had known at *Paris*, expressed him-

*A paper on religion, not = hid. up and conducted in a very entertaining manner.*

*A true description of one of Whitfield's sermons.*



himself at a visit I received from him some weeks past, upon his finding that here we observed no carnival as in his own country. The entertainments in that season, at *Paris* and other places abroad, he spoke of with such rapture, he described with such spirit, and lamented the want of them here, with such sensibility of regret, that tho' he ridiculed this preparative to Lent, under the description of giving so many days to the *D—l*, before they entered upon the season devoted to *God*, yet I found that my honest *Frenchman* was wishing to be one amongst them: his protestant education and good-sense, made him see the folly and emptiness of the meer formal observance of the prescribed abstinences of Lent, as a compensation for the libertinisms of the rest of the year, and especially the shocking excesses of the carnival: but at the same time the vivacity so characteristick of his nation, had made it almost impossible for him not to partake with high relish, the joys of that season of festivity. Diverted however as I was, at my *French* protestant's concern for the want of a popish carnival, this incident, as often as it has occurred to me, has occasioned in me many a serious reflection upon the different value of a true and rational, from an enthusiastic or superstitious persuasion in religion, and their contrary effects upon the temper and conduct of mankind.

I have often lamented in countries where the established religion is that of *Rome*, the unhappy degeneracy which I saw before me, in the tempers, as well as morals of the people, from the persuasion, that an unwavering faith in the exclusive infallibility of their church, and a formal observance of its institutions, were more important to salvation, than piety to God, than well regulated affections in themselves, or than virtue and charity to their fellow creatures. I have on this account been the more thankful, for having received my education under an establishment, where we are taught by the very terms in which our common devotions are offered up to heaven, that all acts of religion are designed to improve us in good affections and habits, all piety to God, to make us more happy in ourselves and with  
each



each other, and that the way to be blessed of Him forever in a happier world, is as much as we can, to make ourselves blessings to one another in the present.

THIS I have ever taken to be true christianity, and this I have ever been persuaded was the amiable and rational profession of the church of England. But it seems we have a set of declaimers, wearing the habit of the clergy of the church, tho' some of them professedly dissenting from it, who instruct us otherwise, and set up themselves for the only guides to salvation, by teaching doctrines more destructive to virtue, than the very worst of the church of Rome. I had often heard accounts of these new pretenders amongst us to infallible inspiration, from such, whose candour, and judgment I could depend upon. But as in a concern of this kind, I think it weak to rely upon report, when more certain conviction is in our power; I went not long since with a friend, to hear one of the most followed and admired of them all. It was at the <sup>Long-Acre Chap<sup>l</sup></sup> chappel, where he advertizes himself to exhibit upon Tuesday and Thursday evenings. With difficulty we were conducted to a seat, and not without the assistance of a small <sup>to Mr Br</sup> present to the devout pew-keeper. After we had waited more than an hour beyond the appointed time for the preacher's appearance, a piece of insolence for which a regular divine would have been forsaken by half his congregation, and perhaps complained of to his Bishop, an universal murmur of joy proclaimed his approach to the chapel door. I should not in justice omit, that I asked a very pious orange woman who sat near me, and who to the great annoyance of one of my senses, had raised her devotion with the noble spirit of juniper, whether it was usual with him to keep them so long in expectation? She told me, no, and that she was afraid the dear man was ill: and went on: 'Madam did you ever hear Mr. <sup>hit</sup>W<sup>hit</sup>f<sup>ill</sup>d? O! he is a sweet creature, a charming man, ah would they were all like him! thank God I have followed him these twenty years.'

THIS

THIS charming man at last ascended the reading-desk, and began with an earnestness which pleased me; but accompanied with such antick gesticulations, as soon took off the effect. His tone of voice is vulgar and unnatural, his pronunciation provincial and harsh: however as he read our divine liturgy, I joined him with that seriousness which this noble composition naturally inspires. These prayers being ended, which it was apparent the greater part of his congregation had much rather should not have been used; he began in the pulpit with a form of devotion of his own, which lasted the best part of an hour, with the folly of which I should have been diverted, had I not been shocked by the blasphemy of some passages, in which he addressed himself to the Saviour of the world, with the same familiarity as to one of his own congregation: but this is the less surprising when one considers that he modestly receives from his followers not respect but worship, that they kiss the edge of his robe, and follow the wheels of his charriot, (for this humble self-denying man, is master of a very neat equipage,) with uplifted hands and all the marks of adoration. His sermon which lasted about two hours, was a confused heap of unmeaning rhapsody, and unentertaining, uninformative, stories, and the tendency of it, if such unconnected trash can be said to have any, was to persuade his hearers that the way to gain heaven at last, was to repent the two evenings of his lecture, and be very wicked all the week besides, and that virtue and morality were hateful to the Supreme Being. As far as my enquiries have informed me, the system of all these new lights of the church, as they are called by their followers, is pretty much the same, as my readers may find by consulting their writings: I beg leave to quote some passages, from the printed discourses of the <sup>T</sup>apostle of Southwark, who speaks with great contempt of all the clergy, who are not possessed with the same spirit of *fanaticism* that he is, under the name of the *moral gentlemen* for advising their hearers to *tread in the primrose paths of virtue*: what a pretty expression! he boasts that there is not a single commandment but what he has broken; and thus addresses his hearers: *Are you sinners? Do you feel*

*The worship  
paid to Whitfield.*

*+ Mr Tho. Jones,  
Chaplain of St  
Labourers.*

now you



you are sinners? *ENOUGH*; my life for yours the Lord Jesus will bear your prayers. Can any thing be more wicked and profane or more calculated to destroy all morality than this manner of preaching, in which crimes, provided they are confessed and acknowledged, are ~~represented~~ <sup>represented</sup> as a far better recommendation to the divine favour than a life regularly passed in the ways of sobriety and virtue. The passages I have quoted from this author are to be found in the *Critical Review*, the ingenious and judicious authors of which masterly performance, have with true wit and humour exposed, the folly of this prevailing and pernicious spirit of enthusiasm.

BUT to return to Mr. <sup>hit is</sup> ~~W—f—d~~ and give my readers some idea of the connection of his discourses: he told us, that the manner in which the clergy preach christianity was as little to the purpose, as if he should in his sermon tell the story of *Julius Cæsar's* being killed in the Capitol, on which he gave us the history of that celebrated *Roman's* death in all its circumstances: this way of introducing a tale, as he himself observed, so much to the purpose, put me in mind of the gentleman, who having heard a good story of a gun, in every company pretended to start; ‘hark! did not you hear a gun? And now you talk of a gun I will tell you a story.’

IT would far exceed the bounds of my paper, to mention half the glaring absurdities in this strange harangue; but I cannot pass unnoticed the action of the preacher, which tho’ evidently taken from that of *St. Paul* in the cartoon of *Raphael*, bears a much stronger resemblance to an attitude I once saw a gentleman put himself into, in describing the celebrated boxing battle betwixt *Slack* and *Broughton*. He dismissed us at last, assuring us that all who did not believe the Gospel, according to his account of it, were children of perdition, and that whoever did not leave father and mother, &c. to follow him, would find their portion in eternal punishment: I give ~~his~~ his sense not his words, which were too coarse and shocking to be repeated.

BUT by the mention of this upstart tribe of fanatics, I have been carried much farther from my intention than I was aware. It was my design when I began this paper, to have compared with the childish follies I had seen practised at this season in the church of *Rome*, the parallel phrenzy of  
our



our homebred enthusiasts, and to have opposed to both, the truly sober and rational piety, which animates not only the whole liturgy and ritual of the church of *England*, but the compositions of her divines in general.

THE way in which they instruct us to observe such seasons of piety, as that of the approaching *Holy Week*, is not altogether by an outward attendance upon the public service of the church, but by joining with it the unaffected devotion of the heart; in the extraordinary direction of our souls to heaven, to be employing ourselves according to our abilities and wealth, in superior acts of charity to our fellow creatures, and in both to abstract ourselves from all vain, selfish, and temporal views, nor to seek any other approbation, or praise, but the silent and happy applause of our own consciences, nor any reward, but what is to be found only in a far better state of being than the present.

VIRTUE is evidently the highest good of a rational being, and religion the great support of virtue, ‘*Man*, says the noble author, whose words I have prefixed to this paper, ‘*when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain*;’ a force to aid his virtue: but superstition sets up a ritual of formal observances, enthusiasm, the extacies of a heated imagination in the room of both virtue and piety: they extirpate from the minds of men, all the powers even of natural virtue, and erect a tyrannic monarchy of infatuation and passion in their place. In short, as nothing is such a debasing of human nature, or strikes so much at the root of all private and social good, as a superstitious and enthusiastic persuasion of religion, so on the contrary, there is no armour against the frailty of human nature, nor any thing which makes for the perfecting human happiness in all states and circumstances, like the reasonable faith and service of christianity; for, says again this admirable author, ‘*certainly it is a heaven upon earth, to have a man’s mind (as this teacheth) move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.*’

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]

*Mr. Brooke. husband of the  
pretended Old Maid.*



THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XXIII.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, April 17, 1756.

Marriage is but a beast, some say,  
That carries double in foul way,  
Therefore 'tis not to be admir'd  
It should so suddenly be tir'd.

HUDIBRAS.

TO MRS. SINGLETON.

Old-Bondstreet April 9.

Dear SINGLETON,



YOU, or your correspondents, have been often so wise and so learned, that I began to be afraid you had only hummed us in pretending to be an Old Maid, and was some fellow who had taken the petticoat for a disguise, but the dream in your last paper is so clever, and so exactly describes my own case, that I am now satisfied you must be one of the sisterhood; I fled from marriage when I was young, with more fear than prudence, but again resuming the latter for my companion, and growing daily more in love with that liberty and independency I had made my choice, I am as chearful and happy

An attempt at  
Some hu-  
mour: but  
not right.  
The verses  
unintelligible.

I am afraid  
if she attempts  
to launch into  
the Ocean of  
humour, she  
will soon be  
drowned.

It seems this  
Paper is not more  
Singleton's but  
the insertions  
of such a paper  
will be deemed  
a sort of Taste.

True Signs of Man, and Wife.

Verses on Sweetness.



happy a creature as yourself, and tho' near as old, am not without friends, and admirers too of the other sex, witness the letter and copy of verses I here send you.

*I am, dear Singleton,*

*Your most humble Servant,*

ABIGAIL EASY.

TO MRS. EASY.

MADAM,

IT is, I believe, a year, or if I were to use the language of lovers *an age*, since I had the favour of a line from you; but I deserve it for the liberty I took in my last, to inveigh against the *cruelties* of *your* sex, I now hope to make my peace, by directing my invectives more agreeably to truth and my own sentiments, against a set of petty tyrants of *my own*.

IN this point I am sure of your concurrence with me, as nothing I apprehend, has more determined your choice to a single life, than a generous indignation at the insolencies of modern husbands. A lady, to express the character and definition of one from her own experience, composed the following curious vocabulary. 'He is, says she, an *absolute*, arrogant, angry, abusive, blustering, boorish, brutal, choleric, churlish, coxcomical, currish, dictatorial, dear-bought, despotick, exceptious, envious, froward, fretful, gloomy, gruff, growling, humour some, buffish, headstrong, ill-natured, ill-bred, imperious, jealous, kingly, lofty, lordly, morose, moody, magisterial, narrow-soul'd, noisy, obstinate, overbearing, odious, petulant, positive, queer, querulous, quarrelsome, rude, rough, restive, sour, snarling, sullen, stubborn, tart, touchy, unreasonable, uppish, ungrateful, violent, vexatious, wayward, waspish, dog in a manger.'

ONE would think that in the days of our fore-fathers, domestic love, mutual confidence, tenderness, and such old-fashioned social qualities, on both sides; and the most expressive decency on the part of our sex to your's, were taken by them, for indispensable requisites of the conjugal state. In the form of solemnizing they have left us, and which we still use, it is called, *the holy estate of matrimony*; which is represented, as entered into, *for the mutual society,*

*help*



*help and comfort that the one ought to have of the other, &c. in which the good man, fairly endows his bride, with all his worldly goods; and promises, in the word, worship, to be in all his deportment the most respectful, and obliging creature in the world to her. But whatever is promised, no such matter we know is to be expected in performance: for,*

————— After matrimony's over,  
He that holds out but half a lover,  
Deserves for ev'ry minute, more,  
Than half a year of love before.

WHAT a surprizing alteration in the behaviour of two persons to one another, will two or three months in this *holy state* produce! From the day of marriage, the delicacy, complaisance, admiration and raptures of the lover gradually die away, and intimacy instead of promoting the growth of love, begets indifference: sir leaves his civility, and madam her reserve with the company they visit; for of what use are they at home? Thus he grows gloomy in his countenance, and surly in his discourse; she forward in her looks, and petulant in her replies.

I know a gentleman, who thinks he can always distinguish man and wife, in any place whatever, by certain peculiarities in their behavior. If, (says he) two of different sexes, upon little or no occasion are finding fault with, and correcting one another in company, you may assure yourself they are *man* and *wife*.

If a gentleman and lady are seen sitting in the same coach in profound silence, or looking out at the opposite windows, never imagine they mean any harm to one another; *they are honestly married.*

If a lady accidentally lets fall a glove or a fan, and a gentleman next to her kindly tells her of it, that she may take it up herself; *man* and *wife*.

If you see a lady presenting a gentleman with something at arm's length, her head turned another way, speaking to him with a look and accent different from that which she uses to others; *it is her husband.*

If you see a man and woman walking in the fields in a direct line twenty yards distant from each other, the man striding over a stile, and going on without ceremony; the  
woman,

woman, like poor *Creusa*, lagging behind; you may swear, they are *man* and *wife*.

IF you see a lady whose beauty and carriage attract the eyes, and engage the attention and respect, of all the company present, except a certain gentleman, who speaks to her in a rough accent, totally unaffected with her charms; ask, and you are told; *it is her husband who married her for love*.

IF you see a gentleman who is courteous, obliging, and good-natured to every body, except a certain female who lives under the same roof with him, make no enquiries; it is *his wife*.

IN short, if at any time you find a male and female continually jarring, checking and thwarting one another, under the kindest appellations, as my dear, my life, &c. Man and wife infallibly.

BUT pardon me madam, I promised to confine my censures to my own sex. And indeed there these evils generally begin. The wife is only what the husband makes her. Complaisant and affectionate behaviour has certainly very great influence with the softer sex: but when the lover is changed into the tyrant, when the husband assumes the *Barrow*, and treats *her* as a slave, whom before he adored as an angel, it cannot be expected but his inconstancy should beget her contempt, and his insolence her aversion.

THE grand source of all matrimonial evil is, as *Swift* says very finely, tho' he partially restrains it to one sex only, 'that *gentlemen as well as* ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages: *men* I am sure from all my observation, *whatever pains they take to get a heart, seldom take any to keep one*. I would add more, but have already kept you too long from the far better entertainment of your own thoughts, and have still to trespass further upon your time with a copy of verses. The quality which makes the subject of them, I have attempted to describe as I have seen it eminently displayed in a living original. She is a maiden lady about your own age, and does not live very far from you. I say no more, but that I am with unfeigned friendship and affection,

MADAM,

Your most obedient and,  
most humble Servant.

J. R.

## On SWEETNESS, to ———

O F damask cheeks, and radiant eyes  
 Let other poets tell;  
 Within the bosom of the fair,  
 Superior beauties dwell.

There all the sprightly charms of wit  
 In soft assemblage play;  
 There ev'ry social virtue sheds  
 Its intellectual ray.

But, as the sun's refulgent light  
 Heav'n's wide expanse refines,  
 With sovereign lustre, thro' the soul,  
 Celestial SWEETNESS shines.

This mental beam dilates the heart,  
 And smiles upon the face;  
 It harmonizes ev'ry thought,  
 And heightens ev'ry grace.

One glimpse can sooth the troubled breast,  
 The heaving sigh restrain;  
 Can make the bed of sickness please,  
 And stop the sense of pain.

It's pow'r can charm the savage heart,  
 The tyrant's pity move;  
 To smiles convert the wildest rage,  
 And melt the soul to love.

When *Sweetness* beams upon the throne,  
 In majesty benign,  
 The awful splendors of a crown,  
 With milder lustre shine.

In scenes of poverty and woe,  
 Where melancholly dwells,  
 The influence of this living ray  
 The dreary gloom dispells.

The



Thus when the blooming spring returns,  
 To cheer the mournful plains;  
 Thro' earth and air, with genial warmth,  
 Etherial mildness reigns.

Beneath its bright, auspicious beams,  
 No boist'rous passions rise;  
 Moroseness quits the smiling scene,  
 And baleful discord flies.

A thousand nameless beauties spring,  
 A thousand virtues glow;  
 A blooming train of Joys appear,  
 And endless blessings flow.

Unbounded *Charity* displays  
 Her sympathizing charms;  
 And *Friendship's* pure, and heav'nly flame,  
 The gen'rous bosom warms.

Almighty *Love* exerts his pow'r,  
 And spreads with secret art,  
 A soft sensation thro' the frame,  
 A transport thro' the heart.

Nor shall the storms of age, which cloud  
 Each gleam of airy joy;  
 And blast the gaudy flow'rs of pride,  
 These blest effects destroy.

When that fair form shall sink in years,  
 And all those graces fly;  
 The beauty of thy heav'nly mind  
 Shall length of days defy.

J. R.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
 S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]

*These lines appear rather sent to  
 hurt than to adorn these Lucubrations.*



THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XXIV.

N<sup>o</sup> 6.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)


Saturday, April 24, 1756.

*A trusty Gossip ————  
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,  
Better than e'er our parish priest could do.  
To her I told whatever could befall  
———What most I should conceal,  
To her I made no scruple to reveal.*

POPE.

*Intended for  
the benefit  
and correction  
of a particular  
Person.*

MADAM,

 LOOK upon your paper, as a kind of confessional chair to our whole sex. We may come to you veiled, and freely unburthen ourselves of our sins, and, I hope, unless they are of a very enormous nature, we shall receive absolution. Be that as it may, I shall venture to expose to you certain anecdotes of my own life, in which, young as I am, there has hitherto happened a perpetual series of strange incidents, and unfortunate adventures, all arising from the same source.

I was

*Disasters arising from Curiosity.*



I was scarce out of my infancy, when I shewed an inquisitiveness of temper, that at first gave pleasure and received applause, because it was looked upon as an early and impatient desire of knowledge and improvement: but this supposed good omen soon afterwards received a very different explanation, because all the circumstances, characters, and accounts, which I gathered in by wholesale, I retailed in such a manner, and to say truth, with so much apparent malice, that I put my friends and relations, and the whole tribe of servants, into a state of enmity towards each other; so that they agreed in no one point, but *their* aversion to me, and dread of my prying and tattling. Yet I protest I had no very evil design: my only aim was to learn what each person would say of the other, and who were the greatest and truest favorites of an old aunt, whom either by instinct or information, I discovered to be the absolute governess of both my parents.

FINDING an universal caution and secrecy exerted against me on every side, especially by my father and mother, who scarce ever spoke before me, I resolved one night to creep under their bed, and hear what they said to each other, when they supposed themselves alone. As I lay in a closet within their chamber, I could easily put my design into execution, which I did, while the family was at supper below stairs. I had no sooner crept into my cavern and laid myself at full length amidst dust and spiders, than I fell asleep. Not long afterwards, my mother coming into the room, and hearing a thief, as she supposed, snoring under her bed, ran down afrighted to alarm her husband and the servants, who all came up armed with various weapons, and fully determined to destroy the cut-throat before they dragged him out of his lurking hole. Their arrival awakened me, and not well knowing whereabouts I was, I thrust out my head to see what was the matter. This curiosity probably saved my life: but my father, who had a poker in his hand, as soon as he saw me, exchanged it for a horse-whip, which, with great rage, he exerted upon so impertinent a spy, and so bold an intruder on his privacy.

TIME had scarce expunged the marks of the horse-whip, when observing my two brothers frequently to climb up a large old cherry-tree in the kitchen-garden, and seeing them bring from thence a collection of small birds alive, all standing tamely in a row together upon a twig, I own every atom of curiosity

was



was roused within my little soul. I grew uneasy, and melancholy, in a manner that in a more adult person might have been mistaken for love; I lost my appetite, and was suspected of eating chalk; I could not sleep, and my restlessness was attributed to reading novels. But alas! these were not the causes: the birds had murdered sleep: nor was it possible I could eat, when an undigested secret stuck in my throat, and lay like a bone across my stomach: in this languid condition I remained some weeks. The cunning of my inquiries was to no purpose, my brothers treated me as a tell-tale, and abused me in the teizing style, and jeering language of schoolboys: on the other hand, I was too closely watched ever to slip into the garden. At length a lucky hour arrived, it was when my aunt lay confined by the gout, my Father was engaged in a fox chase, and the dutchess of *Longprate* was visiting my mamma. As I imagined these sort of little birds constantly came and surrendered themselves voluntarily to whoever sat in the tree, I immediately hastened thither through a violent storm of rain, wind, and hailstones. My eagerness was so pressing and the critical opportunity appeared so hazardous to be lost, that I even hurried forth without a cap, and with my hair loose and hanging about my ears. I soon scrambled up the trunk, and was climbing the branches when, on a sudden, I found the hinder part of my head, closely glewed, as it were, to one of the boughs, so that I was rendered incapable of ascending; to disentangle myself I put back both my hands, which, by the same kind of magical ointment, were instantaneously stuck close and webbed together. Anguish, fear, and surprise, soon caused me to lose my footing, and thus I hung suspended in the air, and blown backwards and forwards by the wind, a terrible gibbeted example of curiosity. My hideous outcries, tho' for some time drowned by the storm, at length alarmed the family, and I was taken down, not without difficulty, and underwent inexpressible tortures in the untwisting my hair from the boughs, and afterwards in clearing it of the birdlime. These were some of the disasters of what I may call childhood: as I advanced in life still greater attended me, from amongst them give me leave to select two or three which were particularly fatal.

I had often observed with an uneasy kind of sensation (a sensation that never fails to attend curiosity) such a chearful smug,  
smooth

smooth look in my father and eldest brother after they were shaved, (an operation which they constantly performed by their own hands) that I imagined, *there was a pleasure sure in being shaved which none but shavers knew.* My surmises upon this subject were still extended and increased, by hearing the particular appellation of *a cunning shaver* applied to a neat little old gentleman, who came frequently to our house, and was in high confidence and esteem with my father. At length, after various rotations of thought, I concluded that as this favorite privy counsellor did not shave any body else, he acquired his cunning (a science of which I desired to be a perfect mistress) by shaving himself. From that moment I resolved to commence shaver, but alas! what were the effects of it? No other symptoms of cunning or knowledge than a growing and encreasing beard, that unless daily kept under by that detestable scythe a razor, would render me at this moment as hideous as *Sir John Falstaff*, when he personates *Mother Prat*, the cunning old woman of *Brentford*.

THE only fortunate circumstance, arising from this terrible incident, is this ; before I appear in a morning, or admit even any of the maids to approach me, I am obliged to lock myself up to mow down the bristles of my chin, during which interval I am supposed at prayers, and am therefore looked upon in the family, to be a most compleat pattern of devotion : and as my curiosity never fails to lead me to church every sunday, I am well assured almost to a point of certainty, of being sole heiress to my maiden aunt, with whom I now live, and who is immensely rich, and of the new sect of *Moravians*.

TOWARDS the middle of last parliament, my father was chosen member for a vacant borough, and with great joy I attended my mother and him to *London*. We had lodgings in *Westminster*, in a very large house. Different lodgers were accommodated in different apartments ; next to my room, separated only by a thin partition, was the chamber of an *Italian* gentlewoman, who not speaking our language, kept herself much at home, and was frequently visited by her brother : he came at all hours, and staid often till midnight. I had already  
made



made a million of observations, and drawn a thousand conclusions from his repeated visits, when my mother's chamber-maid hinted to me, that the lady was certainly not his sister, but either his mistress, or his wife. We both immediately concurred in believing her his mistress; this surmise at once kindled in <sup>me</sup> the flames of curiosity. I was burning to discover, and consequently to condemn, a connection which I believed a guilty one, when by accident happening to espy a knot in the wainscot, it seemed purposely placed there by fate to answer my desires. With little difficulty I extracted this knot, and I took my opportunity to do it, when the *Signora* according to her usual custom, was taking a walk in the Park. I filled up the vacated space with a cork, but unluckily forgetting to paint it, the two malicious Italians, (brother and sister at least in iniquity) discovering my design, prepared the most cruel revenge that could be devised. They made an odd noise in their room, I listened, and hearing the noise encrease, I withdrew my cork, and applied my eye to the vacuity, when in a moment I was put to extreme pain, and my sight as instantly obscured by some dust blown upon my eye, at first I thought it had been snuff, but the fatal consequence proved it otherwise, for notwithstanding all possible care was taken of me, the sight of my right eye was destroyed so effectually, that I am deprived of it to this moment. Such a misfortune ought to have quelled my curiosity, but curiosity is invincible, and did the limits of your paper allow me, I should proceed in telling you, by what means I have rendered my gums toothless, and have had two of my fingers lately cut off in a rat-trap. To speak the truth Mrs. *Singleton*, from an agreeable pretty young woman, I am become a monster. My father and mother, who are both dead, have disinherited me, and my only hopes of subsistence rest in the affection of my aunt the *Moravian*. I am afraid too I shall offend her, for I am every day growing more and more desirous to be informed, what sort of religion the *Moravians* profess? I watch her closely yet I have but a confused notion of her principles. I am resolved at all events to know farther, pray Mrs. *Singleton*, can you let me into their system? If you can, I dare say you will. If you cannot, at least be so ingenuous to tell me some particulars concerning your self.



self. I want to be truly informed whether or not you are a real Old Maid? Sometimes I fancy you Mr. *Fitz Adam's* wife; or rather from your past civilities to each other, so much in the matrimonial style, Mr. *Town's*. Sometimes I imagine you are a fellow of a college, or to speak in the language of your correspondent *Virginus*, *an Old Maid of the masculine gender*. In short I cannot rest till I know who you are? The secret shall be perfectly safe; I shall only trust it with my aunt, who sees very few people, and with my maid, who, poor girl, tells me every thing in the world she hears, and therefore gratitude you know requires me to tell her every thing in return. From that same noble principle, I think I may expect a categorical answer to this letter from,

Your most humble servant,

SARAH WHISPERCOCK **B.**

*P. S.* Mrs. *Singleton* is extremely obliged to the gentleman who signs *&c. &c.* but having consulted some friends, is told the scheme though admirably good is improper for her paper; she would be very glad to hear from him again on any subject more consistent with her plan. She received the letter dated *Inner Temple*, and will insert it very soon.

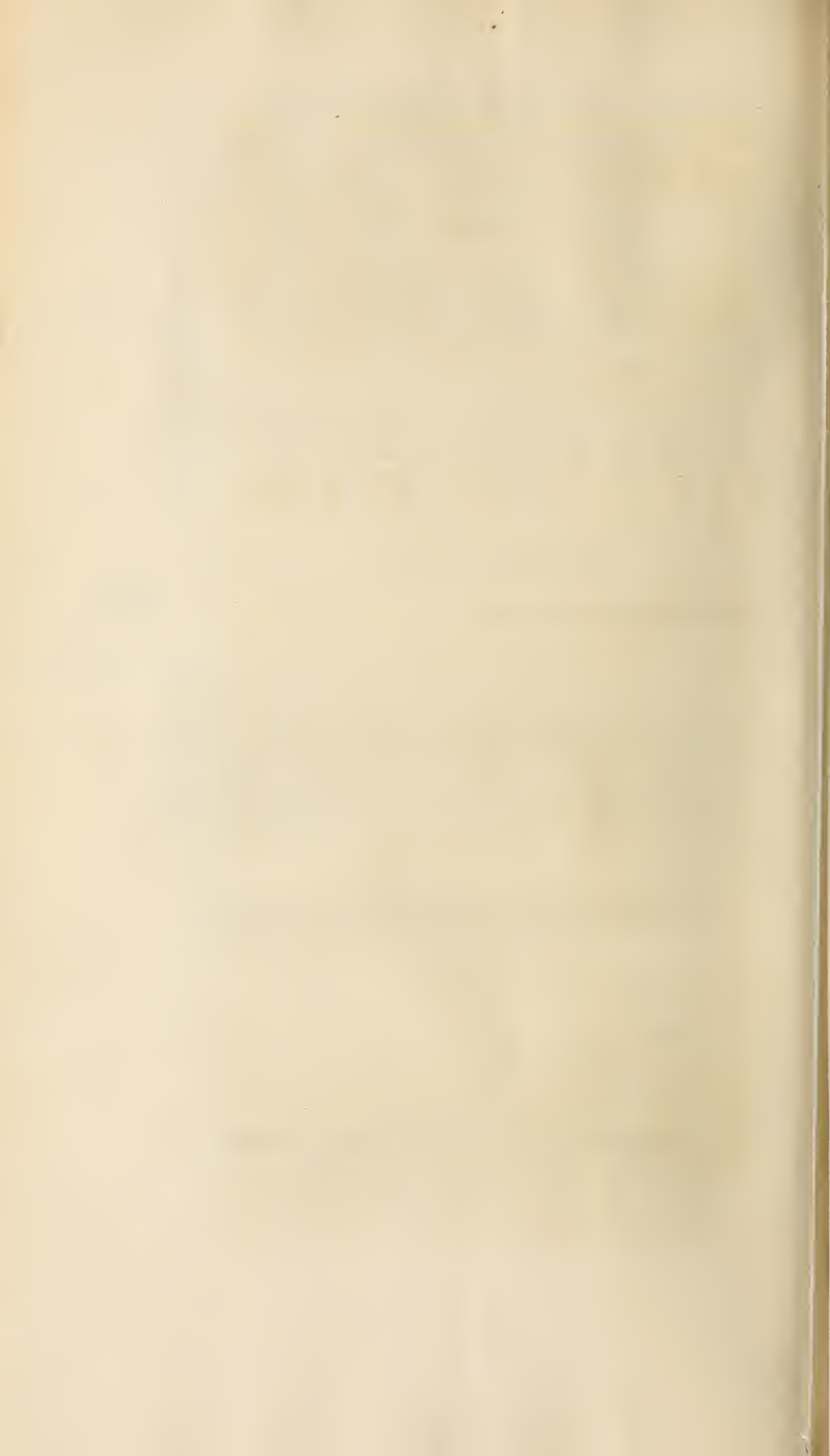
Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]









145.

THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XXV.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, May 1, 1756.

A Parish Priest, was of the pilgrim train,  
An awful, reverend, and religious man,  
But mortify'd he was to that degree,  
A poorer than himself he could not see.

DRYDEN.

— Gain has wonderful effects  
T'improve the factory of sets.

HUDIERAS.

TO MRS. SINGLETON.

MADAM,



Was greatly pleased with your paper of the 10th instant, and had the satisfaction of hearing several gentlemen, at a coffee-house, where it was read aloud, pass the highest encomiums upon it: this, said they, is a very proper subject, and long wished to be taken into consideration by our present periodical writers, but to the shame of the men, has

Mrs Singleton's  
part of the  
paper is better  
than the Letter.  
with a good  
writing by her.

2. N° 22.  
On Whitfield.

A Letter, very indifferently composed, containing  
an improbable story of a diabolical cure.  
Mrs Singleton's animadversions occasioned by that  
Letter

has been neglected by them, and the prosecution of it left to a lady: but I hope, added a grave divine, as Mrs. *Singleton* has begun she will persevere, and she may assure herself of thanks and applause from all except professed libertines, or those, who, under the disguise of extraordinary zeal and fervour in the cause of religion, are doing it more effectual injury.

BUT, alas! Mrs. *Singleton*, while we see and lament the melancholly innovations and unhappy divisions every day gaining ground among us, we cannot but be the less surprized at their progress, when we observe to what degrees of misery and distress, such great numbers of the clergy, of our reformed church are reduced. One starving in a garret and imploring the charity of well-disposed christians in a public news paper: another toiling and sweating from house to house, and from church to church, thinks himself superabundantly happy if his pay does but equal that of a porter: a third we see in the deplorable condition of a common street beggar, of which myself and several others, I doubt not, were lately eye-witnesses. When we see, madam, so many miserable objects of clergymen unprovided for altogether, or entertained in employment upon such wretched terms, can we wonder that others should by any means attempt a more comfortable subsistence, and prefer living plentifully, honored and respected, nay as you observe, in a manner worshipped by their party, in some of the new forms of separation from the established church, rather than starve in contempt by persevering in conformity to it.

I well know, madam, this subject has often employed much abler pens than mine, though none wishes more sincerely than myself to see a tolerable provision made for the inferior and unbeneficed clergy, and surely this, if attempted, might be accomplished: who with bowels of compassion could oppose it? who, in a country peculiarly distinguished for charity would gainsay it? whilst the success of it would, besides the homefelt satisfaction, which is the constant reward of well doing, be attended with the unfeigned applauses, prayers and thanks to heaven of thousands  
actually



actually delivered from contempt and misery, and of all the truly worthy and deserving of mankind. In what manner a charitable fund for this purpose may be provided, I leave to the consideration of abler schemers; but I cannot take my leave of you, madam, without begging your permission to introduce a story which I assure you is fact.

A short time before the taking place, of the late marriage act, a gentleman one evening was rewarded for the fatigue of a long tedious courtship, by the consent of the lady he had addressed, to make him happy the next morning; but on condition of their marriage being solemnized at a parish church about ten miles distant, where neither of them were much known, as the lady was desirous that for some time it should be kept secret. The gentleman readily agreed to the conditions, and waiting on her in the morning, attended by two of their friends, they set forward, but had scarce gone half their little journey before they found it would be impossible to reach the place before the canonical hour was past, upon which it was proposed by the gentleman, and agreed to by the lady, (who had a superstition of making that, which was her birth-day, her wedding-day) to stop at a parochial chapel just in view, and there have the ceremony performed. One of their friends who was on horseback, hastened before to a little hut joining the chapel on the back part, as a leanto, where from the nature of the country, it was apprehended he who had the immediate care of the sacred structure might reside, and knocking at the door with his whip, a well looking old woman in very mean and patched, but clean apparel, asked from the upper window, who he pleased to want? your husband, says the gentleman, if he be the curate, to marry a young couple here. O yes, sir, answered she, he's the curate, if you'll give yourself the trouble of riding down that field, there he is. The gentleman followed her directions, and finding a grey-hair'd old man in a leathern jacket, very busy with his ax, and a spade lying by him, inquired, whether he had seen the curate that way? I'm he, says the old man, what's your pleasure sir? Only, replied the other, to join a couple in wedlock at your chapel: that I will, replied the



the divine with great emotion, throwing down his ax: and going home and slipping on something that had the resemblance of a surplice, performed the service with very becoming grace and devotion; after which the *bridegroom* putting a guinea into his hand; sir, said the revd. old gentleman, I cannot give you change, have neither of the gentlemen any silver?—Imagine, madam, what his surprise was, upon the *bride's* telling him it was all his own and at the same time presenting him with another. I cannot, says he, express my gratitude for this extraordinary goodness; then bursting into tears, and looking at the gold, this, added he, I solemnly protest is coin I have not been blessed with the sight of for these many years: I once lived well, but now if I did not procure a trifle by the business that gentleman found me at, and my wife a small matter by spinning, this curacy would not keep us from starving, this gentlemen I assure you is really true, and yet ——— The old gentleman was proceeding, but the little company being sufficiently moved by what they had seen and heard already, would not give him the trouble of relating what they had reason to apprehend was a grievance not in any of their powers to redress, therefore mounting their horses, wished him and his spouse happier days, and returned home again, much pleased they had in a small measure relieved the distress of one, who appeared so worthy a man.

If, madam, you think the above deserves a place in your paper, as indeed the good opinion I have of you inclines me to believe you will not think otherwise, the publication of it will, I hope, oblige all your readers, but especially

*Your most humble servant, and*

*Inner Temple,*  
April 17, 1756.

*constant reader,*

A. D.

As

As I suppose it can be no surprize to my readers, that an Old Maid, who is given to scribbling, should be pleased to find her performances approved by the men, they will be the more ready to excuse, her not suppressing the compliments paid to her in a letter, which being dated from a public seminary of literature, she supposes must come from some worthy member of it. This however was not so much my motive for publishing the above, as the honest spirit and charitable intention with which it appears to me to have been wrote. I sincerely agree with my correspondent in wishing that some method could be found to relieve the extreme poverty and contempt, which clergymen with small incomes, and large families, must necessarily undergo in an age so much devoted to expence and luxury : and every person of humanity must be particularly shock'd at such instances of indigence as this of the chaple-curate, and those which are too often seen in the streets of *London* and *Westminster* : but I cannot allow any distress whatever, to be a just excuse for the hypocrisy of turning sectary for bread : for my own part I am unacquainted with those parts of *England*, where the clergy are put to such wretched shifts, to make out a support, as this described by my correspondent, but cannot doubt that is so in some places, I have heard it so frequently asserted by persons of worth, upon their own knowledge. The instances notwithstanding, cannot be so frequent as they are commonly supposed

I am informed by clergymen, who I am sure would not deceive me, that all the small livings in *England* and *Wales*, are augmented by the bounty of *Queen Anne*, at least ten pounds a year, that curates are in most parts of the kingdom more sought after than curacies, that the law has provided, the salaries of curates shall be proportioned to the services performed, and the value of the benefices ;

nefices; and that most of those we see making such a miserable appearance in this city, are either such, as rather chuse to live upon alms, than by employment; or such as have behaved themselves so very ill, that no beneficed clergyman, who has any regard to the service of his parish, or to his own reputation, will take them into employ. But some instances I have known to the contrary, one particularly of no undeserving man, who with a wife and large family, was driven to the sad necessity of advertising, and happily acquired such assistance by it, as to fit himself out with necessaries to go chaplain in a man of war, and leave his family something to subsist upon till his return: I wish I could say I did not know of others, who, after being sent down to good curacies in the country, have returned to beg in town, and heartily wish some method was taken to put a stop to their appearing any longer, such a mockery and disgrace to their profession, and a shock even to humanity itself.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]



1.21.



THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XXVI.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, May 8, 1756.

—— My chief Humour is for a Tyrant; I could play Ercles well; or a part to tear a Cat in.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

There be of them [Players] that will themselves laugh, to set on some barren Spectators to laugh too.

HAMLET.

1.21. 2nd.



HE admirable author of the RAMBLER has observed, that Periodical Writers labor under peculiar hardship above others, from the circumstance of having obliged themselves at stated times to serve up some new dish of literary entertainment to the publick, however ill health, bad spirits, or any other of ten thousand accidents very annoying to authorship, may interfere with the preparing it. Let the world go as it will, they must jog on, like stage-coaches with their drawers and drivers, without regarding

The Perceé imbasador  
at the Theatre.

garding wind or weather: and yet a rainy day, or an easterly blast, may damp the warmest genius, or fetter the most unbounded imagination that ever existed.

THE vernal *Zephyrs*, as we learn from the poets, have always been companions to the muses; and the *rosy-fingered May*, has usually, attended by the Smiles, and Graces, led the charming Power of Inspiration by the hand. But alas! this wonted blooming month, the darling of poets, and lovers, has thus far been as *frosty-fingered* as *December*, and led on by *Boreas*, and *Eurus*, not the worst days of winter, begirt with horrors, were ever more unfavorable, to the votaries of *Cupid*, and *Apollo*.

FOR my own part, whether *Old-Maids* are more subject to Glooms than other people, or for what reason I shall not take upon me to determine, but this unkindly spring has reduced me to a meer Non-Entity; and I have for this month past, drank my coffee, nodded in my elbow chair, pored over the *News-Papers*, half slumbered over my knitting, without taking a pen in hand, and had not my correspondents been very liberal, I know not what would have become of my Paper.

HOWEVER, as it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, the season has been very favorable to the Theatres: and I myself, amongst others, have frequented them at this latter season, much oftener than I should have done, but from the motive of forgetting, for two or three of the worst hours in the evening, cold weather and the spleen.

I WAS last week at the Old-House, to see for the second time, *Lethe*, with the alterations, and did not receive the less pleasure from *Mrs. Clive's* whole performance, for having often before attended her in this entertainment: but I was particularly diverted by her *Italian Song*, in which this truly humorous Actress, parody's the Air of the Opera, and takes off the action, of the present favorite female at the *Hay-Market*, with such exquisite ridicule, that the most  
zealous



zealous partisans of both, I think, must have applauded the comic genius of *Mrs. Clive*, however they might be displeased with this application of it. I am a lover of music, am no enemy to the Opera, have seen and heard this performer with pleasure, but have still been a good deal surprised, to hear persons not deficient in understanding, so lavish, as I have sometimes found them, in their praises of this Foreigner's Action, of which by the way, not understanding the language, they can be but indifferent judges, when we have more than one Actress on our own Stage, so infinitely superior to her.

THERE are some lively strokes in the *new* character; but I do not think it strongly enough marked, to justify the propriety of giving it out with that distinction, unless *new* refers, not to the character itself, but to its exhibition in *Lethe*; what is there *new* in a Lord's having the gout, loving a bottle, pretending to taste, or being followed by a flatterer? Folly, Intemperance, Vanity, and Disease, are not at all confined to Nobility, nor is there any such peculiarity in the manner in which they appear in *this* character, as to give it any title to Novelty.

BUT, I was amply recompensed for my disappointment in this *feigned* character upon the Stage, by a *real* one in the King's Box, last Tuesday, at *Harry the Eighth*. My Readers, I suppose, have already in their thoughts, the *Morocco Ambassador*. As from what I had heard of him, and read of the Court he comes from, I imagined he never had been present at a Spectacle of this nature, I determined to watch the artless working of his surprize, and to catch, as well as I could, his sentiments of the Theatre, the Audience, the Play, and the Performers. And shall give them to my Readers, just as they appeared to me.

ON his first coming to the front of the Box, he was complimented with the Applause of the whole house, which seemed to give him great pleasure, and which he returned  
by



by two Bows in the *English*, and afterwards by a Reverence in the *Moorish* manner, which last, I thought very graceful. His Dress has an air of dignity, tho' not equal to that of the Turks; his Countenance is, notwithstanding the swarthiness of his complexion, very agreeable, his Features carry in them strong marks of understanding, and with his eyes, appear full of sensibility and expression: tho' he is rather low of stature, yet his loose flowing robes, and his manner altogether, gave him such an air of superiority, that I thought the Audience looked only like his attendants.

THE House and Spectators attracted his notice so much for some time, that he seemed very well entertained before the drawing up of the curtain. At the first scene between the Lords, I thought he looked disappointed, and after a transient view of the Stage, directed his eyes again to the company: at the entrance of King *Henry* his attention was a little recovered to the performance, but his majesty had not proceeded half way thro' the scene, before he burst into a most immoderate fit, of apparently contemptuous laughter, which he repeated very often thro' the whole playing of the part. The manner in which this stranger was affected by it, amongst other considerations, fully convinces me that this character is most ridiculously burlesqued in the representation, and that both *Shakespear* and the monarch are very inhumanly sacrificed, to the polite taste, and elegant distinction of the upper gallery. If it were not for exceeding too much the limits of my Paper, I could point out many abuses of the like nature, which have encreased upon us so much of late, that 'tis almost impossible to attend the Theatres, with the expectation of receiving pleasure from some parts of the performance, without the certainty of suffering equal disgust from others: it was the case of many besides myself, at this of *Henry*, upon the absurdity of *Winchester's* brandishing his cane at *Canterbury*, upon the close of the council scene; and yet to give opportunity for this notable stage foolery, the Archbishop and Bishop are both made to walk, out of their proper order, tho' in attendance

tendance upon the *King*; to return to whom, I beg leave to observe, that his character is drawn by *Shakespeare* very nearly as it stands in history, and in colours far different, from the farcical ones, in which it is the present fashion to represent it. He is described indeed an imperious, but at the same time a great Monarch, and notwithstanding his short interjections of anger, he is in my Judgement upon every occasion a King. I wish this consideration may prevail with *Mr. Berry*, when he plays this character for the future, to remember that tho' *Harry* as well as *Jobson*, may be something rough and boisterous, yet the turbulency of a haughty prince, is a very different quality, and must therefore appear in a very different fashion, from the sawciness of an impudent cobbler.

WHATEVER neglect, his *Moorish Excellency* might discover of this Part, he paid great attention to that of *Queen Catherine*; but nothing seemed to affect him so strongly as *Miss Young's* singing, at which he appeared quite collected, and listened to her with all the marks of rapturous admiration: his whole soul appeared touched, and at the end of the song, he joined the house in clapping, a mark of applause I did not observe him give at any other time.

I THOUGHT upon the King's kissing *Anna Bullen*, that he appeared surprized and offended, and looked about, to observe whether others, were not affected in the same manner.

THE procession was less marked by him than I had expected, but upon the *Champion's* entry on horse-back, he burst into such an immoderate fit of laughter, as to fall quite back in his seat.

AT the end of the Play he rose, as if to leave the House, but looked very well pleased upon being informed there was more entertainment to come: in the *Pantomine*, he seemed surprized and disgusted at the appearance of *Harlequin*, to whom he did not appear reconciled to the last; his wonder

wonder was still greater at the flying of the *Genii* cross the stage, and other parts of the machinery, which I thought he studied, but was puzzled, to account for; he laughed heartily at the *Clown*, and admired the *Columbine* not a little.

I RECEIVED so much pleasure, from this specimen of meer natural wild taste in his Excellency of *Morocco*, that I am determined never to miss a play at which he is to be present; and should be greatly pleased to see him a spectator of the action, of some of our best performers; I am certain from what I have seen of him, that he has great natural sensibility, and tho' he knows but little of our language, he may be a judge of the Gracefulness if not the Propriety of Action; he may certainly be as competent a judge of the last, as any meer *English* spectator of that of *Mingotti*.

As I am jealous of the honor of my country in all respects, I would have this stranger leave it, with as high an opinion of our publick entertainments as possible, and could wish that at the Old-House, he might see Mr. *Garrick* in *Richard*, or some equally striking part, and that at the New, he may be present at Plays, where rich dresses, magnificent show, graceful action and uncommon personal perfections, in the principal performers, might contribute to give him a more elevated idea of our stage, than he can have received from King *Harry*; I am therefore ardently desirous as an Englishwoman, to see him at the representation of *Alexander the Great*, and some other play of the same cast, where all the chief Actors are concerned.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in Pater-noster-Row.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]

*Mrs Brooks.*





151

THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XXVII.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, May 15, 1756.

SAUCIANT  
Candore et luxu nivei pectoris.

GALL.

Arrows by thousands from their Bosoms fly  
And the heart pays the rashness of the eye

ANONYM.

To Mrs. SINGLETON.

MADAM,



S all apprehension of a *French* invasion is not yet over, I beg leave to inform those, who may have any remaining fears on this head, that a scheme hath been thought of, which will infallibly confound these invaders, if they carry their design into execution. It hath been proposed that little parties of our fair country-women be cantoned along the sea-coast, ready to oppose themselves to the enemy on their landing; and by laying open to their eyes those fatal *Bosoms*, which have already committed merciless slaughter on friends and

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~  
Very well.

*A female Army to be raised.*

and countrymen, immediately disarm them, and lead the willing captives in filken cords (of which a proper quantity is provided) in triumph to *London*.

As far as this scheme hath been already communicated, it hath met with general approbation. Every man, having felt the destructive force of this battery, is sensible, what might be done by turning it upon the enemy, from what it hath done already.

I HAD the honour first to propose this scheme; of which, to deal ingenuously, I must own, I received the hint from antiquity. There is in the Bodleian Library, a curious fragment of a *Roman* poet, that hath not yet been made public — “ When the much-wronged *Coriolanus* led down the  
“ fierce *Volscians* against *Rome*, the senate deputed his wife  
“ and mother to intercede for them. The *Roman* mother in-  
“ treated, wept in vain. Even the fair *Volumnia*, whose  
“ every wish ’till now had been read by the eye of love, and  
“ solicitation prevented by compliance, in that unrelenting  
“ moment found the pressing hand, the tender glance, and  
“ all the silent eloquence of grief inexpressible, weak as her  
“ mother’s tears. Her sorrows were too mighty for her.  
“ She turned from him, and fainting on her mother’s neck  
“ her falling robe left her bosom bare. *Coriolanus* melted  
“ at the sight, and catching her in his eager arms hung  
“ over her enamoured, and in a moment looked away  
“ his rage.”

UNFORTUNATELY we are not told what other execution the lady did on this occasion. In all probability it was very considerable; for if the husband was so moved with what could not have the force of novelty with him, what must the *Volscians* be, to whom these beauties were new, and therefore the more affecting. However, allowing the lady only to have disarmed her Man, it makes considerably for my scheme; and I have not the least doubt, but we shall immediately get together a body of female forces equal to any number, the *French* may be able to send against us.

NOT



NOT that I should despair of success, tho' our fair recruits should not be so numerous, as might be wished. We are told in History, that on the *Roman* camp being unexpectedly attacked by the enemy, while they were at rest, a naked figure more beautiful than the ivory *Pallas* of *Phidias*, and like that armed with a tremendous spear, was seen in the front of the *Roman* forces; that the gallant enemy took it for some celestial form, and with becoming piety threw down their arms. An invaluable volume of anecdotes lately discovered among the ruins of *Herculanum*, and with which I hope very soon to oblige the public, says, it was—there the manuscript is unfortunately illegible—but the termination—is evidently feminine, and it follows in very plain characters,—that she—was some celebrated *Roman* toast, that it was the general's spear she had snatched up on this occasion; and that the *Roman* officers, sensible of the superior powers of the ladies, and afraid lest their military glory might be eclipsed by them, if they should take it in their heads to make war in that manner, had trumped up the story of its being a young man, who had done this extraordinary action, and had obliged one of their colonels to submit to be fined, for having gone to battle unarmed, in order to give the greater air of probability to the report.

OUR *British* heroes, from a generous love of their country, and a consciousness, that their glory stands on a firmer foundation, than the *Roman*, disdain the mean design of preventing that power being carried into action, which may be made so serviceable at this alarming juncture. It is with the greatest pleasure I daily see the gentlemen of the army acknowledging the comparative nothingness of their capacity to defend us, and in all public places frankly putting themselves under the protection of the fair warriors that have already offered themselves for our service, and whose more than manly breasts pant with a generous desire of laying our enemies prostrate at their feet.



x *Thalistris.*

IT is hoped and believed no true *English* Woman will refuse to join in this glorious enterprize, or decline to unbosom herself, with the spirit of an Amazon, for the defence of her country : more especially as victory is demonstrably certain. For tho' it may appear to some very sceptical people not quite so clear, that one *English Man* is, in this degenerate age, a match for three *Frenchmen*, yet if we will alter the term to *Lady*, there can be no doubt of it. Nay I am confident, the intrepid *Thalestris*,<sup>x</sup> would readily take the chance of any evening's company at *Ranelagh*, and with the artillery of a single battallion, selected from thence, give battle to the whole *French* army, with their *Monarque* at their head.

ALL possible care will be taken to make the campaign agreeable. Every lady will be allowed to carry with her what baggage she pleases ; any number of lap-dogs, hair-dressers, monkeys, looking-glasses, and parrots. There will be cards every evening at the tent of the Lady-Colonel of every regiment ; and Madame la Generale will give a ball twice a week, if a proper number of Beaus can be prevailed on to venture themselves so near danger.

PROPER justice will be done to merit, and the commissions superscribed, as the golden apple was, TO THE FAIREST. Testimonials of executions already done will have due attention paid them. She, who has only killed her man, cannot expect to be distinguished, as it is imagined there will not be a Private Lady in any of the Corps, who has not killed half a dozen. But particular regard will be had to the dispatch and unrelentingness, with which the fair destroyer has done her business. Invaders in this case have no right to mercy, and therefore the lady, who has never in her life given quarter, may assure herself of a regiment.

THE recruits will be exercised every evening at *Ranelagh*, 'till the weather is warmer, when proper officers will be appointed to attend at *Vaux-Hall* for that purpose.

FROM

FROM the love of adventure, natural to our ladies, it was believed the regiments would be filled in a few weeks, without advertizing. But it was thought generous to give the *French* this public notice what they have to expect, as well as to give every *British* Fair, an equal opportunity of distinguishing herself in the service of her country. This step was besides thought proper in order to learn, if any rational objections could be made to the scheme. I have as yet only heard of one, and that to the last degree trifling. It hath been said, it may possibly prove a very hot summer, and the troops, from being without breast-plates, may be in danger of suffering extremely by the campaign. I suppose this objection was first started by some old maiden aunt over anxious for her country cousins; for as to the town ladies, (from whom, as being confessedly the most public-spirited, we have the greatest hopes) it is well known they are quite safe in this respect: they have been long in exercise, and cannot have much to fear from sun or wind. And for the encouragement of the others, I have the pleasure to acquaint them, that a bill is now preparing to be laid before the parliament, who, it is not doubted will take their case into consideration, and make ample provision for such bosoms, as shall receive any damage in the service of the publick.

I HAVE the honour to be appointed agent to the forces raised, and to be raised on this occasion, and am commanded to send this account to the *Old-Maid*, who will doubtless gladly promote a scheme, that does so much honour to her sex. I am even confident, that your generous breast, Mrs. *Singleton*, will be ready to display itself on this occasion; and if any number of

*Old-*

*Old-Maids*, animated by the same patriot spirit, should be nobly inclined to lay aside their tuckers, I beg I may have the honour of instructing the sisterhood in the necessary exercise which is yet shorter than the *Prussian*, and I hope, will be found at least as serviceable.

I AM to be heard of at all hours at the sign of the *Amazon* in *Maiden-Lane*, or at the *Original Adam* and *Eve* in *Paradise-row Chelsea*.

I am,

M A D A M,

*Your most obedient*

*and humble servant,*

AN ANTIGALLICAN.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]

*The Reverend Mr Giffard. Tutor  
in a private family in Derbyshire.*



163.



THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XXVIII.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, May 22, 1756.

Neither has any thing he calls his own.

OTWAY.

Happy the man, who, studying nature's laws  
Thro' known effects can trace their secret cause;  
His mind possessing in a quiet state,  
Fearless of fortune, and resigned to fate:  
And happy too is he who decks the bowers  
Of Sylvens, and adores the rural powers.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

N<sup>o</sup> 7.

Miss Hartley:  
ley's supposed  
Epitaph is very  
pretty.



S in the course of this paper, I have introduced several characters to the acquaintance of my readers, and as yet have given them very little business, it may be imagined I have no design of continuing their history; and that I have raised expectations I have no intention to gratify: but let it be considered, that my design is not  
to

D<sup>r</sup> Hartingley gone to his house in  
Berkshire. His present to Rosara. India  
and Rosara, gone in haste to see Mr  
Moutagne who is ill of a fever. They are attended by Bullville.

to invent imaginary stories ; but to present my readers from time to time with such real events of my life, and the lives of my friends as are particularly interesting, in the order in which they may happen ; and that I also think myself obliged to intermix with these such subjects as shall appear to me either useful or entertaining, tho' they have no connexion with the affairs of Mrs. *Singleton*, who is not so vain as to imagine the public have nothing to do but to listen to the private concerns of her family. However as my heart always dictates to my tongue, there are times when I cannot help talking of myself, and those friends who share my esteem ; and this happens to be one of those times.

My readers may remember that in my twentieth number, I introduced to them Dr. *Hartingley*, his lady, and Sir *Harry Hyacinth* : the business which brought them to town has so much engrossed them that I have seen much less than I wished of the Dr. and Mrs. *Hartingley*, tho' Sir *Harry* has frequently made one at my tea-table.

---

THESE amiable friends took leave of us last monday. They are gone to their country seat in *Berkshire*. The family estate descended to the doctor scarce three years ago, by the death of his elder brother. A large convenient old house, judiciously modernized, not spoiled ; a delightful park well stocked with deer, and a beautiful rivulet amply stored with fish, are circumstances, added to a rentroll of two thousand pounds a year, that render *Hartingley-Hall* one of the most eligible spots in *England*.

SIR *Harry Hyacinth's* woods, intercept the Doctor's manor from the River Thames, but there is such an harmony, between the two friends, that it is scarce possible to guess where the divisions of territory begin, or to know till we come to the separate houses, which of the two is proprietor of the lands we pass thorough. Sir *Harry* has been sometime of  
age,



age, but he still so religiously looks upon himself as the Doctor's pupil, that he consults his guardian as usual upon every important transaction of his life.

My neice and I had the happiness of passing some months, of the last summer at *Hartingley-Hall*, which agreeable as it is, was made more so to her, by *Belville's* almost constant residence, for the time of our being there, with Sir *Harry Hyacinth*. Though I took great care that the lovers should scarce ever be together alone, yet I am afraid some of the groves heard now and then a whisper of the tenderest kind on one side, and a sigh of fluttering sensibility on the other.

Mrs. *Hartingley* insists that we shall bring *Rosara* to her, before our amiable guest returns to *Rutlandshire*, and her husband the Doctor is so thoroughly intent upon improving the taste and judgment of this excellent young lady, that some days before he left *London*, he made her a present of six large Quarto Volumes, most beautifully and correctly written, and lettered on the outside, *MSS English Classics*. They contain select nervous passages, most judiciously chosen from the best poems extant in our language. To every quotation are added explanatory notes, and anecdotes in the Doctor's own hand.

THE sight of these volumes brought tears into my eyes, as I remembered them prepared and intended for Miss *Arabella Hartingley*, the Doctor's youngest daughter, but I soon repressed the approaches of my grief, by recollecting the young lady's epitaph, written by her father, as her sentiments and information from another state.

\* Could you behold that distant shore,  
Where endless joys I find,  
You'd weep, not that I went before,  
But that you staid behind!

\* This Epitaph is in a Church Yard, (I think) in Two *Berkshire*. the Author was known.



Two of these manuscript volumes, are replete with a variety of essays in prose, most of which have never been printed. By the Doctor's permission, I may now and then perhaps publish such as I shall think most useful or entertaining.

IN the poetical volumes, scarce any of those passages which have been often quoted and are become trite, and common, are inserted. Nor is the least regard paid to the general character of the Author, but to the absolute value of the piece itself. Men who are in general but indifferent authors may sometimes strike out productions worthy of being preserved, as fools sometimes say wise things. The corn must not be thrown away with the chaff; I was pleased therefore to find the nice impartiality of this collection, in which, regard is shown to merit, and not to names.

ALTHOUGH there are several satyrs against particular vices, not a sarcastic line is inserted against particular persons. The strictest attention is paid through the whole to religion and virtue; not a line however full of wit, is inserted which can possibly offend the most delicate modesty, or the warmest piety; which is the reason that there are few Prologues or Epilogues, and very few quotations from *Dryden*, or any of the Poets who belonged to *King Charles* the second's court.

AMONG the more modern Authors I had the melancholy pleasure of reading the name of *Gilbert West Esq.* Under it is written his character, by *Dr. Hartingley* in these four words: "A Gentleman, a Scholar, a Poet, and a Christian".

SOME of my own sex have the honour to be placed within this temple. *Lady Winchelsea's* Poem upon death, beginning, *O King of Terrors!* is distinguished by several

several beautiful ornaments in Indian ink. All the drawings and decorations were designed and executed by Mrs. *Hartingley*, and most of them are emblematical. Almost one entire volume is filled with quotations from the living, among whom I particularly remember the names of *Armstrong*, *Akenside*, *Johnson*, *Young*, *Mallet*, *Mason*, *Gray*, *Glover*, *Warton*, *Whitehead*, and which I read with particular pleasure, *Miss Carter*.

*Rosara* was looking over her incomparable treasure, when a loose sheet of paper dropt out of one of the volumes, which we found to be a letter without superscription, date, or any kind of Address. I am mistaken if the hand is not Sir *Harry Hyacinth's*, but there is so much good sense, there are such right maxims, and such an air of ingenuity throughout the whole composition, that as it came to us seemingly by chance, and does not appear any person's property, I will take the liberty of making it mine, and present it to my readers, word for word, as I found it. On looking it over once more, I find it too long to come into this Paper, and must therefore postpone it.

*L. Clarke.*

THIS moment whilst I am writing, a Servant of *Mrs. Montague's*, *Rosara's* Mother, is arrived, with the unpleasing intelligence, that his Lady is ill of a fever, and desires to see her Daughter immediately: the poor tender *Rosara* is half distracted; *Julia* is in Tears; nor can I myself help sympathizing in the distress of this amiable young woman; *Julia* begs my consent to attend her Friend into *Rutlandshire*. What shall I do? It wou'd be cruel to refuse; she shall go. *Rosara* will set out to night; I hear her ordering a Post-Chaise, I tremble for them: I will send to *Bellville*, who is yet in Town, to accompany them part of the way.

I AM

I AM returned to my library: 'Tis now nine o'clock, and the two dear girls are gone; *Bellville*, and his servant, with *Mrs. Montague's* footman, escort them, so I hope they are safe. My head and heart are so full of *Rosara's* grief; and of anxiety for my *Julia*, that I can talk of nothing else: least I should become tedious on this subject, and I can attend to no other, I will here conclude this Paper.

Letters to *Mrs. Singleton*, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at *Mr. Millar's* in the Strand.



LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]





THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XXIX.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, May 29, 1756.

N<sup>o</sup>. 8.

*The Character  
of Sapphira is  
personal.*

————— We hope to find  
That help which nature meant in womankind,  
To man that supplemental self design'd.

CONGREVE.



ELLVILLE, after escorting the two amiable friends to Stamford, which is within a few miles of Mrs. Montague's house, and waiting there some hours for their commands by his servant, whom he sent with them the rest of the way (though his politeness would not suffer him to go himself, or to give Rosara the trouble of any visiter but Julia, at a time when her mind was so totally engrossed by her mother's illness) returned to town on monday; and made me very happy by acquainting me they were arrived safe; and

*Bellville takes his leave of the two  
Ladies at Stamford. — S<sup>r</sup> H. Hyacinth's  
supposed Letter to D<sup>r</sup> Hartingby.*

and that having waited on the physician who was just returned from visiting Mrs. *Montague*, he had given him hopes of her recovery ; that this gentleman appeared to him not only a man of admirable understanding, and skill in his profession, but of such openness and candor, that he was convinced he was incapable of deceiving him ; and that he had the good breeding to take his *Ad-dresses*, and to promise him the earliest account of every turn in her disorder : he also promised if there should appear any imminent danger to send an express to town immediately. Mrs. *Montague* is my old friend, and though she has, in my judgment been rather too strict in her management of *Rosara*, she is a very valuable woman, and one whose loss I should sincerely lament.

I HAVE not heard from *Julia* since *Bellville's* return, which a little surprizes me ; however I am naturally of a sanguine temper, and hope the best.

I WILL now, without further introduction, lay before my readers the letter I mentioned in my last Paper, <sup>2</sup> which I suspect to be wrote by Sir *Harry Hyacinth*, and addressed to Dr. *Hartingley*.

“ IN your usual friendly manner you politely press  
 “ me to marry : you give various reasons for your  
 “ advice, some of your arguments are indeed effica-  
 “ cious ; others do not appear to me of equal weight,  
 “ give me leave to point out one or two of the latter.

“ You say I ought to marry, because I am the last of  
 “ my family : there you apply more to my pride than  
 “ to my judgment or my heart : but ought the vain  
 “ pride of continuing a name, to be weighed against  
 “ real and solid happiness ? A pride too which can  
 “ neither be founded in reason nor experience. With  
 “ the



“ the characters of my ancestors, I am well acquainted;  
 “ But of my posterity I can know nothing; and observa-  
 “ tion bids me almost despair that our family stream  
 “ should flow much longer in the clear un sullied  
 “ manner which it has hitherto done. At present  
 “ I hope I am myself an honest man; nay, if I know  
 “ my own heart, I certainly am so; but I have pro-  
 “ bably an extensive race to run, and may perhaps  
 “ stumble in the career, so as not only to acquire  
 “ personal stains on my own character, but to sully the  
 “ monuments of my progenitors, and blot the virtues of  
 “ my descendants: or should I continue the man your  
 “ precepts and example have made me, those descen-  
 “ dants may be knaves or fools, and eclipse the bright-  
 “ ness of a family, which you will allow me the  
 “ honest pride of boasting, has hitherto shone with  
 “ all the clear un borrowed lustre of virtue. For my  
 “ own part, were I to consult a reasonable pride, I  
 “ should chuse to remain the last of my family, and  
 “ endeavour to shine brighter than any of my prede-  
 “ cessors. In all processions of dignity, you know  
 “ the greatest men affect to go the last.

“ I AM obliged to you for your favourable opinion,  
 “ that the woman I marry must undoubtedly be  
 “ happy. How can I be certain of that? It is true at  
 “ present I shew neither much peevishness nor illnature;  
 “ but your care, and disposition of my affairs, have  
 “ left me no room for trials of my temper. I am  
 “ walking upon a smooth plain, weak indeed must be  
 “ the limbs that totter and slip upon a bowling green.  
 “ In your example, I have seen the sunny side of  
 “ matrimony. I know there is an opaque side. The  
 “ matrimonial climate, like our native island, is oftener  
 “ visited, I am afraid, by the turbulent blasts of *Boreas*,  
 “ than



“ than fanned by the soft and gentle breezes of Ze-  
 “ *phyrus*. Whence arise, you will say, these dreadful  
 “ apprehensions? wherefore are these frightful pictures  
 “ painted? I will answer you candidly. Young wo-  
 “ men are not the angels they seem to be. Me-  
 “ thinks they are brought out by their friends and pa-  
 “ rents, as jockeys bring out horses, pampered, smooth,  
 “ sleek, and beautiful. Trusting to our own skill,  
 “ and relying on the infallibility of our own eyes  
 “ (which, by the by, are fascinated) we make the  
 “ purchase, and it oftens proves the dearest and most  
 “ deceitful purchase that was ever made. Nothing ap-  
 “ pears to me more ridiculous and absurd, than the be-  
 “ haviour of the same man before and after marriage.  
 “ It is an established rule of fashion to be very humble and  
 “ civil before matrimony, and very imperious and rude  
 “ afterwards. The obsequious lover, approaches in a  
 “ mask: to say the truth the lady is generally as well  
 “ vizarded, as he can be. *Leon* in *Rule a wife and*  
 “ *have a wife*, is in several respects a representative of  
 “ many a complaisant bashful bridegroom, and *Epicæne*  
 “ in *The silent woman*, may in her taciturnity before  
 “ marriage, and her intolerable noise after, be as true  
 “ a picture of many a fair bride.

“ THE world seems agreed that no unmarried  
 “ woman should have any faults. (By the way they are  
 “ almost agreed too that no married woman should  
 “ have any virtues.) Whilst there is a chance for the  
 “ prize every man enhances its value. As soon as  
 “ the prize is gained, all but the purchaser depreciate  
 “ it: and even to him the jewel itself, when set in the  
 “ collet of matrimony, too often discovers a thousand  
 “ little flaws, that an artful distance had kept, before,  
 “ from

“ from his sight. These are truths, which you and I,  
 “ with all our partiality to the sex, can neither refute  
 “ nor palliate.

“ How many instances of facts within our knowledge  
 “ confirm these observations? Whose nuptials ever  
 “ promised more happiness than *Matilda's*? Her hus-  
 “ band says, she would still be the most agreeable  
 “ woman in the world, if she was not subject to  
 “ hysteric fits: they were concealed from him  
 “ before marriage, under the title of an intermitting  
 “ fever.

“ THE virgin *Sapphira* was married in all the  
 “ pride of beauty and affluence of fortune. Why  
 “ does not the married *Sapphira* come constantly  
 “ down to supper? Because those vapours and head-  
 “ ach, to which she has been subject, induce her  
 “ in the afternoon to take too strong a dose of closet  
 “ cordials.

“ LET us pursue these unpleasing instances no  
 “ further, but rather let me delineate to you, the  
 “ method I wish to pursue in obeying the amicable  
 “ commands you lay upon me of altering my state.

“ THE person of the lady I am to marry, although  
 “ ever so beautiful will not satisfy me. I must see her  
 “ mind. I must see it, if I may be allowed the ex-  
 “ pression, in various attitudes. And now to discover  
 “ a certain secret tyranny in my nature, I must see  
 “ her in danger, and I must see her in sorrow. I must  
 “ see her once in both these scenes; if she acts her part  
 “ nobly, and to my taste, heaven forbid I should see  
 “ her in either of them a second time. Should I  
 “ be

“ be ever so much in love, I will not discover my  
“ passion, till I have discovered all her’s.

“ THIS scheme, you see, will take up time ; but thus  
“ much I will whisper in your ear, I have already  
“ beheld the *person* of the woman I wish to marry,  
“ and be assured I will lose no opportunity of being  
“ acquainted with her *mind*.”

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank’d or post paid, are taken  
in at Mr. Millar’s in the Strand.



L O N D O N :

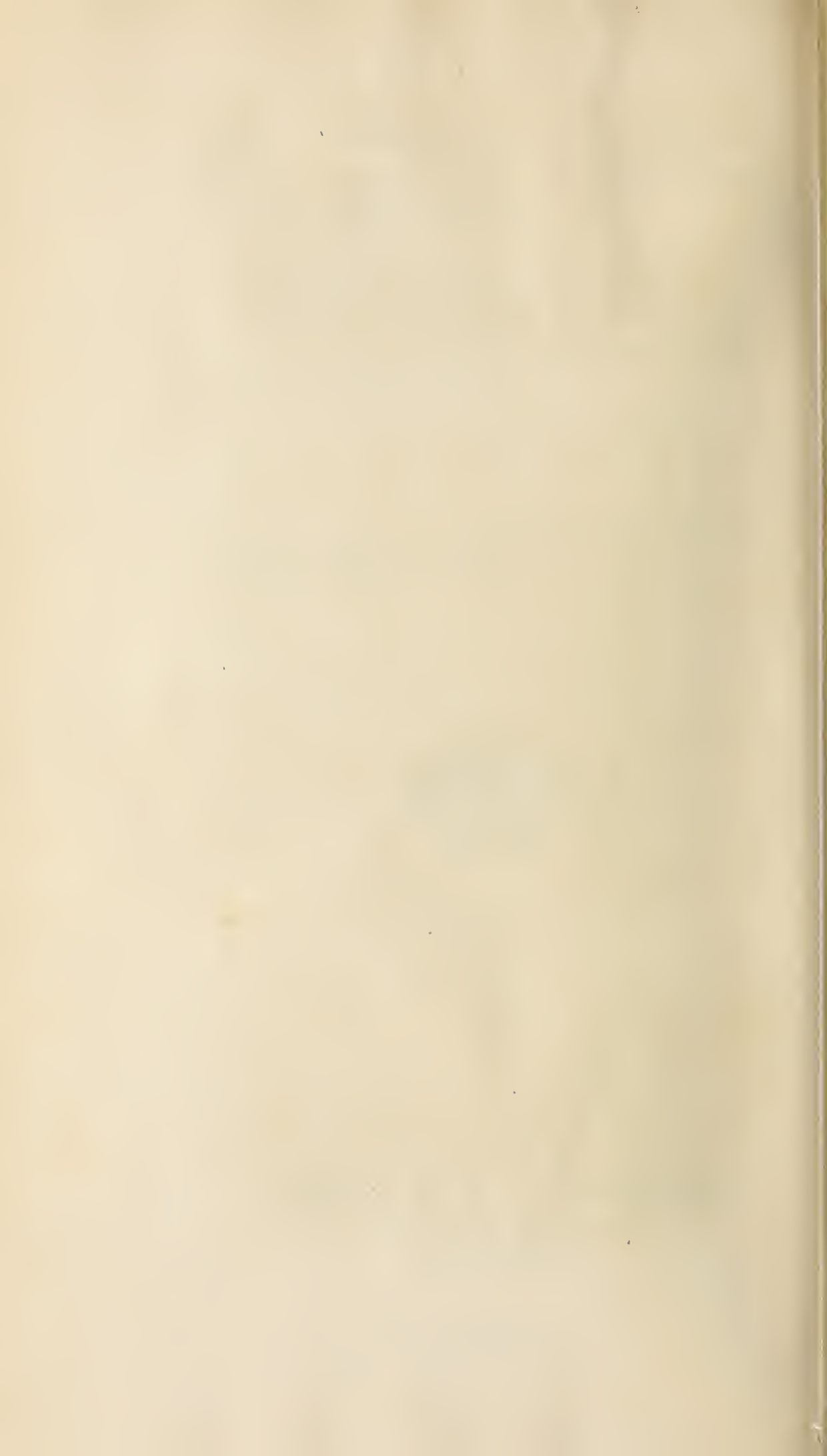
Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price Two Pence. ]

*Ld Corke.*







175.



THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XXX.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, June 5, 1756.

—— Ipsa ad prætoria densæ  
Miscentur, magnisque vocant clamoribus hostem.

VIRG.

With eager haste the lovely warriors fly,  
Like swarming Bees beneath a vernal sky,  
Her list of triumphs each prepares to show,  
Displays her conquests, and demands the foe.

ANONYM.

TO MRS. SINGLETON.

MADAM,



HE readiness with which you were pleased to publish my scheme, for effectually securing us against a french invasion, undoubtedly merits the thanks of the public ; and yet I must own myself disappointed in your conduct on this occasion. I expected nothing less from your avowed patriotism, than that you would have called on me immediately after receiving my letter, to have let me enter your name for a commission, and given me an opportunity of instructing you in the exercise, or at least have offered your advice and assistance for promoting my scheme: but perhaps you may think

Very humorous,  
and preferable  
to the former  
letter on this  
subject.

Continuation of the Female Army.  
from N<sup>o</sup> 27. page 157<sup>H</sup>.



think it is too late in life for you to be serviceable to your country in this way; or you may take me for one of those pert, staring things we see too often in public, and always with a kind of shame that we partake of the same common nature; and therefore could not answer to yourself hazarding the effect, which appearing before me untuckered might have had on me. But if this had been the case you might have made yourself entirely easy; those animals are as little subject to receive, any dangerous impressions from the beauties they gaze at, as to give them; for impudence is like a thick fog, hateful in itself, and nothing appears with its natural beauty, that is seen through it. But you will think the danger still less when I acquaint you, that I am an infirm, old man, whose eyes, many years, and much care for the public, have rendered so dim, that I have only sight enough remaining, to prevent my being under the necessity of having recourse to other senses for my information; this was one reason of my being appointed to the post, I have the honor to be placed in; for it was wisely considered, that in such a situation,

There's no way to be safe, but not to see.

As little regard as you have paid to my scheme, it is with the greatest pleasure I inform you, madam, that volunteers come in as fast as the most sanguine well-wisher to the cause could expect. The *Roman* ladies could not contribute their plate and jewels to save their country, with more alacrity, than the *British* have offered themselves: nor would it have been necessary to trouble you a second time, had not some of the terms proposed given offence, and my want of precision in mentioning the necessary qualifications occasioned some mistakes, that might have been prevented with a little more attention.

THE standard, on which is painted *Venus* disarming *Mars*, had no sooner been displayed at the door of my lodgings, than there entered the gay *CYTHERIS*. She came forward with a very insolent air, and pointing to your Paper, asked me, what I meant by not *giving Quarter*—was I such a dotard, as to think it capable of being proved—or did I mean to encourage the fellows to tell—that I was a pitiful old wretch—but however she would not lose the rank she was sure her credentials would entitle her to—and on this she produced her list of conquests, consisting of at least twenty  
sheets

sheets of vellum, the margins of which were finely decorated with bleeding hearts : and then added, she did not fear but she should double them. Her servant having by this time laboured up stairs with a huge bale of vouchers, I forgot the rudeness of her address on the sight of so ample a testimonial ; and if I had at first entertained any doubts of its authenticity, I should immediately have given them up on sight of a *death dealing Mole*,<sup>2</sup>

— *Cinque-spotted, like the Crimson Drops*

*I'th bottom of a Cowslip —*

*that lay encircled with sweets, like a Viper on a bank of Violets, ready to wound, whoever dares to approach.* In raptures at the sight, I hastened to make my report to a committee attending for the appointment of officers, and in a few moments returned with a commission, in which she was nominated commander in chief, and acquainted her, that in compliment to the superior lustre of her charms it had been resolved,

THAT henceforward no lady shall be supposed to have given quarter, who doth not look as if she would grant it upon the first asking.

NOT long after these entered a tall child, at most but in her thirteenth year, and therefore it seems unnecessary to say she was in the same case with the little sister of a certain great princess, for whose history I refer people of fashion to their chaplains, I concluded therefore notwithstanding her unveiled appearance, she came in behalf of a friend, who imagined herself entitled to some high rank, and was prevented by a previous engagement from putting in her claim in person : I was consequently a little surprized to hear her lisp out, that she begged leave to offer her service. Afraid of nipping so forward a bud, I mentioned, with all possible gentleness, that she was not yet qualified ; and desiring to know what she had to urge in her own favour, more than the zeal of her inclinations, (which it was believed was general,) the pretty dear assured me, she could not sleep a wink, when she heard the young ladies, who were but a little older than herself, boast how many were dying for them. And indeed the little thing shewed its good will with all heartiness ; like a sprightly kid that but e'er its horns are sprouted, and meditates future mischiefs. I thought every encouragement should be given to so promising a genius, and by a favourable representation was happy enough to procure her a pair of colours, which I hope she may be taught to wave in such

2. *Let's*  
*Countess Rascal*  
*Made on her*  
*front which*  
*she calls Tommy.*



such a direction, as to be very advantageous to her. A proper disposition of shade in painting makes the figure seem to stand out of the piece, and we scarce know how to believe a nearer inspection, that tells us the surface is quite flat. However, lest her being admitted should encourage a suspicion, that we give commissions to those who are not qualified for the service, it was directly resolved,

THAT no precedent be made of this: and that it is impolitic to shew an inclination to conquer before we have power to effect it.

I AM very sorry to observe, that many married ladies appeared with their charms as openly displayed as the unmarried, and with handsome certificates of their victories unquestionably attested; and ALL urged their pretensions with a very peculiar confidence. This having been expected, I had received instructions on this head, and in consequence of it asked them if their husbands were as public-spirited as themselves; and if they chose to *let out their wives to all encounters*; otherwise, as no act of a married lady was binding without her husbands consent, we were apprehensive their enlistment was not legal. The answer was made with one voice, “our husbands! do you think we consulted our husbands!—we appear in consequence of your advertisement, in which if the word husband had been mentioned, it would have given us such an aversion to the scheme, that we should not have appeared at all”—I here thought it proper to try another key, and urged, with much tenderness, the great danger they would run; that having already surrendered to ONE, with a promise of never aiming at future conquests, if they were taken in the attempt, no mercy could possibly be shewn them. But I found them not the least intimidated, and therefore, rising to a farther note, I demanded, what could be their motive? Not a desire of honour; for it was well known, that all the laurels, they won, would be planted on their husbands brows. Not a zeal for the service, as their intent visibly was, to preclude virgin adventurers, to whom we chose to trust the cause; not indeed from an opinion that their powers were superior, but from an assurance, that their intentions were more justifiable. I found them as much lost to the sense of shame, as to that of fear or duty, and despairing to prevail on them to give up their  
pre-



pretensions, positively refused to admit one of them ; and immediately entered the resolution of the committee,

THAT a married lady's appearing with *an unshielded bosom* is contrary to the law of arms ; that none who do, belong to our troops, but are all a kind of Hussar-forces, who will be tied down by no regulations ; who will take all advantages, and against whom, of consequence, all advantages will be taken.

A RAP of Quality roused me from some reflections the last scene had brought on, and there entered an old lady, whose eyes were sunk in her head, as it were retiring from a world, that did not furnish a new folly to stare at. Her cheeks indeed were yet blooming ; but as nature is not apt to mix winter and spring thus oddly in the human face, I could not help suspecting it was owing to that wonderful art, which like a hot-house produces roses at a time they do not naturally blow. She gave me no space for farther observation, or to guess at her business ; which as she advanced was very obvious. I will be sworn little miss was her granddaughter ; the bare exposure, the studied risings and fallings, were so very much alike ; as well as the affectation with which she brought out, “ a very pretty scheme this, Mr—  
“ and I think cannot fail of success, if you do not trust too  
“ much to your new-raised forces, and neglect those, that  
“ have been long in the service. Look ye here Sir, I do not  
“ believe you will have a fairer account, or one more pro-  
“ perly witnessed. I expect to be a general-officer at least.” I confessed myself thoroughly satisfied with her credentials, and with a downcast, penitential face, declared my sorrow, for having neglected to mention the age, beyond which we could not think of taking in recruits, and which I was afraid her ladyship was a little passed, as I observed the latest date referred to the year one thousand, seven hundred and twenty—that to be sure she exhibited some very fine ruins—and that I sincerely lamented, it should be the fate of the most beautiful things to be as perishable as the most deformed. I saw her passion rising from the word *Age*, and the cracks in her forehead were by this time become really dreadful. I therefore thought it proper to retreat into the apartment where the committee sat. She was with us in an instant, and as soon as her rage would permit, vowed she  
would

would go over to the enemy, and so put us under a necessity of admitting her, as we were sensible such deserters would not give the *French* any very terrible notions of our power. But to prevent our being put under the like difficulty for the future, it was resolved,

THAT after fifty the most celebrated beauty shall be deemed unfit for service; and that it be recommended to all above that age, to put their arms under cover, as they will only become more rusty by continuing exposed.

THERE is, Mrs. *Singleton*, a forwardness in the courage of some very young heroines, that makes one tremble for the dangers it may expose them to; and there is a desperateness in the military spirit of married ladies, that must always be attended with the most fatal consequences; but the feeble efforts of age to distinguish itself in the same way, are perfectly comic. We should laugh at the first, if there was not quite so much to fear; we cannot laugh at the second, because every thing is to be apprehended; but he must have forsworn mirth, who doth not give a loose to it, on sight of an object so ridiculous as the last.

I am,

MADAM,

*Your most obedient*

*and humble servant,*

AN ANTIGALLICAN.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price TWO PENCE. ]

*The Rev. W. Gifford.*





THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XXXI.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, June 12, 1756.

——— I am not covetous of Gold,  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost,  
If yerns not me if men my garments wear,  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:  
But if it be a sin to covet honor,  
I am the most offending soul alive.

SHAKESPEAR.

*An Excellent  
Paper.*



HERE is nothing in which modern moralists, if they have really intended to promote the welfare and happiness of mankind, seem to me more mistaken, than in their endeavours to reason away the love of fame: a passion implanted in our souls by the all-wise creator for the noblest, and best purposes; a passion under the influence of which the greatest actions have been achieved,

*An Essay on Fame. Doctor  
Mary Singleton's Spinster.*



chieved, and the contempt of which has, in all ages, been attended with a universal depravity of manners.

PERHAPS there is not any one principle of action, except the generous love of liberty, and the still higher sense of our duty to the benignant power who formed us, which has been productive of so much good to mankind, as the passion for true glory.

To be insensible to well-deserved praise is a mark either of that stoicism, which rather merits the name of stupidity than philosophy; or of a low and abject mind, which conscious of its own insignificancy, acquiesces in the obscurity it is unable to emerge from: the undistinguished many, destitute of every quality and every virtue, that can deserve the applause of the world, may affect to despise it, and speak with indifference of one of the highest of human pleasures; but surely those of finer clay must have more exalted sentiments; and must feel and acknowledge the power of this charming divinity.

THAT this passion may sometimes be productive of ill, I readily allow; and the same may be said of every principle which actuates the mind of man: even religion, the sweet, the mild, the amiable source of virtue, sometimes degenerates into the darkest superstition, and produces the most fatal effects: and the generous spirit of liberty, carried to excess, gives birth to licentiousness, and confusion. Such is the imperfect state of humanity.

THE ravages of *Alexander*, it must be confessed, were prompted by this desire alone: for fame, he over-run whole nations unprovoked; and trod the burning desert in quest of foes amongst people whose names were almost unknown to the *Greeks*. But instances of this  
fort

fort are few and uncommon, whilst the numbers animated by the God-like love of glory to serve and benefit mankind are impossible to be told.

IN uncorrupted youth, the season of honor and integrity, we are so strongly actuated by this glorious principle, that it is with regret we hear it represented by the old and interested, as the phantom of a disordered brain, and the wild visionary offspring of fancy: with difficulty are we brought to part with ideas in themselves so pleasing, and so suitable to the self-conscious dignity of our natures.

I WILL venture to assert, that was this natural, this powerful, this glorious passion, encouraged in our young people: was it inculcated with half the pains which we bestow to teach them venality and avarice, we should soon emulate the glory of our immortal ancestors, in the noblest ages of *British* heroism: and instead of flying, like cowards, at the first appearance of an enemy, even when that enemy is inferior in strength; and trembling with the fear of foreign invasions; prevent the schemes of our ambitious neighbours, and bear the *British* thunder to those fields so often conquered by our great forefathers.

BUT, alas! this is so far from being the case at present, that too many parents, and indeed too many of all those to whom the education of youth is committed, especially the youth of distinction, make it their sole aim to eradicate every worthy principle of action, and teach them to worship no goddess but interest; their young and pliable mind are early taught to look on nothing as truly valuable but riches, nor as shameful but poverty; glory they seldom hear of, and when  
they

they do, it is treated with ridicule and contempt, and represented as the passion of madmen and enthusiasts.

THERE never was a time in which it was so necessary to revive the dying embers of this noble flame: I grieve to say, that our ancient military spirit is lost, that we are become a nation of traders; and are to every passion but the basest which can dishonor the human mind, the mean and infamous love of gold.

See *Britain* sunk in *Lucre's* fordid charms  
And *France* reveng'd of *Anne's* and *Edward's* arms.

POPE.

BUT whether am I wandering? I am got, without knowing how, into politics, a subject, of all others the least agreeable, either to my sex, or my disposition. Let me rather talk of fame as it affects the peaceful part of the world, as it wakes the slumbering muses, as it tunes the warbling lyre and is productive of every thing strikingly great and noble in the fine arts: as to poets, what an excellent one now living has said of health, may with equal propriety be applied to the love of fame.

Without thy chearful, active energy.  
No rapture wakes the breast, no poet sings,  
No more the maids of *Helicon* delight.  
*Art of preserving health.*

THE true enthusiastic fire; the animating spirit which heaven alone can give, the rapturous breath of inspiration, disdains all fordid views, and can be put in action only by that passion for true glory, which is inseparable from great and uncommon abilities.

THE



THE same might be said of every other liberal art, the painter, the statuary, the musician, all, to be excellent, must feel the same, pant for fame that animates the poets bosom: the last named sons of genius indeed have less occasion for this inspiring passion, as they are more encouraged than the unfortunate race of authors; who have no motive but the love of fame to tune the unprofitable lyre, condemned to toil without reward, few of them meet the smile of a <sup>S</sup>D'ARCY: like grasshoppers, they sing out their summer of hope, but soon die away, nor can long bear up against the chilling blasts of disappointment.

I HAVE another simile for them, but find it so well expressed in a little poetical piece, wrote some years since by a person of distinction, that, as I am assured it has never been in print I shall make no apology to any body but the author, for giving it to the public.

## THE SPIDER.

### I.

Artist! who underneath this table  
Thy curious texture hast display'd;  
Who, if we may believe the fable,  
Wast once a lovely, blooming, maid.

### II.

Insidious, restless, watchful, spider,  
Fear no officious damsel's broom  
Extend thy artful fabrick wider,  
And spread thy banners round my room.

### III.

Brush'd from the rich man's lofty cieling,  
Thou'rt welcome to my lowly dome;  
Here thou may'st find a peaceful dwelling,  
Here undisturb'd attend thy loom.

### IV. While

q. This word is  
in Shakespeare  
but is not a good  
one.

S. I. <sup>2</sup> ~~John~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~gave~~ <sup>Mr</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>fact</sup>, a good Li:  
vire.

The New Dr  
2. ~~the~~ <sup>Lytle</sup> <sup>top</sup>.  
wrote to  
the year  
1721

## IV.

While I thy wondrous structure stare at,  
 And think on poet's hapless fate;  
 Like thee confin'd to lonely garret,  
 And rudely banished rooms of state.

## V.

As thou from out thy tortur'd body,  
 Dost draw thy slender thread with pain;  
 So is he busy'd, like a noddy,  
 To spin materials from his brain.

## VI.

He, for some tawdry, fluttering creature,  
 That spreads her charms before his eyes,  
 And that's a conquest little better,  
 Than thine o'er captive butter-flies.

## VII.

Thus far, 'tis plain, you both agree,  
 Yet death perhaps may better show it;  
 'Tis ten to one but penury,  
 Ends both the spider and the poet.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken  
 in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
 S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]

*Wm Brooke.*



187

THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XXXII.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, June 19, 1756.

*But when good Saturn banish'd, from above,  
Was driven to Hell, the World was under Jove.*

OVID.

*A very good  
Paper.*

MADAM,



AM an old politician, who have long been watchful over the Public, without hitherto finding any advantage from my schemes, either to the world, or myself; but, I think, what I have now to propose, cannot fail

of being of great utility to both.

You must know then, that, being of opinion, as a man of the world, that some national religion is, for decency's sake, necessary in every country, I have made it my business

*A Proposal for the Heathen Mythology,  
to succeed in the vacant Place of Christianity.*



ness for some years to inquire into the reason of the extreme unfashionableness of Christianity in *England* amongst polite people ; and find it must be from one of these two causes, either that the virtues it enjoyns are too *hard* for genteel people to practise ; or that its being the religion of the whole nation has made it too *common*, and if I may be allow'd the Expression, *vulgariz'd* it.

WHILST infidelity was confin'd to high life, to be sure, it was just the thing one could have wish'd, as it was separating from the *canaille*, and at the same time taking off those horrid restraints upon the pleasures of the *Beau-monde*, which the rules of Christianity brought with them ; but as the whole mob of this town have dar'd to follow the fashion, I think it must be as odious now as the national religion ; and something new must be introduced to divide us once more from the crowd. It is well known that freethinking has descended from people of fashion to their servants, and from thence to the numerous and polite communities of hackney-coachmen, chairmen, porters, &c. and flourishes no where more than amongst the amiable fair ones, who dispense rotten fruit in baskets, and wheel-barrows, through the streets of this Metropolis. What I have therefore to propose is, that freethinking be left to the mob, Christianity to trades-people and old maids ; and that a new or reviv'd religion be introduced intirely for the use of people of quality.

THIS being determined, and I think no reasonable person can be against it, it only remains to take a review of such modes of faith as have existed in other places, but have here the claim of novelty ; and to chuse such a one as may be agreeable to the manners of modern people of fashion.

I at first thought of Mahometanism, as the prophet's paradise would, I am convinced, be very agreeable to modern taste ; but then there are two or three insuperable objections : this paradise we must consider is only in reversion,

version, and whatever indulgences are promised in another world, there are some articles of self-denial enjoined the true believers in this, which would never be received by polite people in this country. The prohibition of wine, and gaming, are things not to be born, and we should certainly have a petition from the club at *Whites* to oppose a faith which forbids the only two pleasures which true fine gentlemen have any relish for. Besides the slavery of praying five times a day must be intolerable to those who have a habit of never praying at all. I have also too great a respect for the ladies to introduce a religion which bears so very hard upon them, and which is even so ill-bred as to deny them souls.

UPON the most mature deliberation, Paganism is what I have fix'd upon, as what will in all respects be most agreeable; and I therefore humbly propose, that a bill be brought in, the next session of Parliament, for the establishment of the Heathen religion from Temple-bar to Upper-Grosvenor-street; and because the country-folks are obstinate, and enemies to innovations, that all people of fashion be allow'd a chapel and a priest in their own houses for the short time in the summer they may chuse to mortify at their family-seats.

THE benefits likely to accrue from this establishment, are not possible to be told. In the first place, as in the present state of the nation, frugality ought to be considered; it is a very sufficient reason for giving this religion the preference to any new one, that all, for whom it is intended, are already provided with gods, and many of them with temples; this would therefore be as good a way to make them of use, as the tax proposed some time ago by your lively antagonist, Mr. Town. \*

SECONDLY, I think it might be made a means of providing for a set of men, who are of all others the greatest objects of compassion, I mean the poets, who I would

X. N° 113.  
by *P. Colles*: under  
the name of  
*Moses Orthodox*.

would have preferred to be priests of these restor'd deities; they having, besides their distresses, this very reasonable plea, that these gods owing their very being to their tune-ful predecessors, the poets of old times, they have a kind of natural right to a large share, at least, of whatever emoluments may arise from their worship.

IN the next place, as there are so many female deities, a handsome provision may be made for young ladies of small fortunes, whose case, since the lowering of interest, and the prohibition of marrying for love, is almost as deplorable as that of the gentlemen before mentioned; and who, at present, unless happy enough to be admitted as toad-eater to some woman of fashion, a situation of all others the most agreeable, have no resource but the town; which indeed, since some ladies of rank have, by taking up the trade, lowered the price, is hardly bread.

*Mr. Armstrong*  
*Mr. A. K. inside* I intend to be chief-priest of *Jupiter* myself; have fix'd upon two poetical physicians, whose works are justly admired by the Public, though they have been of very little benefit to themselves, to preside in the temple of *Apollo*; and intend you, Mrs. *Singleton*, for high-priestess of *Diana*, to which honor you have a double right by your chastity and your genius. If you are at a loss for a hymn on a holiday, as I don't hear you have produced any thing in the poetical way, you may consult the lady, from whom you had the *Odes* in some of your papers, and who has in so very Heathen a style sung this goddess in her *Tragedy of Virginia*.

As to *Venus*, I don't doubt but half the women of quality in *England*, will press to serve in her temple; but as it will be wrong to show any partiality to birth in this case, Miss *F*<sup>*a*</sup> *M*<sup>*a*</sup> will most certainly have the preference, unless Lady *E*<sup>*b*</sup> or the accomplish'd Miss *C*<sup>*c*</sup> can produce a larger list of conquests.

*a. 2. Fanny Mary.*  
*b. Vane.*  
*c. Churchill.*

FOR



FOR *Minerva's* priestesses, I am afraid we shall be in some distress; for though there are many martial women of fashion, who would become the spear and shield admirably, yet as chastity, wisdom, and good huswifery, are the attributes of this goddess, I much doubt being able to find half a dozen in this town duly qualified, and am inclined to believe we must inquire amongst the unpolish'd daughters of fox-hunters in *Yorkshire*, for attendants on her temple.

THE restoration of oracles too, a necessary consequence of Paganism, I think, may be made a very pretty business, and as the ingenious Mrs. *Drummond* has so long possessed the gift of inspiration, I intend to build by subscription, an oracle of *Apollo* upon *Richmond-hill*, where she shall perform the office of the *Pythia*, assisted by a choir of an hundred young ladies of unspotted reputations, (if to be found) good voices, and a competent skill in musick.

THE oracle of *Jupiter* shall be managed by the thundering Mr. *R<sup>D</sup>-m<sup>D</sup>-ne*; and the mysterious Mr. *W<sup>E</sup>-if<sup>E</sup>-d* shall give out responses from a new cave of *Trophonius*, for which purpose, I have been so fortunate as to secure the grotto of a lady of quality in *Berkshire*.

DD. *Romaine*.  
EE. *Whitfield*.

BUT these are far from being all the advantages, which will attend my scheme: nothing can be more agreeable than the liberty every one will have to chuse a god for himself: the politicians will have their *Jove*, the Topers their *Bacchus*, and the gamesters their *Mercury*, (the ancient god of thieves) and to save time to this industrious race, whose attendance in temples would be troublesome, I propose that at every polite coffee-house a statue of their nimble-finger'd god be fixed in the card-room, that they may be able to pay their devotions without losing time from the important business of play.

IT cannot fail of being agreeable to the ladies, as it will not only be productive of amusements, a hymn to *Jupiter*

or

or *Apollo* being as good as an opera, but it will give them an admirable excuse for some little fashionable failings, which, since a late Act of Parliament, it is very difficult for young ladies of rank, who keep good company, to avoid. If a fair one happens,

E'er a wife to be a nurse,

she may without blushing charge the *faut-pas* to the account of some powerful deity,

For how can mortal maids contend with *Jove*?

If our *Belles* are not able to resist the torrent of handsome *H--ff--ans* or *H--n--ans* now ready to break in upon them, or the more pressing address of our expected invaders, they may with great decency protest themselves invulnerable to mankind, but that there was no resisting the mighty *Mars*, who solicited them in the form of a *German Col.* or *French Marquis*.

I could enumerate many other advantages attending my scheme, but I am afraid I have already exceeded the limits of your paper. If you print this, you shall hear farther from

*Your very humble servant,*

F. S.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price TWO PENCE. ]

*M<sup>rs</sup>. Brooks.*

193.



THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XXXIII.

By MARR SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, June 26, 1756.

*Noſſe hæc omnia ſaluti eſt Adoleſcentulis.*

TER.

*To know all theſe things is for the advantage of young perſons.*

TO MRS. SINGLETON.

MADAM,



It is the common fate of thoſe who labour for the public, to ſee their moſt promiſing ſchemes rendered ineffectual by ſome croſs accident, which no ſagacity could foreſee, and conſequently no prudence could prevent.

It would therefore very ill become my age and experience to be chagrined at finding this to be my own caſe. Indeed, ſupported by that reflection and the conſciouſneſs of

*The female  
Army is not ſo  
clearly deſcribed  
and conducted as  
in the Laſt Anti-  
Gallian Letter.*

*Deſertion of the Female Army.*



of having meant well, I am calm and resigned under a disappointment, the affliction of which those alone can be truly sensible of, who are of a sanguine complexion; and have seen a favourite design, big with the most important consequences, unexpectedly frustrated.

A REPORT that prevailed last week gave occasion to my making use of my philosophy at this time. You must undoubtedly have heard, that the *French* court from an apprehension that their ambitious designs would be effectually baffled by the scheme I had the honour to propose, had offered an immense reward to any one, who should happily invent a counter scheme. In consequence of which a celebrated *Optician* had engaged to furnish them immediately with a proper number of *spectacles* of a particular kind, that would *magnify moles* into *Mountains*, and that it was proposed the troops, they were to send against us, should have their eyes guarded with these; which as they would give the bosoms of our fair warriors the same appearance which *Gulliver* tells us the most delicate breast amongst the Queen of *Brobdignag's* maids of honour had to him, would render them rather objects of mirth than of terror.

I HAVE taken some pains to trace this strange report back to it's fountain, and find that a valet of one of the *French* ministers told it to his mistress in great confidence; she, under the seal of secrecy, discovered it to another of her favourites; who with the same air of mystery revealed it to her milliner; who sent it over, with an account of new fashions, to one of the same business here, who told it the Countess of a who told it every body.

a country.

THE panic it has occasioned is hardly credible. The troops that a few weeks ago displayed their destructive charms

charms in every place of public resort, in such mighty numbers, that the most desponding thought themselves secure, are insensibly diminished to a number too small to deserve notice.

SOME indeed have imputed this general desertion to more justifiable causes than an unwillingness to stand so close an examination as these new invented glasses must subject them to ; and it has been urged, that it is the usual time for people of fashion, to retire into the country, in order to lay <sup>in</sup> a fresh stock of health and complection for the service of the next winter.

No one would be more glad than myself to vindicate the steps of those, whom I profess *to reverence on this side idolatry* ; and I should think it perhaps owing to a natural fondness for my own scheme, that I cannot help believing there is something more than common in this sudden desertion, but that it is notorious the young ladies of this age have shewn a very remarkable aversion to *spectacles*. It cannot have escaped your observation, with how little respect they generally look upon an aunt or uncle, and sometimes a father and mother, whom age has reduced to the necessity of wearing them. But if it is the misfortune of a husband to be obliged to use them, the contempt is yet greater, tho' the reason of it is something different ; it being here not the want of sight, they despise, but the impertinent desire of seeing more than a modern lady chooses her husband should. Wherever I have remarked this undisguised abhorrence, I could not avoid wondering, what it was that could possibly have reconciled them to their choice. I have indeed found that there is constantly in this case a handsome jointure, and a large private purse, and therefore suppose it is the nature of those things to lessen a lady's aversion to *spectacles* very considerably for a short time.

BUT



BUT however this may be, there is nothing now to be done but to keep, as much as possible, the force we have raised from becoming terrible to ourselves. It cannot but be expected, that those, who have been thus particularly traced in the arts of destroying, will take every opportunity of putting those arts in practice; and it is therefore my duty to put my countrymen on their guard.

I HAVE had intelligence of the rout the greatest part of them have taken. A few are gone to their country-seats with the sober design of hearing the artless melody of the woods, of sitting under shady beeches, rambling over daisied meadows, or on the banks of rivulets. These are in general very harmless, and excepting an excursion or two to a horse-race will not be in the way of doing much mischief. But much the greater and more dangerous part are gone to *Tunbridge*, *Celtenham* or *Scarborough*; which places I would advise all, who have any regard to their future happiness to avoid with as much caution as they would the haunts of the rattle-snake, who doth not with more certainty destroy the poor animal whose eye it hath once fixed on itself, than the bosoms of these fell amazons will dispatch the uncautious gazer.

FROM a long course of very attentive observation I can assure those, who may be in danger of meeting with any of them, that the hearts that are lodged in bosoms, that have been thus case-hardened, are generally become equally unfeeling. I have scarce met with one of this sort, that has been penetrable by sincere affection, by manly sense, by politeness, generosity, public virtue, or any other such old-fashioned good qualities. Title, dress, equipage, and the like, are the only things, that appear to have any effect; and the impression they make is but like that of the leveret in the morning snow, subject to be defaced by the slightest



lightest gust of wind, and sure to be soon confounded among a thousand other tracks, that will render it undistinguishable.

*OVID* tells us, that love is a warfare. We may add, that it is attended with very peculiar unhappinesses. In other cases the vanquished are pitied, are respected. To be the slave of a heroine, that despises her conquests, is the singular fate of him, who becomes the captive of a beauty whose sole object is victory.

THIS is not all; for the means are as unjustifiable as the end. What would you think of the man, who should come into sober company with a drawn sword, which he is determined to plunge into the breast of the first person he meets? Is the other in the least a more christian practice? I make no doubt but the legislature, at a convenient time, will take cognizance of this horrid violation of the rights of society, and that I shall in a few years see the violent seizure of a man's person in this barbarous way considered in the same light as a forcible entry into his house, or the detention of his property.

IN the mean while I would recommend to all, who cannot absolutely keep out of the way of these open and determined assassines, to oppose force with policy. There is a certain distance at which the most destructive batteries cease to be fatal; but unfortunately there is no possibility of always fixing that distance, as it must necessarily be different, according to the skill of the engineer, the weight of metal and the strength of powder. However, if they are so unhappy as to be drawn unawares within the sphere of their influence they will do well to keep their eyes full on their faces, and not to let any little arts, they may use, draw them

them downwards ; not the play of their fingers about the top of their stays, as it were to adjust their tuckers, nor the frequent change in the disposition of the flowers, that one would at first imagine were generously designed to shade their bosoms, but which we soon find were really intended to give them frequent occasions of directing our eyes thither.

I am,

MADAM,

*Your most obedient*

*and humble servant,*

AN ANTIGALLICAN.

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]

*The Revd Mr Giffard.*









THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XXXIV.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, July 3, 1756.

*So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old,  
When Thermodon with bloody billows roul'd:  
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,  
When Theseus met in fight their maiden Queen,*

DRYDEN'S Virg.

TO MRS. SINGLETON.



OUR two first *Antigallican* letters, my dear *Singleton*, had a strange effect upon our neighbourhood. From the appearance of your twenty seventh paper to your last, Our women were preparing to enlist themselves into any new regiment that you or your correspondent should raise. There was scarce a woman within ten miles of *Hartingley-Hall* who did not dress, stare, and rant

*Still to con:  
-tinue the  
characters of  
the Hartingley  
Family.*

*M<sup>rs</sup> Hartingley's description of her  
Neighbours in Berkshire.*

rant like a tragedy hero. You are well acquainted with this corner of the world, and I remember when you was with us last summer, you observed that our young ladies had a certain skuttling shuffle in their gait, very unbecoming, and very different from the easy air and tread of *Julia*. They had corrected this error most effectually. They no longer appeared to skuttle, but prance. They seemed to borrow their motions from *Bay's Brentford* army in the rehearsal; and I am told, that they were privately practising the *Prussian* exercise, with a design of introducing it publickly at our next R—g assembly, as a new country dance. Their very voices were changed, and instead of awakening our drowsiness, or drawing away our eyes from the cards, as formerly, by a scream or a squeak, they roared and bellowed at lady L—s rout louder than the bravest and highest spirited captain in the room. Miss *Suky Boscombare*, whom in humorous conformity to her past character you used to call the *brisk Lightning*, was avowedly the *bold Thunder*. If she wanted the attendance of any of her mother's servants, instead, of summoning them in the usual way by putting her fair hand to the tassel of a bell, which you know is to be done often, without so much as moving from one's chair, she rather chose to leave the room, and and signify her pleasure from the staircase, with such more than masculine vociferation, as to alarm, and almost terrify the whole house; were you to hear her, you would imagine it was some brazen-throated chairman calling *odd man*.

THE military dress was encreasing apace among us. Not a girl from the age of twelve to five and twenty who did not wear on her head-dress some signal of battle. Miss *Modish*, who in the spring, wore a post-chaise in her hair, being resolved to shew some degree of learning,

ex-



exchanged her vehicle, for an owl, the bird of *Pallas*, A goddess, who, she informs every body, was called *Pallas* from brandishing her spear in war. The widow *Jones*, not caring to discover her grey locks too openly, by giving into the fashion so far as to wear no head-cloaths, and having been outdone by *Modish's* owl, was endeavouring to promote a subscription, towards purchasing from Mr. *Cheere* of *Piccadilly*, the statues of *Mars*, and *Pallas*, which were to be placed at the two ends of our assembly room fronting each other. The chimneypiece of that room is already decorated by a print of our famous *Queen Elizabeth* on horseback; haranguing her army, while encamped at *Tilbury* in the year 1588, under the command of the *Earl of Leicester*.

MISS *Camilla Dapper* seemed infinitely happy in her christen name, and tho' she is the elder of her three sisters, she insisted upon her surname being absolutely forgotten. What elevated her still more, was her having inspired a neighbouring fox-hunter with the rhiming spirit, to convince me of which, she produced a poem of forty lines addressed to her by the title of the *Volscian*.

*POLLY INSTEP*, the dancing master's daughter, insists upon being called *Pally*, "because, (says she) you know it is the *minikin* name for *Pallas*, who like me had blue eyes."

THUS you see *Singleton*, by the several examples I have quoted, that after a thorough search had been made into *Garth's Ovid*, *Spence's Polymetis*, and *Boysse's new Pantheon*, the brain-bred daughter of *Jove* had been chosen the tutelar goddess of our *Hundred*. But I grieve to say it, your correspondent's last letter absolutely broke all our measures; as publick spirited as we are, I don't find  
any

any of us are willing to stand so severe a scrutiny ; which the good widow *Jones* declares is such a one as no modest woman ought to submit to.

I WAS almost in absolute despair, and began to think it was necessary to disband our recruits, when it luckily started into my head, that they might be of great use at sea, it is plain from what has passed, the *French* could not expect to meet such formidable enemies, on that element, and consequently would not be prepared for their reception. The last assembly afforded me an occasion to make the proposal.

WE had scarce finished our tea, when the post coming in, some letters which were soon handed about in a private public manner, gave us as patriots a gloomy account of an encounter in the *Mediterranean* between the *English* and *French* fleets. Our young female spirits immediately took fire. They became rapidly impatient to recover any disgrace, that as yet, may seem to reflect upon our country. They declared unanimously, since things were going in this way amongst the men, it was time for the women to take the war out of their management, to convert their assembly rooms into drills for military exercise, and to call for muskets and bayonets instead of violins and cards : and many of them, with great fire and steadiness in their looks (but upon my word, without an oath) averred loudly, that they would not henceforward ever dance to any other music but that of drums and trumpets.

WHEN the first tumult of female uproar had ceased, I addressed myself to half a dozen of my acquaintance, in such a manner as to be heard by several more, in very high terms of pleasure and applause, to find such a martial spirit in my own sex, at a season when

it

it was so shamefully wanting in the other, adding at the same time, that I thought, during the present appearances of things, we ought to turn our devotions from *Pallas* to *Neptune*; the state of affairs now seeming to require our assistance rather in the sea than the land service. The thought happened to be perfectly acceptable: and I soon heard a universal buzz of approbation.

*CAMILLA* instantly declared herself a marine. *Pally Insep* lamented that *Hawke* and *Saunders* were so far sailed towards the *Mediterranean*, as not to be overtaken, otherwise she would have offered herself to either of the admirals, who would have accepted of her, for a first mate. Miss *Modish* threw away her owl, and formed a ship out of a card, which she stuck into her hair, to remain there till she can receive from *London*, a third *Rate*, in silver wire, with, *THE BLAKENEY*, for that is to be its name, wrought into the stern in gold capitals. Miss *Suky Bosombare* intends to offer herself for a *Boson's* place in the first man of war that sails for *Gibraltar*, upon which resolution her pert lover *Will Prattle* told her, he found that *Johnny Gay's* ballad was upon the point of being reversed, *Blackeyed Susan* being determined to quit the shore, and *Sweet William* to see her on board, to receive a salute from her, to row off, and to wave his lilly hand. The wit of a coxcomb is more nauseous than any other kind of impertinence: yet I commend the fellow for openly owning himself a coward: and I also begin now to apprehend that most of the courage of the kingdom is lodged in female breasts: at least I suppose it will be necessary to try us.

THE widow *Jones*, whose years will not suffer her to run into all the extravagancies of the younger part of our assembly, declares that although the delicacy of her constitution will not suffer her to venture herself amidst the



the billows of the ocean, yet to shew her good inclinations she will write to Mr. *Deard*, to send her a new knotting shuttle in the shape of an anchor, and will lye every night in a hammock. The last general resolution was, to wear blue and white chequed linnen : and the ladies were all so unanimous in this order, that I know not how to escape obedience to it, unless I plead a strict prohibition from my husband. Come, among us soon, dearest *Singleton*, only to see how effectually you have turned our brains : but remember that *Julia* and *Rosara*, if returned from *Rutland*, fail not to bring with them chequ'd shifts to appear in at church, the Sunday after their arrival.

*I am ever yours,*

ELEONORA HARTINGLEY.

*P.S.* I am glad to hear Mrs. *Mountague* is so much better. You talk of taking lodgings for her at *Richmond* for change of air, would not *Berkshire* do as well ? Assure her of a good apartment, a sincere welcome, and no ceremony at *Hartingley-Hall*.

Letters to Mrs *Singleton*, frank'd or post paid, are taken in at Mr. *Millar's* in the Strand.

*L. C. 1792*

LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in Pater-noster-Row.

[ Price TWO PENCE. ]



THE  
OLD MAID.

---

NUMBER XXXV.

---

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

---

*(To be continued every Saturday.)*

---

Saturday, July 10, 1756.

---

*Cowards die many times before their death,  
The valiant never taste of death but once.*

SHAKESPEAR.



HERE is nothing which appears to me so extraordinary as that any man should dare to behave like a coward: that even the bravest may sometimes feel for a moment a kind of constitutional horror at the appearance of danger, I can suppose, but that the fear of death should be so strong as to get the better of the dread of infamy and universal contempt, of the love of our country, of our family, and our friends, is one of the most astonishing phenomena in nature.

nature. What daggers has an unworthy commander of our fleet planted in the breasts of his relations! How has he dishonored a name, before so glorious! How has he betrayed that confidence, his King and his Country reposed in him, and which, untried as he was, could hardly have been denied to a son of the brave lord *Tor—on!* why did he seek a command for which he could not help knowing he was unfit?

It has been supposed by some, there was treachery in the case; but I am convinced 'tis to cowardice we are to charge his ill conduct: no bribe I am certain could have been powerful enough to have made him fight: had he been brave, however treacherous, he could not have been within fight of the fort which holds the god-like BLAKENEY, without endeavouring to relieve him; indeed the circumstance of leaving this heroic general, a prey to the *French*, is such an aggravation of his guilt, that death, tho' the only punishment cowards fear, and therefore here the proper one, is, if he is guilty, infinitely too mild for his crime.

NOTHING can I think be a stronger proof of his cowardice than the extravagant and exaggerated praises he bestows on Admiral *West*, for having done his duty in the action; praises which I am sure will be as offensive to that really brave man, as they must be to every person who reads them. “I am, says he, to thank you a thousand  
“and a thousand times for your gallant behaviour this  
“day; I wish you had been better supported” (in this wish every *Briton* will join) “your behaviour was like  
“an angel.”

How unlike is this to the honest rough plainness of a *British* sailor! and how evident a proof of the infinite obligation



obligation he thought himself under to the gallant Mr. *West* for so angelically standing between him and danger !

To me, who remember, tho' very young at that time, the glorious campaigns of the Duke of *Marborough*, and whose first ideas of public affairs were those of conquest and victory, these occurrences appear indeed extraordinary: I remember the *French* humbled and suppliant to us, and can hardly believe that this people, who owe almost their existence to the mercy of Queen *Anne*, should now be able to impress us with such terror as to drive us to the unconstitutional and mortifying step, of calling in foreign forces to defend a populous nation, who, if armed, and inspired with their former courage, might defy the united force of *Europe* to conquer them : nor is it less strange to me to hear of *British* fleets flying before enemies weaker than themselves, and basely abandoning such a general as *Blakeney*, with his brave garrison, to a force which unassisted, and weak as they are in number, it is almost impossible for them to resist.

BUT why do I say impossible ? Nothing is impossible to men possessed with the love of glory ; of their country, and their king : and I have yet the strongest hopes that this gallant garrison, abandoned and unassisted as they are, will hold out till the brave admirals who are gone to their relief, are able to reach them, and give them that assistance, they in vain hoped from the degenerate son of Lord *Tor——on*. Nothing can be impossible to the hero, who could write thus to his heir,  
 “ When you are assured that this place is taken by the  
 “ *French*, I desire you to take immediate possession of  
 “ my estate.” Perhaps I may be thought ridiculous.  
 When

When I say, that I could not read this passage without tears of pleasure and exultation.

SURELY nothing can appear more wonderful, than that this nation should be powerful and victorious in the reign of a weak woman, and that it should become infamous and contemptible in that of a prince, whose military spirit is universally known, and whose uncommon intrepidity and prowess was the admiration of that unequalled commander to whom *Queen Anne* was indebted for the glories of her reign.

FULL of reflections like these, and anxious for the fate of *Britain*, I fell asleep last night, and was visited by a dream so very extraordinary, that I will beg leave in my next Paper, as I have not time now to relate it in any regular order, to lay it before the publick: I must own I am of *Homer's* opinion, that *dreams descend from Jove*; and as *this* made so strong an impression on myself, am not without hopes it may have some effect on others. I hope my ravings, for to be sure dreams are no more, will not have the fate of *Cassandra's* prophecies. One thing I am sure of, that this princess could not mean better to *Troy*, than I do to *Britain*: may the latter escape the fate of the former! may every officer in the army, or navy, who has the honor to be employed by His MAJESTY, be inspired with the courage of his Sovereign! and may our royal *Priam* live to see peace restored to his kingdom, and secured on a lasting foundation, by a *Constitutional* preparation for war!

THE following very exact verification of Admiral B—g's letter having been sent me by a correspondent, I shall without further preface conclude my Paper with it.

SIR,

*M<sup>r</sup> Brooke.*



SIR, I left *Gibraltar* the eighth day of *May*,  
 How long I stay'd there I need not now say,  
 And to shew you how quickly my business is done  
 In eleven days more I got safe to *Mahon*.  
 We had scarce any time one another to greet,  
 Ere it was our ill fortune to see the *French* fleet;  
 But as it was duskish and very near night  
 I determin'd by no means at that time to fight.  
 By the by I shou'd tell you a *Tartan* we seiz'd  
 Full of soldiers, at which I was very well pleas'd,  
 But however the *French* now began to appear,  
 A fight which I own, did inspire me with fear  
 As I plainly discover'd twelve ships of the line,  
 Besides five brave frigates much stouter than mine.  
 And here I acknowledge my great satisfaction,  
 That *West* had so glorious a share in the action;  
 For eager to conquer, and hot to engage,  
 He bore down on the *French* in a horrible rage:  
 And between you and I sir, had I done the same,  
 The account I now send you had not been so lame.  
 To describe you the terrors of this bloody fight,  
 How we fought like the devil until it was night,  
 Would be giving you trouble; suffice it to say,  
 The *Intrepid's* fore-top-mast was clean shot away,  
 And his braces being cut, as well as fore-tack,  
 He oblig'd me and others to throw all a back.  
 I must own that this prov'd an unfortunate act,  
 As the enemy's center remained unattack't,  
 And added to this, I was forc'd to expose  
 My good friend Mr. *West*, to the fire of the foes.  
 But however the *French* grew so sick of the fray,  
 They thought they did wisely in running away,  
 Which surpris'd me so much, I forgot to give chase,  
 And remain'd all night long in the very same place.

But

Most miserable  
 Verses. They will  
 hurt the Paper.  
 written by a rich  
 -242 of London.



But let me not here, fir, forget to relate  
 Of poor Captain *Andrews*, his unfortunate fate,  
 Next morning I thought to have seen them again  
 But my stars were too friendly to give me that pain :  
 I assure you however, we were still lying too  
 When a council I called to know what to do :  
 You may laugh, fir, and say 'twas no council of *War*,  
 Be that as it may ; I dont very much care *B.*  
 So I begg'd of Lord *Eff<sup>a</sup>-m*, Lord *R-B-*,  
 With the General and Colonel to be of the party :  
 They accordingly came, I beg here to mention  
 That there did not arise the least doubt or contention ;  
 But all hands agreed here no longer to stay,  
 So I am making for *Gibraltar* the best of my way.

*a. Earl of  
 Effingham.  
 B. L<sup>d</sup> Robt  
 Bertie.*

Letters to Mrs Singleton, frank'd or post paid, are taken  
 in at Mr. Millar's in the Strand.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand, and sold by  
 S. BLADON, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]



THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XXXVI.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, July 17, 1756.

————— The peaceful cities  
Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd before,  
Are all on fire, and some with studious care  
Their restiff steeds in sandy plains prepare;  
Some their soft limbs in painful marches try,  
And war is all their wish, and arms the gen'ral cry.  
DRYDEN's Virg.

A very good  
Paper.



very good friend of mine, who now and then brings me a paper, and to whom I allow the liberty of telling me when I am wrong, or when he thinks me so, called upon me this morning with that design. 'Mrs Singleton,' says he, 'you will pardon my impoliteness; but you really grow old. What, at your dreams again? Why, at this rate, the town will think you have sunk ten years upon them: these superstitious fancies seldom come upon any body till after sixty. You begin to have all the follies of superannuated virginity:

Two letters: The first, a short comparison between the ancient and the moderns: the second, from a poet who strolled into Rydepark. Mr. Singleton's observations on the last.



‘ virginity : I observ’d you on Saturday in *Kenfington* gardens  
 ‘ mightily delighted with your ruffles’ being the wrong side  
 ‘ outwards, a piece of good fortune, let me tell you, for which  
 ‘ you are entirely obliged to the dimness of your eyes ; and  
 ‘ took notice last night you were more pleased than a wise wo-  
 ‘ man ought to have been, at seeing a money-spinner upon your  
 ‘ handkerchief. Here, continued he, print these letters, and  
 ‘ burn your visions: they were wrote by choice spirits, I assure  
 ‘ you, and, to tell you the truth, I promised you should  
 ‘ publish them.’ I took the papers, and casting my eyes in  
 a transient manner over the longest of them, knew it, from  
 some peculiar little turns in the expression, to be my friend’s  
 own composition. I was not now at a loss for his zeal against  
 my dream, therefore I asked him, without seeming to un-  
 derstand his design, whether he did not think postponing  
 my vision for a week, would be just as well as omitting it ?  
 ‘ Why, my dear *Singleton*, says he, I believe you have hit  
 ‘ upon the right scheme, for upon second thoughts as you  
 ‘ have mentioned it, it may be expected, and I can’t say  
 ‘ but your last nocturnal lucubration was very well : how-  
 ‘ ever don’t be caught napping too often. But go to your  
 ‘ pen and ink, I won’t disturb you.’

My friend now walked away in high good humour ; and  
 in compliance with my promise I here give you his epistles.

TO MRS. SINGLETON.

MADAM,

IN all disputes in regard to the merits of the ancients  
 and moderns, the thing seems to have been carried much too  
 far on both sides. In my opinion, the only way of ever  
 setting the matter on a fair footing, would be to compromise  
 affairs, and allow, that if they excelled us in some articles,  
 we go as far beyond them in others of no less utility and  
 importance.

I readily allow that they were our superiors in poetry,  
 history, and morality ; in architecture, sculpture, and music ;  
 in the art of war, and in courage to put that art in execu-  
 tion : but then every unprejudiced person must allow, that  
 there are many in which we leave them far behind : who  
 ever heard of a collection of cockle-shells, butter-flies, or  
 dried animals in spirits, in ancient *Greece* or *Rome*, which  
 could



could compare with what are almost every day exhibited to view at those repositories of useful science, the auction-rooms of Mr. *Langford* and Mr. *Preslage*? Their knowledge of fossils was very narrow and contracted; and in short, they were shockingly ignorant in the delicacies, the *minutia* of learning, which the genius's of the present age have carried to an amazing degree of perfection.

THE celebrated *Museum* at *Athens* was only a public room, much like a modern coffee-house, where a set of musty old fellows met and talked, as I imagine, politicks and news; but the glorious *Museum* at *Montague-house*, is, besides the library, which I, who am an adept in *vertu*, don't think worth mentioning, a repository of all that is amazing, and wonderful, and charmingly monstrous in nature.

IN the art of cookery too they were infinitely below us, nor has antiquity produced one treatise on that science, to compare with the admirable one lately published by Mrs. *Hannab Glas*; which, in this enlightened age, so far advanced in the true knowledge of good eating, deserves, and will very probably meet with a public reward, as the ingenious author is not likely in the common way of publication, to get more than fifteen hundred, or two thousand pounds for it, which all who read it, will allow, is too little considering its astonishing merit.

I could enumerate many more articles in which we excel the ancients, as gaming, racing, (for their Olympic games came so seldom that I reckon nothing of them) cockfighting, bruising, &c. but will hasten to one in which there can be no dispute, the ingenious art of *humbuging*.

I remember but one *hum* of any consequence recorded in ancient history, which is that of the man who escaping from a defeat, carried home news of a victory; and in this he has lately been excelled by the gentleman who brought Mr. B<sup>2</sup>'s letter, and so very humorously humbug'd a great part of *Europe* in his way hither.

MR. Arch<sup>+</sup>d B<sup>+</sup>r has, with admirable dexterity, <sup>Archibald</sup> humed a whole nation for many years: and the patentees of <sup>Bonner Esq.</sup> Drury-Lane Theatre have this summer exhibited a masterpiece

piece in this art, by fairly *taking in* not only the person against whom this *hum* was meant, the snuff-merchant at *Richmond*, but the town, the farce writers, and even, as I am told, the players themselves.

BUT I am particularly charmed with the inventor of that article of news in the *Public Advertiser*, which mentions the lady who had poisoned herself at *Bath*: tho' I think it was ill-judged to insert *the Hon.* as it considerably lessened the circle of unhappy people, and indeed soon put an end to the wit of the whole, by fixing it on a lady, who, unfortunately for the ingenious *bummer*, happened to be on Sunday, in high health, high spirits, and high beauty, at Court: had it only been *Miss C*— without *the Hon.* every parent who had a daughter at *Bath*, and whose name began with that letter, might have been kept in a suspense, which would doubtless have been very agreeable to the author of this entertaining story: by the way, with all due deference to Mrs. *Singleton*, I suspect the whole to be the invention of some malicious *Old Maid*.

BUT I grow weary, and so probably do you; therefore permit me to assure you, that I am, very sincerely,

Mrs. SINGLETON'S

*most humble servant,*

JACK EITHERSIDE.

TO Mrs. SINGLETON.

MADAM,

I am a poet, and if I may believe my friends, have a tolerable hand at a pastoral; I have been shut up near two months in my apartment, two pair of stairs backwards, 'tis no matter in what street, where I have a pretty view of a garden twelve feet square, adorned with two rose-bushes, some sprigs of southern wood, and a parsley-bed, writing a set of vernal odes in a quite new taste; but having an inclination the other day, not finding my garden sufficient for the purpose, to pick up rural images, and refresh my imagination with country-scenes, I took a walk to *Hydes Park*, but, ye Gods! what was my surprise! Seeing little or no company, and being too proud to converse with the gentlewoman of the house, I had heard nothing of the encampment: I walked on with my head full of pastoral ideas, anticipating in my fancy the charming scene

I was



I was approaching, but, good heavens! instead of the *whispering Zephyr*, and the *purling rill*, the first sound that saluted my astonished ears was the beat of a drum: I remained for a moment as it were petrified, and stood like *Niobe* turned into a statue, but venturing to advance, I was not long before I discovered, that the rural deities had left the place, and were succeeded by the goddesses of *Clamor* and *Confusion*: here a brazen throat exclaimed, "Fine Cyder, gentlemen:" there a fair one courteously offered you, "Delicate Heart-cakes, a penny a piece."

EACH rural sound, each rural smell, was now no more; the warblers of the grove had given place to *Ally Croaker*, and the *Hue and Cry* after *Adm. B—*; and the balmy breeze was exchanged for the effluvia of Tobacco, Porter, and Geneva. *+ Nyng*

INSTEAD of the Fawns and Dryads dancing on the verdant plain, you might behold a group of soldiers and their ladies, footing it to the Dulcimer and Hurdy-gurdy; and for the virgin train of *Diana*, might view the battered votaries of the *Paphian Goddess* from the regions of *Drury-Lane* and *Covent Garden*.

IN short, Mrs. *Singleton*, the uproar is not to be expressed; and I hurried back with great precipitation to seek the gracious power of *Silence* in my garret; fully determined to make no more excursions till I am assured from good authority I run no hazard of falling in with a Camp.

I am,

M A D A M,

Your unfortunate humble servant,

T. L Y R I C.

As I am a person of great curiosity, I have myself seen the camps at *Clapham*, and in *Hydepark*, and must own my Correspondent's picture of the last to be like: however as I viewed them, not with a *poetical*, but with a *political* and *moral* eye, my reflections were a good deal different from his.

I could not see these preparations for war without a secret horror, which the many ridiculous objects that presented themselves had not power to dissipate: I sighed at the thought  
of



of the very short time which probably stood between the lives of thousands, and eternity; and asked myself what cause could justify the Great in so shocking an expedient to settle the rights of mankind? However it was a secret satisfaction to me as an English woman to consider, that this war was undertaken for the defence of every thing dear to us, and was perhaps as justifiable a one as ever was entered into: may it be as successful, as it is just, and may every *Briton* of whatever party suspend his private views, and unite in the common cause! Let them not conquer, by dividing us, and we shall have nothing to fear from them.

O, *England*! model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart,  
What might'st thou do, that honor would thee do,  
Were all thy children kind, and natural.

SHAK. Henry V.

THIS moment, whilst I am writing, I hear that our gallant *Blakeney*, in want of every necessary, has been oblig'd to capitulate: what does the man deserve who forced him to this necessity!

GRIEVED as I am for an event which is likely to be of such terrible ill consequence to the nation; I cannot help feeling an additional pain, that this heroic General will lose the pleasure of saving the Fort: however his glory is not lessened by it; he did all that it was possible for man to do, and had our Fleet done their duty, and thrown in a re-inforcement, or even only supply'd him with provisions and ammunition, I am convinc'd he would have held out for ever.

I wish impatiently for his return to *England*, and cannot help anticipating in imagination the reception this brave old man must meet with, from a Monarch who is worthy of his services, and whose own courage is too great not to make him infinitely sensible of this virtue in others.

LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in Pater-noster-Row.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]

*Wm. Brooke*



THE  
OLD MAID.

NUMBER XXXVII.

By MARY SINGLETON, Spinster.

(To be continued every Saturday.)

Saturday, July 24, 1756.

Softly, my Muse, thy rage restrain,  
And drop awhile the slacken'd rein;  
Another time with double force,  
We'll rule Apollo's foaming horse.

ANON.

*Very proper &  
well conducted.*



OME Writer has observ'd, nay perhaps some dozen of Writers may have agreed in the observation, that the little and seemingly trifling events in the lives of people of letters, are, tho' less glaring, not less useful to the world, or less proper to be known, than the Histories of Monarchs and Conquerors.

I entire-

*A Visum. - Blekeny. I Torrington.  
Mrs Singleton postpones the Paper for two months.*



I entirely acquiesce in this sentiment, and, as I think, few events in the life of an author of greater importance than a suspension of any work he or she may be engaged in, I cannot but imagine, the world will be very inquisitive to know the reason of my postponing this paper, which it is my intention to do for two or three months from the date of this.

Now least future Biographers, in relating the Life of Mrs. *Singleton*, should endeavour to give a reason for this event; and future Commentators, in writing explanatory and critical notes upon that Life, should puzzle it still more by attempting to clear it, I chuse to declare, that it will be impossible for them to know any thing of the matter, unless I graciously condescend to inform them, which it is very possible I may before I come to the end of the paper.

BUT first to the business of the day: my Readers no doubt are in most anxious expectation of the dream I have promis'd them, especially the prophetic part of it: I am extremely sorry to disappoint so many of my good Friends, but as I have this week seen and heard nineteen prophecies on the state of public affairs, I am determin'd not to give the twentieth, however I will venture to relate the latter part of my revery, which relates to the gallant *Blakeney*.

AFTER seeing many wonderful things, about which I beg leave to keep silence, methought I was led by an immortal guide to the temple of *Military Honor*: the fane, like that of the Delphic God, was surrounded by a grove of laurels, under whose shade reposed those inferior sons of war, who, tho' brave, had not been so eminent as to deserve a place in the temple.



THE building was very magnificent, and the walls adorned with bas-reliefs of all the particularly glorious battles that had been fought in the world; it stood on the top of an eminence, and commanded a very extensive prospect: the ascent to the dome was by an hundred steps of polished marble, on each side of which, instead of balustrades, were pillars hung round with various military trophies, and the top of each pillar was crowned with a laurel wreath of never-dying verdure.

THE temple was divided into two noble partitions, in the first of which were the warriors, who, however brave and successful, had not made the good of their country the ultimate end of their conquests, nor were stimulated to valor by virtue but ambition: here I beheld amongst many others, the blooming Macedonian Hero, *Cæsar*, *Charles* the Twelfth of *Sweden*, and what particularly struck me, our *Richard* the Third, *Oliver Cromwell*, and the unfortunate *Harry Hotspur*.

As I had little pleasure in contemplating these destructive warriors, whose glories were unadorned by virtue, I hastened into the inner apartment, where I beheld a group of Heroes, who really deserved that illustrious name.

THE most striking figure in the whole assembly was the Theban *Epaminondas*, he was talking with *Leonidas*, *Edward* the Black Prince, our *Henry* the Fifth, *Henry* the Fourth of *France*, the gallant Lord *Falkland*, and the Duke of *Marlborough*; as no regard was here shown to rank, or to enmity commenced in our lower world, I observed subjects conversing familiarly with their Sovereigns and enemies walking arm in arm; and that no pre-eminence was assumed but from virtue.

I had the pleasure to see this apartment much fuller of British Worthies than the other, and cannot forbear mentioning

mentioning with particular pride, that I had the honor of conversing a full quarter of an hour with Sir *Philip Sydney*, who told me he was writing an heroic Ode on the gallant Defender of *Minorca*.

WHILST I was talking with this poetical Hero, this celebrated favourite of *Mars* and *Apollo*, I heard a noise at the door, and turning my head, saw with inexpressible delight the gallant *Blakeney* enter, crowned with laurel, and led by *Valor* and *Virtue*: the *Black Prince* flew to embrace him, and presented him first to *Henry the Fifth*, and then to the other Heroes he had just left, who all owned him worthy of a place in that illustrious assembly: the whole crowd of warriors now came round him, and expressed their joy at receiving so meritorious a partner of their glories; but I observ'd one who advanced towards him with an irresolute step, as he came nearer, his face was suffused with a blush, and a tear started; I enquired his name of my guide, and was told he was the brave Lord *T——n*.

*Torrington.*

As the rest of my dream was, like the beginning of it, prophetic, I must beg leave to conceal it; especially as it might give the very wise Gentlemen at the coffee-houses an opportunity of guessing what party I am of, a point I have hitherto concealed with the utmost care and address, as I am not certain what turn affairs may take, and would willingly be well with the strongest. As soon as I see how the war will end, and who will be in the Ministry, I shall venture to declare myself: but till that time shall beg leave, in imitation of many very shrew'd Politicians, and pretty good Patriots, to observe a profound silence on this subject.

AND now having performed as much of my promise as was convenient and agreeable to me, which is all that



can be expected from a woman who knows the world, I shall proceed to give my reasons for postponing this paper.

IN the first place, during the present confused state of public affairs, I apprehend every literary work, at least every periodical one, to be rather ill-timed; and am not so unreasonable as to expect the world will employ their time in listening to an old woman's prate, when the enemy is at our gates: the town has heard me with much more attention than I could expect, at such a tempestuous season, when *Mars* seems to have frightened the *Muses* from more places than *Hydepark*, and when every mechanic is ready to say with *Othello*,

— Little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle.

SECONDLY, for I love to be methodical, I have promis'd, together with my friend, Mrs. *Montague*, and the two girls, all whom I expect in town to-morrow, to spend some time in *Berkshire* with Dr. *Hartingley* and his Lady.

AND thirdly, what is perhaps the best reason of all, I am tired of the confinement of writing every week, whether I chuse it or not; a slavery not at all agreeable to the volatile spirit of woman.

HOWEVER when I have taken two months fresh air, stretch'd my wings, and rested my pen a little, I shall most certainly return, and write you all to death: in that time too I suppose the town will be ready to read, for it is not the danger we are in, but the novelty of that danger which takes up our attention; and by that time we have lost two or three battles, and another Fort, we shall return to our old occupations, and let things take their course quietly. All I have to fear is a Victory, for



as that would be a very new and unforeseen event, it would afford chat enough to take off the attention of the town, even from *me*.

ONE thing however is greatly for me; the Play-houses will by that time be open; and as I know the good people of *England* would not lose their theatrical rage, even if the *French* were in the Capital, I shall always have one subject on which I am sure to be heard with pleasure: and on that subject I intend to expatiate very freely the coming winter.

AND now, my gentle Readers, for a short time we part: if I am alive, you will hear of me e'er long; but as we are all mortal, and no animal in nature so mortal as an Author, I beg leave to bid you Adieu, concluding in the words of *Brutus*, or *Cassius*, I forget which,

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile,

If not, why then this parting was well made.



L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand, and sold by  
S. BLADON, in Pater-noster-Row.

[ Price Two PENCE. ]

*M<sup>rs</sup> Brooks.*



















